Juniata Sentinel & and Republican.

### MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1885.

### DRIFT

a grown holland apron she stood in the Her siceres were rolled up, and her Her har was couled nearly; and I, indisshad satching while Nancy was knead-

on who could be neater, or brighter, or or who limit a sing so delightfully low, reducted so sender, so gracefully tender, As Niney, sweet Nancy, while kneading

Haw derily she pressed it, and squeezed and twisted and turned it, now quick the that madness I've paid for in Tsue my heart she was kneading as well

At find, when she turned for her pan to the She saw me and blushed, and said, shyly: The spoiling, in spite of my if you stand here and watch while I'm breading the dough."

because for permission to stay. She'd not The sweet little tyrant said: "No, sir! no! yes when I had vanished on being thus

Mulicari stayed with Nancy while kneading the dough. Full framing, sweet Nancy, and see you in Your heart, love, has softened and pitied

and se, dear, are rich in a dainty wee Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands knead-

## MILLY.

The Reverend Architzald Bland, M. A., Rector of Weston Parva and Hon-Canon of Cotswold, considered binself a much-worried man and the bla surroundings. Traveling tourists of modest ambitions, noting, with an appreciating eye, the pretty whitewasted cottages, with their plump rosy-checked immates, and the gray if the venerable old church, which Father Time had painted with soft many-colored lichens, and catching from the top of the stage-coach a glimpse of the ivy-clad gables of the Rectory, with | joined Milly, rather slyly the roses peeping in at the quaint diamond paned windows, the smooth wellcarriage drive, and the velvety want to expend some unnecessary envy ector's happy lot, and to despend his life in this peaceful home, ut his weekly sermons under erlooking the morals of a natthous flock, and finally sleeping service of his tearful and reverent par-

ently, the Reverend Archibald nastes condemned to preach twice every agination. Sanday in an early Norman church with the painful anachronism of pointed windows. Then the miserly taken it into her head to imagine herscapegrace son, Stephen Corcoran-"muscular idiot" Canon Bland mentally designated him. It was an aber-

The young man had called on the confidence, requested his permission to ay his addresses to his daughter, Miss Millicent Bland, and had seemed decid edly surprised when that permission was

emphatically refused.
"You are barely twenty-two, Mr. Coreeran, and have not yet taken your degree, and Milly is only nineteen,' said the Rector impatiently. "Pray do not let me have any repetition of such hildish nonsense;" and poor Stephen, considerably crestfallen, had reluctantly withdrawn;

Milly was the eldest daugnter; and this fresh worry was so novel and unprecedented that the Rector decided upon taking the unusual step of consulting his wife and seeking advice and consolation in that rather hopeless quarter; so he made his way up-stairs to the clarmingly aesthetic little boudoir where Mrs. Bland carefully withdrew herself from vulgar household cares and sought distruction in the last fashionable threevolume novel.

The Rector's wife was a lady who ever forgot that she had been a beauty and an heiress, and expected other people to have equally retentive memorias. She had been suffering for the last two years from an imaginary complaint with sterious complications, and the cares of the family had fallen on the slender shoulders of energetic, fair-haired Milly. The poor Rector, seated on a Chippendale chair with uncompromising ingles, poured the tale of his woes into ils wife's unsympathetic ear, and, as the recital lengthened, his jolly countetiance gradually assumed the woe-begone expression of some long-suffering medieval saint.

"It is really unaccountable to me how any girl of mine-and of yours, my dear," added the Rector, glancing round the pretty room, "should have such very

"He is the only young man she has ever seen in this wretched little hole," answered Mrs. Bland.

"She certainly hasn't seen many," acquiesced her husband. "But what are we to do about It?" "You had better send Milly away for

a few months," at length suggested his

The Canon's face lengthened considenably. Milly was his pet and comforter, his right hand in all parish work, and this prescription seemed to him infinitely

worse than the malady. "But where shall we send her?" he inquired pathetically.

Margaret is very fond of her, and will be glad of her society; let her go

Margaret was an elder unmarried sister of Mrs. Bland. "If only young Corcoran weren't such a scapegrace!" murmured the Rec-

said Mrs. Bland, as though that effectrows. tually closed the discussion. And so the important question was ettled within the closed doors and velvet portices that screened "mamma"

from her unruly children. Miss Buckey was consulted in a lengthy epistle

leve vented his wrath in a little strong language against the unconscious Rector, and the lovers indulged in a very pathetic farewell interview, when Milly rotested her undying faith, and spoilt her blue eyes, and made the tip of her lainty little nose unbecomingly red, while Steve sojemnly placed a little turquoise ring on her finger, at the same time expressing his regret that he was 'so confoundedly short of cash" and could not afford diamonds; though, to atone for that deficiency, he presented her with a lock of that auburn hair to which Mrs. Bland had so unfeelingly alluded.

Milly was however naturally too amiaole to sulk long over the parental decrees; besides, she was very fond of aunt Margaret, and a visit to her charming cosy house was generally a welcome hange from the round of Milly's rather

hard-working life. "Poor papa! How will you manage her soft peach-bloom cheek against the Rector's stalwart shoulder.

'I shall miss my little girl such," replied the Rector, stroking afraid he would shoot you, Milly?" Willy's golden hair; "but I shall console myself by thinking how much she is enjoying aunt Margaret's society. I laughed. greatest respect and admiration for Miss Buckley."

'Yes, she is a darling!" responded Maily heartily. "When they were girls at home, your mother was supposed to represent the beauty, and Margaret the talent and

common sense of the family." "And you chose the beauty?" "Yes," answered her father, with a

faint sigh; "I chose the beauty." emerald green laws, with its famous morning when Milly started, and, notlaurels and gigantic magnolia; were withstanding the melancholy of the ocand sunny in sympathy, except when trot. clare enthusiastically that mortal man she remembered how unhappy poor Steve and Milly's smile strengthened the percould wish for go happier fate than to must be feeling at that moment, unable e shadow of the majestic moun- Sinday; and then she called herself "an girl," said aunt Margaret that evening peacefully under the daisied sod of the quet tied's acre, followed by the tender that moment consoling himself with the Milly sat on the soft rug before the

"Red Lion" at Cotswold. Her father had intended to accom- stern old auntie to be kept out of misreseate view of his condition, and gen- ceived a note from the Bishop requiring erally made the most of his crumpled his presence at Cotswold; so Milly was os caves. The prospectively tearrul traveling alone, and "the boys" at home tingly. parchioners he was well content to had been improving the occasion by resave in the obscurity of some vague lating for her comfort all the tales of far-distant future, while in the more railway horrors they could collect, and, important present he was undergoing when the supply ran short, supplement the sufferings of a rigid antiquarian | ing it by blood-curdling inventions that

squire of Weston Parva was wont to alarm at every stoppage and feeling pleasantly whenever the poor Rector ad- compartment where she sat in solitary ocated some improvement in the ritual; dignity. Upcott Junction was specially and now, finally-worst grievance of all alarming, because here the local trains his bright, capable, pretty Milly had joined the London line; and Milly, as she saw the guard preparing to give the

an obsequious porter, "Look sharp there!"—severely from

the guard; and a male being, with all Rector in the morning, and, with much his various impedimenta, was bundled into her carriage; and the train would not stop again for another hour. Poor Milivi Haunted by confused memories of

> absorbed in the pages of the Field. he might be what the boys called a 'swell mob-man." "What a delightfully long silky moustache!"-and Milly remembered with regret that poor Steve's was, as yet, conspicuous by its "Nice dark eyes too!"

absence. with sudden dismay that the eyes in question were looking at her with some amusement in their gray depths.

"Would you like to see Punch?" asked the owner of the eyes, politely

with critical approval the ands in the small four-button Suede gloves, and of the dainty Pinet boots, Punch was handed back when Milly felt her cheeks a little cooler.

"Tenniel's cartoon is rather good this week," remarked the gentleman, with the same amused twinkle in his eyes. "Yes-very," she answered feeling that she must appear like a stupid little

schoolgirl. furtively regarding the baize covered breech-loaders, but had consoled herself mpassiveness, she looked so charming, with the sparkle in her violet eyes, and two tantalizing little dimples playing nide and seek in the rounded cheeks,

to know her name."

Somehow they seemed to become good friends after that, and chatted gaily, with the freemasonry of youth and high spirits, while the train dashed that a woman with such an undeniable on, past busy corn-fields where swarthy beard could accomplish that essentially sunburnt men tossed the golden sheaves feminine task.

short tunnel, and emerging upon a quiet woodland lane with its tall shady hedge-

"Three o'clock!" exclaimed Milly, "How quickly the time pusses!

"Is it your station then?" asked Milly in her turn, with a light laugh. What a queer coincidence!" "It is a very charming one," he answered politely. "I hope you are mak-

feminine celerity, "Oh. yes!" she answered to his question, with a most melancholy sigh at the sudden recollection Steve's forlorn condition.

"You are not very flattering to us," he remarked with a smile. "I suppose you have suffered so much during the past hour from one native that you traw the most melancholy deduction "Oh, it isn't that!" Milly hastened to assure him. "I have always found

country platform. "Ah, Milly dearest—so glad to see you have arrived safely!" Then, turning to Milly's fellow traveller, Miss Bu kley greeted him cordially. not know you were coming down, Mr. without me?" she asked, on the evening before her departure, gently rubbing the breech-loaders as the young man brought them out of the carriage morrow is the first! How could I forget so important a date? Weren't you

> emphatically that her companion Verschoyle -- my niece, Miss "Mr Bland." Miss Buckley performed the necessary incroduction, while Milly and Mr. Verschoyle smiled simultaneously. "I think we have already struck up an impromptu acquaintance," said the latter, as he walked with them to Miss

pair of ponies. There was also a dog-cart with a powerful bay horse standing in the country lane; and a smart groom couched his bat respectfully to Milly's imaginary "swell-mobsman."

"I will only say an revoir," said Miss Buckley, as the penies set off at a smart "You must come up and see us:

after dinner, as they sat in the soft sun mer twilight-and she gently stroked

"Don't you think papa and mamma are very cruel?" asked Milly insinua-

Milly, finding it convenient to ignore the question. "He has an elder brother

in India with his regiment." "And of course the silly boy hasn't a shilling he can call his own, while you are equally impecuniousl" aunt Margaret. "Oh, disinterested children! "Oh, you comically

Light a fire in the kitchen, Or the little god of marriage Turn the spit, spit, spit?"

fire, but scarcely for the drawing-room, answered Milly, with a smile.

enzal Our nineteenth century deities are so prosaic," added Miss Buckley sententiously. Then, rather inconsequently, she asked, "How do you like "I like him immensely," answered

Milly; "and I hope he'll remember 'the beggar at his gates' and send us some partridges," added the practical young

Anthony Verschoyle was lord of the manor and envied owner of Sherborne Chase, a delightful red brick old mansion of the days of Queen Anne; and Miss Buckley was his tenant, occupying the quaint ivy-covered dower-house just outside the ponderous wrought-iron

gates. As Milly kissed her aunt before going up-stairs to her cosy bed-room, that as-tute woman of the world, lightly touching Steve's shabby little turquoises, re-

marked carelessly—
"I don't think your father would like to see this, Milly." "Papa never objected," pleaded the

young lady. "Ah, your papa never notices that sort of thing!" said auntie, with an to the graceful girlish figure and the amiable contempt for the short-sightedness of the general run of papas and of Mr. Bland in particular. "But will you -as a favor to me, petite-cease wearing it while you are my visitor? It is always bad form, you know," she added. "to parade an engagement—especially when it's so ineligible," subjoined Miss

Buckley mentally.

So Milly dutifully locked up her treasure, reflecting, with a pensive sigh, on the general "contrariness" of parents the general and guardians.

In other respects some of Milly's in the drawing-room on the following afternoon, playing softly to herself, and schoyle walked in with the ease of an nounced. He explained rather elaborately to Miss Buckley, who was knitting shooting, to bring some birds; he also hoped that Miss Bland felt none the worse for her journey contentment, that he had just called i worse for her journey.

"Of course she is none the worse," "Of course she is none the worse," maid at the 'Red Lion,' an elderly siren Miss Buckley answered for her; "but I of about thirty-five; they were married in London, and the old Squire is in a health is a matter of perfect indifference to you, and that you only came in for a cup of my good tea after your day's tramp. For I never will believe that your crusty old housekeeper ever

Buckley's tea was an irresistible ten p-tation at that moment, though "the "Yours very sincer other fellows" would blow him up for

deserting them. "My friends came down yesterday he explained; "and I should have come with them, only that North train was late as usual at Upcott Junction-a most fortunate accident " he adde-"as it gave me the pleasure of meeting Miss Bland."

"You did not appear to think so you threw away your cigar," said Miss Bland, with a demure smile.

"I did not then know of the compen-Verschoyle; "and you did not appear to think me an unalloyed blessing."
"No, indeed," admitted Milly canthose dreadful breach-loaders, you would

be demanding my money or my life.37 Mr. Verschoyle thought that the cosy dower house drawing room had never appeared so delightful, and he mentally ontrasted it with the chill splendor of the disused room at the Chase, with its glories shrouded in ghostry holiand.

The trie sitting there in the soft after noon light were worthy of their surroundings-the hostess herself, with her bright intellectual air, with the unusual contrast of black eyebrows and snow-white hair, brushed off the low broad forehead and shaded by rich black lace knotted with French grace under the firmly rounded chin. Anthony Verschoyle, in his ligh gray shooting-suit, looking a perfect specimen of a high bred English gentleman, and Milly, in her fresh pink cambric, with a softly tinted Gloire de Dijon rose in her herself "An English rose

All set about with pretty wilful thorns, As sweet as English air could make her. "You will never find the dear old Chase comfortable, Mr. Verschoyle.

said Miss Buckley, setting down her a wife there!" This advice was given in answer to ome domestic grumbling from the

young Squire, who was fond of relating his troubles to this old friend. "My dear Miss Buckley! Such advice from you, who are always warning the village beauties about the perils of sweethearts and matrimony! Why, your last cook was so afraid of confessing her weakness for the village baker that she actually, at the mature age of forty-five, eloped!

Miss Buckley stoutly defended her nconsistencies. "I prescribe matrimony for you because you belong to the practically help-

less sex," she affirmed.

Anthony. "You have not the power of making ruption. "For women-myself, for ex- out for a wilk. monest tallow dips, whereas I always young man's disappointment insisted upon the finest spermaget."

"For the generality of women tallow dips give sufficient light," spot for her own sex.

"I should, at least, like the very choicest spermaceti for you," rejoined Miss Buckley fondly, gazing with pardonable pride at the dainty figure presiding over the tea-table. "I wonder in which category Miss

Buckley would place me?" reflected Mr. Verschoyle, with sudden anxiety. but refrained from asking the question. preferring the ignorance which is so often "bliss,"

The nominal master of Sherborne Chase—the bearded old housekeeper usurped the real authority-evidently found some trresistible charm in the cosy house lying so conveniently near his own gates. At first he devised the most ingenious excuses for his daily visits; but they soon became so much a matter of course that no excuse seemed needed. Miss Buckley also noted, with much internal amusement, the increased frequency of the pastoral visits of the Rev. Septimus Rugg, the High-Church and high-art curate of Sherborne, whose exalted ideas about the celibacy of the "priesthood" had not rendered him inulnerable to Milly's charms, and who wasted much of his valuable time in trying to teach her a proper apprecia tion of Browning, while Milly protested that she could not understand him and

that his poetry gave her a headache. Whether from the effects of reading Browning or some more occult cause, Miss Buckley noticed with some dismay that her pet niece was losing her soft roundness of outline, and that her right gaity had been succeded by a feverish restlessness, While Milly trim waist, thought her aunt severely absorbed in "Then wh the last new Quarterly, that lady was intently studying the girl as she leant listlessly by the window looking out at the battered autumn flowers,

poor affair after all. in her own room that same evening,

sions. "Evidently Milly has been making comparisons, and the silly little goose is conscience-stricken to find that they are not favorable to her rural Weston admirer. So many girls mistake gratified vanity for love! It is so pleasant to be called an angel of beauty and that sort of thing that we credit the first man that tells us so with a vast amount of penetration and taste, and we return he compliment by endowing him with all the heroic virtues. I'm glad Milly has found out her mistake in good time. wishes were speedily realized. She was Anthony Verschoyle is a nice fellow, and will just do for her;" and Miss Buckley gazed at her feet with great satisfaction — indeed they were very pretty feet, and the black satin slippers

fitted them perfectly. The next morning she wrote to the Rev. Archibald, and, to her surprise, received an answer by return of post It ran-

the young fool, had eloped with the bar terrible state of mind. I suppose the beau has not had the grace to write to Milly, and I was trying to summon up courage to break the news to her; but, as you assure me it will probably be most welcome intelligence, I have writ-ten to her by this post. Both my wife

Mr. Verschoyle admitted that Miss our united kind regards, and, believe "Yours very sincerely,

"ARCHIBALD BLAND." The post always came in early at the dower house, and the letters were generally taken up with the hot water, so that each inmate read her letters in the privacy of her own room. Aunt Margaret, who happened that morning to be the first down to breakfast, awaited with some anxiety her niece's appearance, and fidgeted most unnecessarily

over the breakfast equipage. The door opened at last, and Miss Buckley felt a sudden thrill of relief as sations in store for me," smiled Mr. Milly came forward with bright eyes and a faint pink flush on her cheeks. "Have you heard from home this morning?" Miss Buckley inquired as didly; "I thought that, armed with Milly buttered her toast and leisurely knocked off the top of her egg.

"Yes," answered Milly very cheerfully, "I have had a letter from papa," Then she continued, with some embarressment, "Papa writes to tell me that Stephen Corcoran has eloped with a young person from the 'Red Lion,' Abshe continued, with the old gay laugh, "has evidently made his heart grow fonder of somebody else,"

"Eere she pansed, with a quick blush, as an amused twinkle in the dark eyes behind the tea urn reminded her that the aphorism might have a double application. "That is very true-sometimes," said Miss Buckley with most exemplary gravity; while Milly appeared suddenly

concerned about an imaginary fly in the cream-jug. Mr. Verschoyle, dropping in that morning, was pleasantly surprised by the bright smile that greeted him, and felt his heart beat with sudden hope as he saw the shy warm welcome in the dark blue eyes. He had been driven to the verge of desperation during the last fortnight by Milly's studied avoidance, Crown Derby tea-cup, "until you bring and her freezing politeness when she was compelled to meet him, and had been wont, at the close of each miserable day, to mutter savagely some very sage remarks about feminine contrariety

as he sought consolation from his trusty pipe. He had at last vowed never to and to take a trip to Africa, or join an expedition in search of the North Pole, Aided by forty-eight hours' perpetual drizzle, he had actually kept away from the dower house for two days; but this morning the clouds had lifted, self-satshed dahlias and sturdy asters raised

their downcast heads, while the rich golden leaves of venerable elms shone in the tright autumn sunlight. He would go to the dower house just once, ss sex," she affirmed.
"I protest against that," murmured looked in o his with a smile, all his stern resolutions suddenly melted away in their light, and he found courage to your homes comfortable without femi-nine co-operation," continued Miss it was such a delightful morning, Miss Buckley, regardless of the slight inter- Buckley and Miss Milly should come

that moment consoling himself with the smiles of the buxon barmaid at the French window, nursing Toby, the asthmatic pug-"and you are sent to your the candles always appeared the com- in loors;" but she added, pitying the

"I think you ought to make Milly go, Mr. Vers heyle. If she doesn't get her t borne air and my cow, I'm going to send her home again."

Milly's cheeks did full justice to Sherborne air when she found herself walk-ing alone with Mr. Verschoyle on the quiet country road, where summer's cool green had been replaced by the coral of hips and haws and the gold of fading bracken. She answered all his remarks in monosyllables, until Anthony's hopes sank to zero, while his thoughts reverted to the North Pole as frequently as though they were a col-

lection of magnetic needles. "I am thinking of volunteering for the new Arctic Expedition, Miss Bland," he announced suddenly.

'Really!" said Milly unconcernedly. I hope you will enjoy the trip." "Just as if I were going to Brighton!" thought Anthony.
"I suppose it is rather cold?" she

suggested calmly. "I don't find it very warm here," answered Anthony lugubriously, quite became more general, until at last a

overcome by this unconcern. Then I should think the torrid zone would be a better change," said Milly. "Well, I've been thinking of Africa," assented Mr. Verschoyle; "but a fellow told me the other day that the lions were quite done up, and Taganyika had

became as tame as Pall Mall." "I imppose you find Sherborne very stupid?" remarked the young lady, with a sudden quiver in her voice which immediately raised mercurial young Anthony to realms of bliss.
"No, I don't," he replied inconse

quently. "It is the dearest place in the world-when you are in it, Milly"-and his arm stele insinuatingly round her

"Then why do you talk about going to the N-North Pole?" murmured Milly pathetically, submitting to the caress with a meekness that would have much disappointed Miss Buckley.
"Because I thought it couldn't possi-

down to the damp ground by the graph bly be more frigid than you—you crack persistent drizzle, and thinking, with little darling! But now, sweet," he went on, with a happy thrill in his went on, with a happy thrill in his strong young voice, "you will be my own little wife—won't you, dear? Re-member how lonely I am all by myself in that big solitary house. Look up into my eyes, Milly, and say 'Yes.'" Milly did not say that important mon-

osyllable; but she raised her eyes for

one shy moment to his; and in their

depths he read his answer and was sat-

# Hawalian Weather.

It is said by those who have made themselves acquainted with the language of Hawaii that the inhabitants of that forlorn island have no word in their tongue to express the weather. Somehow, in rude, barbarous fashion, they mix with each other and enjoy such intercourse as they may. But with the amenities of social life, the delicate pulsations of hearts conversationally united by climate, the whisper-ed suggestions, the soft reply imagined before it is spoken, all the engines of social intercourse which break the ice of first acquaintance and melt frozen tongues to talk-with such things these victims of fortune and of dialect having nothing to do. It may be that they are happy under it, habit is a second nature; the Boston people eat baked beans and still exist; Providence people eat perpetual 'scalloped oysters, and manage to survive. We never know to what we may come, but we cannot help feeling that Hawaii would be just suit-

ed to Gen. Hazen. In that remote

clime he might put away his barome

A writer from Red Hill, Va., says: 1 recently paid a visit to the home and grave of Patrick Henry, at Red Hill, in sariotte County. I started from Randolph, a station on the line of the Richnond and Danville Railroad, near the confluence of the Staunton and Little Reanoke Rivers, which takes its name from John Randolph of Reanoke, whose residence stood in a grove a few miles off, and who owned the greater part of the land in this vicinity. Many local traditions of this celebrated man, I was told, were still rife in the neighborbood, although few who had ever seen him now survive. His bouse, which was subsequently occupied, after being very much enlarged, by the late Judge Bouldin, of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, was recently burnt to the ground, thus meeting with the same

Bizarre, where Randolph had lived before finally settling at Roanoke. I turned aside from the public road to visit the spot where the body of Randolph was once buried. The house was built upon a plateau in a forest that overlooked the wide valley of the Staunbut to this day very secluded. There is plainly discernible the indentation of the grave where Randolph's body formerly rested unmarked by head-stone or slab. A few years ago, the bones were exhumed and removed to the beautiful Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond. Only one person was present at the second burial who had attended the first-Judge Hunter M. Marshall, Richmond bar, who, as a boy, stood by when Randolph was laid in earth at Roanoke.

fate that had overtaken Mattoax and

By a guide I was taken into the enclosure, half garden, half graveyard, where Henry, s body lies, surrounded by the tombs of other members of his fammains bears, in addition to the dates of tion "His fame, his only epitaph." the wall of the enclosure, and near the

of the periwinkle. some time with my host, a young man marble brings on the first quality \$50 of intelligence, who told me that he and the second quality \$35. Violetthought of giving up his holding, as the hued marble brings \$70 to \$100 per situation of the plantation was rather square meter. These are the ordinary too much cut off from the world at tariffs, and on them the profits are ablarge. If so now, what must it have been is the times of Henry, a hundred the quarry. In some instances I have crops being transported to the railroad market rates. batteaux, or carted in wagons to nehburg. To reach Richmond, Lynchburg. To reach Richmond, Henry had to travel by carriage for nearly a hundred miles over the rough roads of the country. Here at Red been very parsimonic ated impression of the value of money. his descendants.

# Cigars and Pipes.

man or woman was not considered as in proper form unless they snuffed, This custom became so common in England that a snuff box was no longer a sign of rank. Then it was the law prohibiting the culture of the plant, except for medicine, was passed. About the same time a heavy tariff was placed on the imported article, thereby practically placing it beyond the reach of pays better. the common herd and giving royalty a

complete monopoly. Since it first began to be used as a luxury there have been conflicting opinions in regard to its effects. The Roman Church once forbade its use and the Church of England declaimed contracted the habit of smoking.

It is singular that when women get into the habit of smoking a pipe they prefer a strong one. There are few men who have nerve enough to smoke a pipe such as a woman likes when she has become a confirmed smoker. When they first begin puffing cigars they prefer them very mild, but it is not long until they want them black and lots of

The first chew or first cigar is always long remembered, for they almost invariably produce a sickness only paralleled by that of sea sickness, and, like the latter, the victim is not at all frightened, but wants to die, or at least does not care whether he lives or not. As soon as the attack is over, however, he is ready to try it again. By patience and persistence the nausenting effects are overcome and the deathly sickness gives place to delightful sensations.

Spanish and Portuguese ladies of all

the air, but fine flavored little segars. They are also used to a considerable extent in France, but the custom has never prevailed to any great extent in either England and America. The pipe is less popular among ladies in this country now than it was fifty years ago In the Southern States, however, the women of the middle and lower classes nearly all either smoke or rub snuff. and not a few do both. Storekeepers in many parts of the South buy snufi by the barrel and keep it under the counter with the sugar and coffee.

Famed Quarries of Carrara.

An artist recently said I have spent some days at Carrara, where some 6,000 men are at work in the quarries. are 100 studios of sculpture at Carrara, sixty-five saw mills and twenty-five polishing wheels, which brighten dull park in Scotland. marble and smooth the slight fortunes of some 400 plodding workers. The hewing of rough rocks, huge in their proportions is something approaching the marvellous here. The men are hoisted to the height of some 700 feet above the evel of the quarry, and up aloft excavate perfectly collosal lumps of Carrara marble. Each gang, or the foreman of the gang, goes down with and on the ump as it is swung by derrick ropes out into the air and swiftly brought to greatest button trade of any city in the mother earth.

nes. "Viva, Viva Garibaldi," from

Children scarcely out of their swaddling clothes work amidst the glare and dust of this lovely white marble and die with sore eyes and stifled lungs. The food is dry bread, a raw onion and dirty water. It is the only place in Italy where wine is not drunk. Worn out by incessant severe toil, these peo-ple, insufficiently fed, fall into dissipation, violence and crime, dying like dogs and leaving on the white marble the sweat of their wretched lives. We

see none of this under the hand of art. Fully \$800,000 worth of marble goes out annually from these quarries, the bulk of it to France. The price of it varies according to its beauty. first quality is priced at \$60 to \$80 per tangles the feet as one walks, like so square meter at the seaport. This is many taut whip cords. Trees go around what we call statuary marble. The comes pure white, but not stauf the periwinkle.

Returning to the house, I sat for \$35 and the third is \$30. The veined years ago? At present it is about known first-class statuary blocks to be twenty miles from a station, all the rated at \$12,000 each, regardless of

### Baby's Meals.

Hill, where he spent the latter part of be household habits by the time he is It is called the Genolan. his life, he died. There was only one allowed to partake of cooked food. Do stain on his character, according to not blunt the zest which he ought to given point in London every day, according to bring to the consumption of regular cording to a recent consumption. his severe struggle with poverty in his lunches. He will learn to expect and early years had given him an exagger- depend upon these, and be discontented when they are withheld. The practice One of the largest and most fertile of appearing him when restless, from plantations in Campbell county was ac- whatever cause, by thrusting a cracker, quired by Henry as a fee for legal ser- a slice of bread, or worse yet, a "hunk" vices, and is still in the possession of of gingerbread or a "cooky" into his hand is discountenanced by wise mothers. He besmears his face and clothes, drops crumbs on the carpet and makes been in vogue to a limited extent for as soon as he is old enough to sit at the

Don't read this if you expect to find the old stereotyped advice unamended. Don't go to bed with cold feet, unless they have been pickled and taken in-State wardly.

Don't lie on the left side too much, lie on the right side all you can; as it Don't jump ut of bed immediately

Don't forget to take a drink of pure water before breakfast, it settles things after the last night scance, reduces the a student in Cazenovia Seminary with size of the head and besides makes one appear like a temperance advocate. Don't take long walks on an empty stomach-if you want to walk on a ular musicians in Rome, will presently stomach at all try and find a full one, as it is softer travelling. A stomach ship in Boston. is not a very good place for a long

walk. Don't start to do a days work without eating a good breakfast-if you haven't got a good breakfast, don't commence work until after dinner. Don't eat between meals-if you get

Don't try to keep up on coffee when sack of flour would be better.

Don't talk your sick friend to death -it will interfere with the prerogative of the doctor.

Absent-mindedness and Smiles

A popular hotel manager of this city has determined to abandon the temptations of single blessedness in March and have fought at least one duel. settle down to the enjoyment of married life. Tuesday evening a commercoal angel stepped up to the office desk and addressing the manager, who was New York, are all colored men. writing on delicate note paper, asked: "What time does the next train go south to Norwich on the Central?

Manager (promptly)-"March 11," The next question was: "Is there a 'drawing-room' on the

train?" Manager-"There will be no drawing-room about it, it will be in the church. The laughter which followed aroused

-Temesvar is the first city in Europe to have its streets lighted by electrici-

NEWS IN BRIEF -The Russian language contains 3 letters.

-Mollie Garne'd has entered Vacca College. -There are 2,000,000 agree of deer

-There are now 120 girl students to

Swarthmore College. -Harvard has more sophomeres this

year than freshmen. -Connecticut has 40 oyster steamers with a capacity of 36,720 bushels daily,

-Buffale, despite her proximity to Ningara, is threatened by a water fam--Birmingham, England, has the

world. -Over 5000 Northern school teachers have visited the New Orleans exposition.

-In 1884, 218 New York men married under 20 years of age and 2,919 -An ancient Egyptian idol sold at

auction in New York recently for seven dollars. -The finest wines are made from the grapes that are grown at the highest el-

evation. -Sicilian brides are compelled to have their eyebrows shaved off previous to

-Congressman Rosecrans' son is a Catholic priest and his two daughters are nuns. -Electoral messengers to Washington received \$8468.50 and traveled 33.

-A tramp is said to be the importer of the small-pox now raging in Thomson, Ga

-A necklace composed of 71 ornamented pearls brought £3300 at a recent sale in London. -Fifty-eight per cent. of the power

exerted in driving the propeller of a steamship is lost. in Southern California the pomegranate flourishes as it does in Italy or in the Holy Land. -A cremation society has been

formed in Buffalo with a capital of ten

thousand dollars. -There was an interval of nearly 4 years between the last two marriages in Haverhill, N. H. -A garden seed war is hovering over Athens, Ga., and in consequence prices have been reduced.

-There are seventy-eight women

studying medicine at Paris, thirteen of whom are Parisians -There are 6,239,958 persons in tha United States above the age of 10 who cannot read and write.

-Eggs, in some parts of Montans, are reported to command ten cents each or a dollar by the dozen. -Australia boasts of a cave larger

than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. cording to a recent computation

two three, or even four husbanks, but never more than the last number -For sixty-six years a boatman at Newport, R. I., has been in the employ

ot the United States Government. -The juveniles have been thought of in Montreal, and tobergan slides for their enfoyment have been prepared, -The Prince of Wales has expended -Six brothers who reside in Wal-

palk township, N. J., aggregate 37 feet in height and 1300 pounds in weight. -A young man of New Haven. eggs, embracing nearly 2 000 varieties. -According to a Montreal paper more fires o curred on Friday i city during 1884 than on any other day. -For publishing a translation of one of Zola's novels a Dresden publisher has been sept to prison for one month. -Complaints of the dearness of the

ly written to the newspapers of city. -A voung lady acts as sexton of a Lawrenceville, Ga., church, and is said to be the only one of that sex in the

-Russia will not build the projected network of railwaysthroughout Siberia just at present, owing to a lack of funds. -What is claimed to be the only bent-

wood factory in the United States has

been established at Charleston, South

Carolina. -Senator-elect Leland Stanford was Joseph R. Hawley and Henry W. Slo cum in 1884. -Signor Rotoli, one of the most pop

come to this country to fill a professor--Several varieties of birds have an peared along the sea coast of Calfornia which were never known before to leave

the mountains, -The eider duck does not take her young into the ocean, as is generally supposed, but remains with them among the islands along the coast,

General of Maine, a Bowdoin graduate of '68, was an extraordinary good first baseman when at college, -James C. Jamison, the new Adjutant General, of Missouri, was a "Forty-niner" in California, and a follower

-Orville D. Baker, the new Attorney

of Walker in Nicaragua, -Twenty Parisian duelists are organ izing a club under the name of La Flamberge, whose members must all -The editors, bookkeepers, type-set

man, the colored organ published in -An Indiana husband has been scalded eighty-one times with hot tea by his wife, and has now come to the conclu-

ters, collectors and agents of the Free

clusion that he is entitled to a divorce. -An English lady, Mrs. Hayward, has been engaged as professor of elocu-On in the Cincinnatti Law School, and the innovation has been received with

and was obliged to make the commer- ters and citizens generally, with a sense of pride and patriotism, leave them un--Christopher Beckett Denison has

come prominently forward in London society as a man who has spent \$1,250. 000 in works of art, and who is ready to draw his check any day for any Rubens that Christie can offer.

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tor, as though reconsidering his decision. "But Fred told me some very strong patient horses dozed lazily in the ion. "But Fred told me some very strong patient horses dozed lazily in the awkward stories of his Oxford life warm sunlight, and the reapers in their which one can't, of course, repeat to pink or white sun-bonnets lent color to Milly, though you might just hint to the scene, then rushing noisily into some her, my dear-

"Yes; and then he's got red hair!"

rom Mrs. Bland, and expressed herself delighted at the prospect of a lengthy visit from her "dear little Milly." Milly shed a few mutinous tears when the projected visit, and poor

It was a bright sunny September casion, she could not help feeling bright even to anticipate the faint consolation of gazing at his divinity in church every unnatural little wretch" for feeling even moderately happy, though, could

and archæologist of severely cultured did much credit to their powers of im-Of course Millyhad professed to scorn the idea of being frightened; but that the question. did not prevent her from looking out in emphasize his Low-Church views un- much relieved that nobody came into the

self in love with that unpleasant Squire's signal to proceed, was just beginning to congratulate herself, when there was a hurried scamper
"First-class? This way, sir"—from

> Muller and Lefroy, it was several min- Mr. Verschoyle?" utes before Milly ventured to steal a glance at the ogre, who was apparently "Really he does not look so very alarming," was her verdict; but then

Here this critical inspection came to an abrubt termination as she found

handing her that periodical. "Thank you," said Milly meekly, glad to hide her blushes behind its friendly pages; while the stranger opposite noted dark-brown tailor-made costume that did full justice brown felt hat contrasting so well with the fair golden hair; man-like, too, he took special notice of the well-smaped

Here Milly, who was blessed with a sense of humor, felt suddenly struck with the absurdity of the situation. To be sitting calmly discussing Tenniel's had just begun Schumann's dreamy pa-cartoons with a possible murderer alcartoons with a possible murderer already armed with the necessary weapons for taking her life!--for Milly had been old friend who needed not to be anwith the reflection that revolvers and at the open window in a state of sleepy pistols were generally preferred by such people; and, as she tried to hide the sudden smile under a cloak of lady-like

that the young man opposite, admiring it all, said to himself—
"What a little darling! I should like

glancing at her venerable silver watch. shall be at Sherborne in ten minutes,' Sherborne!" repeated her fellowtraveler, with a quick inquiring glance. 'Do you get out there too?"

ing a long stay in our little village?" "Then he is evidently a native," she reflected, drawing her deductions with

herborne charming. Ah, there is aunt Margaret!" she cried suddenly, as the train slowly drew up at the quiet little

"I was indeed," answered Milly, so

Buckley's pony-carriage, with its pretty

"And so you have been doing sad execution with your beaux year, naughty

"You certainly seemed to be feeling it acutely when you were chatting with Anthony Verschoyle," said Miss Buck-ley, with a smile; and Milly blushed. "Is this young Weston Squire so very irresistible?" continued Miss Buckley. "He's not the young Squire," replied

Will the love that you're so rich in "It might be sufficient for the kitchen "Ah, ma belle, you must have all the rooms of your cottage well warmed, or Cupid will catch cold and die of influ-

Miss Buckley summed up her conclu

"Dear Miss Buckley,-Your letter

ters forever, and be at rest. and myself feel most grateful to you for your kindness to our little girl. Accept -There are 2,000 clergymen in Lon-

The situation is naturally fine,

A plain slab which covers his rehis birth and death, the brief inscrip-The soil is overgrown with periwinkle, even the path is hidden by it, and it en the wall of the enclosure, and near the second quality is priced at \$45 to \$62, center are cedars and bushes. I plucked and the spotted at \$30 to \$59. Then a late flower to take away with me as a memento, tegether with several leaves ary, marble. The price is \$50 per

1815. Previous to that time pipes were his quantum of proper food, properly used exclusively. Chewing had then prepared. Let him eat it leisurely, and some time, while snuffling dates back table serve his meal neatly in plate, cap almost as far as smoking. The first or saucer set on a neat cloth, his own package sent to Catharine de Medici spoon, china and finger-napkin laid in was in fine powder. She found that order. These are not trifles. More smelling it in the box affected her similarly to smoking, which led her to fill sup in healthful decorum, and fewer one of her smelling bottles with the "feed" if they were trained from infandust. Her courtiers adopted the habit cy to consider a meal as a ceremonia of squffing small portions of it up their observance, and the need of popular nostrils, and as the precious stuff be- essays on "Table Manners" would be came more plentiful the snuffing habit less urgent.

against it. The Wesleys opposed it hotly, and at one time it was considered so unclean as to unfit men for membership in the Methodist Church. Baptist and Presbyterian ministers preached against it, and societies were organized to oppose the spread of the habit, but all to no purpose. Parents disowned and disinherited their children because they used it, and husbands divorced their wives on account of their having

ranks smoke cigarettes-little segars, not those vile paper things that pollute cial angels "smile" in return,

One of these Italians will sing in lusty his dizzy eminence and suddenly appear below where you are standing, his bright, big black eyes full of unequaled expressiveness and his white teeth glittering between unapproachable smilesthe inalienable guits of these peopleand say, "Ah, signore, will you go up with me again?" just as if it were a perfectly ordinary feat. The free, easy and primitive style of this Carrara fly ing trapeze work makes it appear doubly dangerous. Hundreds of accidents

occur every year.

a continual want for himself. When \$1,000,000 on his Sandringham proper-Cigars were not known until about the hour comes for feeding him give him ty, exclusive of the purchase money,

New York "cheap" cabs are frequent-Don't

on awaking in the morning,-but this advice is unnecessary. No sane man ever did it.

hungry have the meals ofetner or whenever you get hungry. nature is calling you to bed-coffee is an uncomfortable thing to sleep on, a

favor. -Cheshire, Mass, has two large bald the manager from his reverie and after eagles, which have their nest high up a moment's reflection he too smiled on the side of a rocky cliff. The

ty.

There is a man in this city that is so

\_London uses 140 tons of chloride lazy that when he once gets to work he of lime to deodorize the sewer outlets is too lazy to stop,