Editor and Proprietor.

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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1885.

NO. 18.

### BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me

Across to that strange country, the Be-And yet not strange-for it has grown to be

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear, I think I see the gleaming strand; I know I feel that those who've gone fr

Come near enough to touch my hand. I aften think, but for our veiled eyes, We should find heaven 'round about

oot make it seem a day to dread When from this dear earth I shall jou

ney out To that shift dearer country of the dead, And join the lost ones, so long dreamed I love this world; yet shall I love to go And meet the friends who wait for me,

pever stand about a bier and see The seal of death set on some well-loved

But that I think, "One more to welcome me When I shall cross the intervening space lietween this land and that one over there-One more to make the strange Beyond seem

And so for me there is no sting to death, And so the grave has lost its victory; it is but crossing, with abated breath, And white, set face, a little strip of sea, to had the loved ones waiting on the shore.

## PLAYING AT CROSS PURPOSES.

HER STORY.

I was a governess when I first met him, and he was the new curate. I was not very happy, for I had charge of four And yet should I quarrel with my bliss. most objectionable ages eleven to sixteen; and I was only twenty myself Sometimes I felt as if I could not cope with them; and I was obliged to be stern. prim, and old-maidish to try to keep up heir respect. When the sun shone and the flowers bloomed, I longed to sing and dance in the fulness of youth and my answer. It was not an easy task. health; for I was only a girl after all.

I dare say I ought to have liked teaching; but I did not. I hated it; and I mented me; they were not lovable, and think; but a governess is rarely very happy; and I was young and lonelyorphan and alone in the world. I had no relatives, save an uncle in Australia, who semetimes wrote to me and occa- other, all worse until, in desperation, sionally sent me a tive-pound note.

Mr. Ponsonby was our Rector-an old clergyman of the humdrum style, and saw it safe in the post-office, and then, the greater share of whose work fell to for very shame, I would have gone in the hands of neophytes, who came and went in succession. We—that is, I and taken a plunge into unknown waters. my eldest pupil Caroline-used to teach | My thoughts were in a state of chaosin the Sunday school. Mrs. Thomson I was joyful, trembling, and excited. liked her girls to be useful; and, as Carnly sixteen, she wished me to help her to teach by taking part of her | Caroline and Amy, the two eldest. class. I was vexed at this, for did I not | begged me to go a different way from teach all the week? And yet I grew to that which I had chosen; but I said I like the work. The solemn-faced, inno- must post a letter. cent little rustics were a weekly relief, graces of the young ladies in the school- and then we can still go by the high-

On the Sunday that I saw Mr. Clitheroe first I was teaching tay small scholars, when the door opened and the Rector came in. He never minded me, and I continued trying to impress some fact on the blue-eyed innocent who stood demurely before me, and who, as I firmly believed, was counting the bright buttons on my jacket instead of listening. Suddenly I raised my eyes and saw a strange face. It was quiet, grave, and intellectual. I stopped and hesitated. The stranger, seeing that he had put me out, moved aside; and at that moment Mr. Ponsonby came up to him.

" he said. "Mr. Chtheroe, this is to be in love." Miss Hodgson, who has the first class." A few words were interchanged; then they came to us.
"This is Miss Caroline Thomson

the Grange," said the Rector, "who is so kind as to help us; and this-this isom-ch-Miss-Miss-11 'Morley," I said quietly, to help him

out of his difficulty. 'Oh, yes, Miss Morley!" he said.

A formal bow then followed, and they mamma, and it was a suitable match in

to me, though he did not know it. His you know-that you were in love with sermons went to my heart. Gradually Mr. Clitheroe-that would be vulgar, my life grew more tolerable to me. Poor oolish little thing! I began to look forward to Sunday, to cherish his words that it is very rude and vulgar to make and looks, to think, I am afraid, more personal remarks?" I said. of the preacher than of the message he drop the subject, if you please." spoken to him a dozen times; but I often as my confusion would admit. Tire-fancied that his eyes rested kindly and some, forward children, I do believe caused all this. I had my suspicions. ielivered. In nearly a year I had hardly inquiringly on me. Then came our their sharp eyes had somehow seen the school-treat; and, as Mr. Thomson was address on my letter! However, it was of mine; I thought her a forward sly the Squire, and gave the feast in his posted; and the rest of the day and night grounds, we had to meet a good deal passed in a sort of trance. My upper-imagined her quite capable of playing over the arrangements. I remember most feeling was wonder as to what such a trick.

how carefully I dressed on that bright would come next. day. It was only a plain muslin gown I had to endure tormenting suspense that I wore; but, with a blue ribbon in all the next day. The post was my first my hair, and a nosegay in my dress, I trial; I longed to, yet dare i not, look at the letters, and almost felt relieved that went on; Mr. Clitheroe never came near ne never spoke to me. He had talked and laughed, played with the children, At last, in the afternoon, when I was oined in the games and helped with the speaking to Mrs. Thomson in the garbefreshments; but he took no heed of den, Mr. Clitheroe went past in the me, who was doing all this also. My road. He only bowed; but she becknot-drooped, and I thought it was go- and I grew red and pale, and the hand ng to be a blank day. Mr. Clitheroe ook not the slightest notice of me; and after tea I felt too lonely to play. The children, fortified by tea, were no longer away into the park. I felt sad, and the

"Tired, Miss Morley? You have

worked too hard." What a glorious talk we had! He drew all my sample story out of me, and I Clitheroe. Oh, how my heart beat told him all my "disagreeables" and how I trembled as he approached! troubles. He was so kind; he cheered me, he made me look on the sunoy side, said. "I am glad to be able to speak to and he spoke of himself also. In fact, you alone, for I have something to say is we sat there chatting, I forgot that and to explain." I was a governess-forgot that I was on earth; till some one called him away, and I did not speak to him again that

I came back to mundane things sharply

letter was brought to me in a strange, and yet strangely familiar, hand, bearing only our village post-mark. My heart it from my pocket. throbbed, my color came and wen: -the And yet not strange—for it mas grown to be The home of those of whom I am so fond; On me with an expression of amusement I felt that I was betraying myself, and, with a mighty effort, I laid the letter

face downward upon the table. sumed, though it was as much as I could do to translate him decently. The first free moment I had I opened

the letter and read-"Dear Miss Morley,-Pardon me if 1 you. You are beautiful as an angel, you are lovely as a rose. I only live for you. I cannot exist any longer without you. I cannot exist any longer without you; I love you as my own life. Give you like that, Miss Morley." me hope; say 'Yes'—that you feel some "I thought, I felt——"I muttered. interest in me-that I may fly to your feet and there pour out my devotion. Dearest Miss Morley, write to me, an-

swer me; tell me you will be my bride. In longing suspense, "Yours for ever, "ARTHUR CLITHEROE," I dropped the letter into my lap and buried my face in my hands. He loved me-he wanted me to be his! Oh, bliss unspeakable-oh, joy undeserved! Was it a dream? No; there lay that precious

etter. Again and again I read it-my I was a little disappointed in the letter, for all that-it was too wild, too sentimental. I fancied he would have written more soberly, more thoughtfully. I wished that he had spoken instead of written-it was so formal to have to answer him. His proposal was not quite so nice as some I had read of.

It was with a heart full to overflowing that I answered him. I did so at once, for my pupils and I were going out and I had a chance of posting it; moreover I felt that I could never send it to him by hand. So, without waiting to think, lest I should lose my courage, I wrote

"Dear Mr. Clitheroe,-I cannot tell you how your letter surprised me. 1 feel so flattered, so grateful to you for was miserable. Those four girls tor- loving me. It seems incredible that you should ask me to be your wife. I feel I yearned after the little ones in the I can only answer the truth, and that nursery. My employers were kind, I is that I love you, and have level you "Yours, for a long time.

"MARION MORLEY." This did not seem at all the kind of note to send, so I wrote another and an-I sealed and directed the first. I did not allow myself to think further till I

I fear my four girls thought me very absent that afternoon. As we went out, "Let me run with it to the post, Miss

"No. I must post it myself, dear," I

replied, hugging my letter tight. They pressed me to let them take it, those tiresome girls; and, like a silly little thing, I turned as red as a peony,

whereupon Carrie said-"You look so red, Miss Morlay! Perhaps it is a love letter. I do believe it is!" she cried, as I stupidly got more and more crimson.

"You must not be so forward; it is very vulgar to talk about love-letters," I answered, according to my rule. Morley?" she asked. "I never knew at her the hard lesson, in whatsoever

"I must introduce the teachers to that. Do you hear, Amy? It's vulgar "Well, not exactly vuigar, of course Carrie," I extenuated; "but it's better that young girls like you and Amy should not talk of such things yet."

> say that he was in love with mamma when he was quite a boy," said Amy. "Of course not, Amy," I replied, "because - because he married your

"Miss Morley, I've often heard papa

"Oh, I see!" said Caroline. "But. iften; he became the greatest comfort supposing-supposing-just for instance,

would it not?" "How often have I told you, Carrie,

I spoke with as much angry dignity

there was not one for me. Then every ring at the bell set my heart quivering. opes-though what I had hoped I knew oned to him to come in. He did so; I held out to him trembled. He looked conscious too-I saw that before I slipped away. Would he tell Mrs. Thomson, and would she send for me? But no summons came; and night closed upon my wonder and excitement.

tears came into my eyes. He might bave spoken a word to me, I thought.

Presently a tall figure appeared beand me, and a voice that thrilled me their mother, and I was free for a few hours. I took my book out into the garden, but I could not read. The click of the gate startled me. I leaned forward to see who it was, and beheld Mr. Clitheroe. Oh, how my heart beat, and ually told me all—how she and Amy

"How do you do, Miss Morley?" he

I stole a glance at his face. He looked there was a minute of silence, which for Miss Morley's good sense and ladygrew almost insupportable to me, Why did he not speak or take my hand? Oh, I could have sunk at his feet and hid- you, and that in the future you will be

swered; and in my nervousness I drew

He put out his hand and took it. He more so as I caught Caroline's eyes fixed read it through, and then he took my "Miss Morley," he said gravely and

kindly, "believe me, you cannot know "Go on, Caroline," I said; 'don't stop like that." And Schiller was resumed, though it was a Schiller was re-"Never wrote it?" I echoed, stupe-

"No " he replied; "there is some misseem abrupt, but I love you, I adore a close imitation. Had I meant so to address you, I trust I should have treated so high and holy a theme in a more dig-

> "But you never wrote it-you did not, you do not-

And then the real nature of my misthat letter says," he continued. "For-give me; but I feel it is best and wisest gate. to be frank with you. I have never yet dreamt of marriage. I have no present means, and have been too busy with my | see." profession to think as yet of any love. bitterly deplore that some-- I fear wilful--mistake has exposed you to this

inpleasantness.' I listened as in a dream; my head was buried in my hands, and my very heart was faint. Oh, the shame, the humiliation, the misery of having let him so openly see my love, which now came back to me rejected! I longed to fly, to escape from my intolerable position. He I said. "I want to tell you that I am had tried to take my hand; but I had going away." waved him off.

"Go away, go away!" was all I could I heard his steps die away; and then my tears came. For a long time I sat on thus, crushed and stunned by this cruel blow. At last I rose to go in. The | than a month." blissful hours of freedom were drawing to a close, and instinct taught me to ide my wound from others. I was startled to behold Mr. Clitheroe still in fear very little! But it is pleasant to the garden, apparently examining some plants. He heard me move, and hur- hind. Where are you going?" ried up to me before I could escape.

'I cannot let you go like this, Miss Morley," he said. "Will you forgive me for being the unocent cause of this "Oh, yes!" I muttered "But I am

so ashamed—my letter—"
"Miss Morley," he said, "I respect
you more than ever. Your letter and
your words shall be forgotten by me; they shall be as though they had not Trust me. I have forgotten already all that you would have me forget. I must hope to merit your good opinion of me by my discretion; and I shall only try to find out who could have so insulted you. Have you any suspicion?"
"No." I replied; "I have not thought

I was alone-more alone than in their very simplicity and awe-struck me only a minute from the turnpike, and the letter that had been a mocking phantom to me-he had never written it. HIS STORY. I have been in at the death of many

fox, shot many an innocent bird and many cruel words in my time, but I ever felt such a barbarian as that day And yet it was not my fault. I was obliged to do it. Truth and honor de Poor fittle Marion Morley! I had

often noticed her sad face, and longed to be of use to her, and had even tried to make her think I would befriend her "Is it vulgar to be in love then, Miss if she needed it. I had often preached state she was, therewith to be content But I had never dreamed of love-I had never tried to win her affection. As I told her, marriage lay very far in the dim future with me\_as far in fact as the living that I hoped would ultimately fall to my lot. It never crossed my wildest fancy that she would have taken more than a friendly interest in me; therefore my utter astonishment can be imagined when I received her poor little innocent letter promising to be the wife I had not desired. How hard it was to tell her that I had never

penned the letter she had received! I returned home humbled and grieved -grieved to have wounded her sensi ive feelings, grieved that she should have given me her love unsought. I prayed that night that she might forget I felt very guilty; and yet I could find nothing of which to accuse myself. My chief feeling however was indignation against the person, whoever he or

One day I met Miss Thompson walk-ing in the village and joined her. Purposely I led the conversation round to

"I do not know anything more cowardly than to play a practical joke," I said, "on a person whom circumstances kind." place to a certain extent in one's power. practical joke of any magnitude is asulting, cruel, stupid, and a disgrace selves. o one person only—the perpetrator."
The girl's face got very red, and she tittered nervously.

"Have you ever played such a joke?" I went on. "I am pretty sure you have and on Miss Moriey; have you not?" I manded sternly. "What do you mean?" she stam-

"Please answer me straightforwardly, Tiss Thomson," I said, "or I must, as your clergyman, apply to your mother. You will know what I mean if your conscience accuses you. Did you not

The girl burst into tears, and gradhad written the letter in fun and never meant any harm; how, when she imagined that Miss Morley had answered it, said she had seen you or heard of you she was too frightened to confess; how she was very sorry, and so on.

like mind, might have caused great mischief. I hope this will be a lesson to

"The day before yesterday," I and changed words now. One day I was spent the interval before I got the anmuch concerned to hear from Mrs. swer. At last it came, Thomson that she was leaving them. "Marion Morley leaving!" I ex-

"You surprise me! Why is claimed. she going?" "I cannot discover," said Mrs. Thom-"She has no complaints to make.

I have always been kind to her; but she says she must go; and she does seem to be falling into bad health here.

I could not help feeling that I was take here, some cruel jest. I never driving her away. The thought caused penned it; it is not my writing, though me pain, and I began to wish that I had never told her I had not written that letter, but had accepted the love which now I began to prize. One thing I. de termined; she must not leave her situation. I could far easier find another curacy than she another home. If I went at once, she would doubtless remain: all I need do was to speak to her and tell her, as if casually, that I was erable situation flashed upon me. It going. I watched for an opportunity was all a mistake; he did not love me! One afternoon I met her coming out "I do not love you, Miss Morley, as of the church; she had been trying the

> "How do you do, Miss Morley?" "You have been practising, "Yes." she replied.

"It is a queer old organ, is it not?" "I wish the parish could continued. afford a new one " "I suppose they cannot," she said "Good-bye, Mr. Clitheroe."

"Are you not going home?" I asked.
"No," she replied; "I must go round by the village.' "So must I; and we will go together,

"Going away?"she repeated, "Why?" "'To better myself,' as the people say," I replied smilingly. "I've only just made the arrangement—in fact, it was only this morning that I told Mr. Ponsonby; and I mean to leave in less

"You will be missed here, Mr. Clith eroe," she said. "Do you think so?" I asked. "Ah, I

think one leaves a kindly memory be "I don't quite know," she replied. "Mrs, Thomson urges me to stay and not go at all," "I know she does, 'I said; "and I

hope you will."
"Perhaps I may," she repiled; "but my plans are not settled yet." saw I was right. Poor child, she had no wish to go now I was leaving! its fracture and cleavage are precisely We walked on for some time in silence.

said suddenly-"Miss Morley, I love you-I cannot tell you how much! When I had to also that a far greater number of small deny writing that letter, I did not; but water-courses pour their tribute over since then you have crept into my in the walls into the Tuolumne than over most soul. Have I any chance left?" the Merced walls. Gradually, as we "Mr. Clitheroe, I thank you," she an- crept along our narrow trail, the rock

drop the subject. Why?" I exclaimed. "Why?" she repeated. "Because on are saying all this from pity. You think I have been unhappy, and you are sorry for me; but I am not unhappy, and I won't be pitied!"

"Indeed you wrong me," I pleaded, but she was obdurate. I saw her once more before I left. was lunching at the Thomsons'. I had beast as a young man, and have said a rose-bud in my hand, and presented it

"Is it not a lovely bud?" I asked. "Yes; it is a beauty," she said.
"If you have not forgotten our con versation the other day," I pleaded, will you wear this rose as a sign to me that you relent and will be mine?"

She hesitated, and turned very pale watched her closely. She seemed in loubt. Could I have speken to her again, I fancy I could have won my suse; but others came into the room She took up the bud and placed it in a vase full of flowers, and then left the

I went away, and soon after obtained another curacy. Sometimes I heard from the village. Marion Morley was still governess at the Thomsons'; and, as I did not like to inquire after her in particular, I heard nothing of her for many months.

The great event I had been hoping fo o long arrived about a year after I had left Stonehouse. A small living was presented to me.

'With every longed-for joy a thorn mes," I thought as I took up my bachelor quarters at Carstones. it was a nice place. As I knew that nuch of the pleasantness of my life there depended upon the Squire, I naturally felt a great curiosity to see him, the more so when I heard his name was Morley. I could not help wondering whether he was a relative of Marion. He was from Australia, report said, and had only lately settled here and bought the estate. He was a widower very

with him. I found him a frank, sensible "You and I are both strangers here. he said, when we met for the first time; "we must pull together. As a begin ning, suppose you come and dine with us. My niece and I will be delighted,' "Thank you,," I said; "you are very

rich, and had a piece, his heiress, living

"Not at all," he said. "Say to-morrow at six. No ceremony-just our-The morrow came, and I went up to

the Hall. As I entered the drawingroom, I was still wondering whether these Morleys were relatives of Marion, when, behold, she herseif stood before My astonishment and delight

nearly deprived me of speech. "Did you not know I was here, Mr. Clitheroe?" she said. "Directly my good uncle came home, he sent for me, and has ado ted me as his own child. "I congratulate you most sincerely." "I was so surprised when I heard that

"Ah, Mr. Clitheroe, how do you do?" he said. "I see you and Marion need no introduction. I remember now; she

somewhere." Somewhere-yes, indeed! I felt I stole a glance at his face. He looked "You have done an unmaidenly cruel most sorry to see her. Marion Morley fushed and agitated. He sat down, and action," I said—"an action which, but the governess I would have loved on and on; Miss Morley of the Hall, an heiress, was very far above the reach of a poor Rector. I could not help feeling that this leap had taken her away from me

"Though disappointed in you once, I am willing to try you again, and so I grant your request. Come and see me to-morrow morning, that we may talk it

It was a most welcome, though short and odd note. I could scarcely see how she had been disappointed in me. But great pity; but I can't persuade her to the favorable answer was too delightful to be cavilled at. In the morning I went over to the Hall, and Marion received me very calmly

"How do you do, Mr. Clitheroe?" she said. "You have come about the tracts, I presume? They have just arrived; so we can divide them among the districts at once. "But, Miss Morley," I said, "first

tell me in pity that you meant what you said yesterday in your note! You have She blushed, and seemed at a loss to know my meaning. "That little note gave me great joy,"

"What little note?" she asked. I gave it to her. She got very red, and then burst out laughing.
"I am indeed revenged," she said,

wrote this but not to you." "No," she replied; "it was to Annie Channings, the girl who is pupil-teacher

and got into that scrape about the nee dlework. I wrote to promise her that I would see if she could get back again. I also wrote a note to you about the trac s, and I must have put the letters into wrong covers.'

"But did not Mr. Morley deliver you note from me yesterday?" I asked. "I gave it to him to make sure of no mistake. "No, I never received it," she re-

"May I tell you what was in it?" I "Yes," she replied.

I did so, and then asked-"And now are you not sufficiently revenged for the first mistake in our corspondence, Marion?"

"Quite." was the reply. We spent the next two hours in delious converse; and now we are spending our lives together, although we did make such a muddle of our love-letters.

Valley of Hetch-Hetchy.

The grandeur of the approach to this wonderful valley it is impossible to describe. The formation of the rock and I could not part from her thus. At last richer in color, nature having been more lavish with her mineral stains upon these walls. There is evidence ter, and we could not help thinking that the formation had an older look. Certainly nature must have worked upon a more gigantic scale in the production of this region than over towards the watershed of the Merced, for

ragged aspect, wildernesses of rock suc-Among the number of trips undertaken in the Sierra, we all declared that none could approach this for wildness its surface so treacherously green, we came to a wall of rounded granite some ten feet high, up which a rude corduroy way was made, about four feet wide. Coaxing our mexperienced and unwilling horses over this frail bridge we stood upon Surprise point and 1,000

Hetchy. Comparison was impossible in point of impression. The first impression made by Yosemite is one of wonderful sublimity; Hetch-Hetchy's of supreme beauty. Occupying the same place relatively in this valley was an El Capitan, over which swung like a pendulum the gauzy folds of the beautiful Tu-ee-u-la-la fall, swinging its graceful ribbon over a wall of 1,000 feet sheer to strike upon the debris slope in a shatter of foam and smoke and find its way to the bottom, another 1,000 feet down, as best it could. Owing to the lateness of the season it was a wonder there was any water at all, but some providentia shower had filled up its bed and a very

respectable showing it made in point of

Close to the upper right-hand corner of this El Capitan was a vivid space of brilliantly pale orange red. The remainder of the rock is of the prevailing yellow, or buff white, of the granite re-The similiarty of form and Yosemite is remarkable and in most of its extent this wall seemed absolutely vertical. It is estimated at from 1,900 ing points continue the valley around apparently to what is known as the Bell Tower, a sugar loaf shaped mountain, which stands at the right-hand side of this valley, in the place occupied m Yosemite by the Cathedral rocks and Bridal Veil fall. This grand mass of rock is estimated at 3,200 feet above the river. From this point the valley is completely shut in and is the most beautiful spot of green meadow, fenced or walled with rock, that one can conceive.

It is related of an ex-member of Conconscience accuses you. Did you not lately play a practical joke up in Miss the new Vicar was Mr. Clitheroe," she mouth, that in 1863 he received a call in Washington from a Captain in a volunteer regiment who wanted to ex-pose some crooked things about a certain pork contract. The member received him very coldly, and made light subjectsof his grave charges; but hardly had the Captain returned to his regiment when he was promoted to Colonel and assigned to another. At the close of the expressionwar he happened to meet the Congress-men, and in his gratitude he called out: thank you with all my heart!" suppering up, and began to lease me about him, notwithstanding my sharp rebuske.

I saw more of Mr. Clitheroe after that, and he and I always scemed—at least, I fancied so—to have a kind of longer conceal the secret from myself that I loved him, but scarce dared to hope my love was returned. One day a swerel?" he asked gently.

I could nave same at local trouble arising from the unfortunate letter would be ended; but it grieved me to see how longer, and determined on a last appeal. As I feared she would not here there is a thind in you don't owe me anything." "Oh, altogether; and, though I loved her no I now hoped that all trouble arising from the unfortunate letter would be ended; but it grieved me to see how longer, and determined on a last appeal. As I feared she would not here in the unfortunate letter would be ended; but it grieved me to see how longer, and determined on a last appeal. As I feared she would not here in the unfortunate letter would be ended; but it grieved me to see how longer, and determined on a last appeal. As I feared she would not was a stopid letter, I know: but yours was a stopid letter; and, though I loved her no I now hoped that all trouble arising from the unfortunate letter would be ended; but it grieved me to see how longer and determined on a last appeal. As I feared she would not head east, I fancied so—to have a kind of unfortunate letter would be ended; but it grieved me to see how longer, and determined on a last appeal. As I feared she would not was a stopid letter, I know: but yours was a stopid letter, on head. You don't owe me anything." "Oh, dard on the more in the unfortunate letter would be at last, as time went on, I could bear it more considerate of others' feelings."

I saw more of Mr. Clitheroe after "Yes, yes," I said hurriedly. "It was a stopid letter, I know: but your was a you don't owe me anything." "But didn't you secure my promotion?"

At this moment three reporters near may be made a fairly complete and the first search; the art and of the peculiar civilization grateful?" "Not by a jugful! As Cap- Haggerty, laid his head wearily on his of the Chinese.

The English drawing-room is almost he servant comes from the house to the In no well-ordered English family does highly dangerous. How the idea orig one ever see an oil painting on the walls insted I do not know, but it is certainly of the drawing-room. I have never been a great error, contrary to both reason able to fully take in the reason for this and facts. The apple is one of the best custom. I conjecture, however, that of fruits. Baked or stewed apples will that it is deemed had taste to cover them in many cases of sickness. up with great pictures and frames. Green or half ripe apples stewed and Water-colors moreover are more in sweetened are pleasant to the taste, keeping with the lighter tone of the cooling, nourisbing and laxative, far

saloon of an English house. The bedroom furnishings are of a like ples and dried apples stewed are bette for constipation than some pills. Oran The brass bedstead has taken the place ges are very acceptable to most stom of the old "four poster," but the canopy achs, having all the advantages of the is retained. The curtains are drawn for the night when the bed is opened. Day coverings and "pillow shams" for the bed are things unknown in England. It is always deliciously clean, Lemonade is the best drink in fevers and with its cretonne or muslin hang- and when thickened with sugar is bet ings looks neat and tidy. In many ter than syrup of squills and other buses the feather-bed is still the thing, nauseants in many cases of cough. and is always used upon all bedsteads Tomatoes act on the liver and bowels,

about the house. Were the color of the house less som- | yeer-ripe and state. ber and the furniture less cumbrous were the rooms more open and less separated each from the other, the English house would be the center of the most perfect external comfort known to the last two years. His figure has bent sweet love, of thoughtful civility, and pressive and mobile vivacity, and alof unforgetting and undying loyalty.

The revolting spectacle of a daughter ion and emaciated features make him the whole country had a convulsed and | domineering over her mother is a sadly | look like one of the Christs that were frequent one. How often does one see painted in the early days of the church a healthy young miss call upon her tired and of which a few specimens still remother, as if she were a servant, to wait | main in the catacombs. upon her young ladyship, to bring in her deferred dinner, to take care of her impressionable. A mere trifle will of

descending some two hours more we be-came aware from previous descriptions the mother's own fault. The fond tions in his policy. It leads him to act that the famed valley was shortly to mother, especially if she has few of the suddenly-on the inspiration of the mocome in sight. Passing around a mo-rass that has been the tomb of many to say: "I will sacrifice everything for adventurous cattle in their endeavor to my child. I will do without that she gy, or the unfailing tenacity of his will reach the rich grasses that appear above may be a lady. I will deny myself learn. That he is a man of action and born to ing that she may be educated. I will governheabundantly proved at Peroffse stay out of society and wear old clothes when he was archbishop of that diocess, that she may go out as well-dressed as When he was elected pope he was in

able. By and by the mother looks for better since he entered upon the life of some reward. She doesn't ask for fine the vatican, and all hopes which may clothes and relief from drudgery—she have been based on his feebleness must has got used to her hard lot, but she long since have been set aside. craves a little sympathy and communen- He is posted on all the men and things dation from the worshiped daughter for of the day, and has manifested much

whom she "has done so much." Aye, so much that it has spoiled the girl's naturally sweet and unselfish disposition. She may feel nneasy once in Since his accession there has a while, but she has no real sympathy notable change in the sacred college with her toil-worn mother. ashamed of her mother's old-fashioned that it almost counterbalances the Italclothes, though she takes as her right ian. So far his "creations" have given all the new ones herself, and the aesthetic satisfaction. While the creation young lady is impatient and mortified cardinals is a matter which depend en-because her mother can't talk about tirely on his own will, ther are certain anything but "common domestic sub- archbishoprics the incumbents of which

jects, you know."
This is all wrong. The mother should be the undisputed mostress of the home. As long as a daughter remains in her father's house, she is the natural and proper subordinate of the mother. Daughters brought up to understand this and shape their actions accordingly were not in use before certain dates, it this and shape their actions accordingly, receive a discipline which best fits them would be to little purpose to speculate to be, in their turn, mistresses of their on the exact age of any particular specshould make the most of herself intellectually and socially.

"General," said the Major, "I con-

"Nonsense," said the General, "If I "Bolher," replied the Major. "If I dates, handling and everything.

General. "If I only had your learning pean or American collector must thereand wide reading, your happy mode of

Haggerty, laid his head wearily on his desk; Mr. Livingston, who sits near, gave a heart-rending sigh, and the chamber became gradually deserted, mented with engravings in the paste,

Of all the fruits with which we are always at the back of the houses and blessed the peach is the most delicious looks out upon the garden, for it must and digestible. There is nothing more be known that, however large the palatable, wholesome and medicinal grounds, the house is built quite near than good, ripe peaches. They should the road and there is little or no front be ripe, but not over ripe and half rot-garden; and there is sure to be quite a ten; and of this kind they may make a high wall at the front, so as to shut off the honse and grounds from the gaze and meals; but it is better to make them eyes of the common herd. Many houses, part of the regular meals. It is a misindeed all through the provinces, have taken idea that no fruit should be eaten gates in these high walls with bells, and it breakfast. It would be far better if our people would eat less bacon and octside gate to answer the bell. The grease at breakfast and more fruit. In papering of the drawing-room is of the morning there i an acrid state of omewhat lighter color than that of the the secretions, and nothing is so well other rooms. The furniture is also less calculated to correct this as cooling massive, and has just a tendency to deco-sub-acid fruits, such as peaches, apples, ration and act. The line is strictly drawn etc. Still, most of us have been taught at water-color painting upon the walls, that eating fruit before breakfast is the walls of the drawing-room being generally agree with the most delicate ighter and of more expensive papering stomach, and are an excellent medicine

room. So it is; you never, under any superior in many cases to the abomina-circumstances, see oil paintings in the ble doses of salts and oil usually given in fever and other diseases It may be truthfully said that in all than blue mass. The junce should be middle-class families of England the used alone, rejecting the skins. The dining-room is the living room of the small-seeded fruits, such as blackberhouse. The family or such of them as ries, figs, raspberries, currants, and remain at home—sit in the dining-room strawberries, may be classed among the forenoon and until after noon meal, the best foods and medicines. The whether that be luncheon or dinner, sugar in them is untritious, the acid is The dining-room is commonly a very cooling and puryfying, and the seeds large room and is furnished for com-fort, having generally the most pleasant gainers if we would look more to our exposure to garden, sun and air. The orchards and gardens for our medicine kitchen is seldom near the dining-room and less to our drug stores. To cure and the pantries are connected with the fever or act on the kidneys no febrifuge kitchen; so that the dining-room is free or diuretic is superior to watermelon. of all the odor of cooking and from all which may with very few exceptions be the necessary noise of the kitchen and taken in sickness and health in almost pantries. As all meats and hot dishes unlimited quantities, not only without are brought to the dining-room closely injury, but with positive benefit. But covered, there is seldom any smell from in using them the water, or juice should the kitchen floating about or lurking be taken, excluding the pulp; and the melon should be fresh and ripe, but not

Leo XIII, has aged very much during nestic life of this world. As it under the load of his responsibilities. though not handsome it will never be forgotten by any one who has seen it even once. His transparent complex-

He is a nervous man-one eminently

of character; in fact, for grandeur of impression, Hetch-Hetchy's approach impression, Hetch-Hetchy's approach impression, Hetch-Hetchy's approach impression, Hetch-Hetchy's approach this for whomes of Versinite. After When the daughter has grown up selling again. This is the reason of the indecision and the seeming contradiction in the second contradiction of the second contradiction. her companions and enjoy herself."

That is the first misstep. Any mother who follows this plan will be the slave short one, and some people say that it of her daughter before she is out of pm- was this fact which induced certain afores; and the daughter is sure to grow members of the sacred college to vote up selfish, exacting, silly and unreason- for him. His health has never been

She is The foreign element is now so strong

### he cannot well avoid making cardinals. Ages of Chinese Porcelain

Although it is known that such and

own homes and judicious mothers. A imen of Chinese porcelain. It is safe to assert of any good piece that it is fare of her child, but it is better for the child that the mother should maintain be held as certain that a rose-colored her own dignified position, and that she wase, or one into the decoration of should make the most of herself intal. which that color enters, can not have been made longer ago than 1690, while a piece decorated with thue and white may be of the time of the Emperor King-te, who reigned for three years, When the annual appropriation bill should be painted with personages from A. D. 1004 to 1007. If a jar had been generaled through the as- wearing the pig-tail, it is not more than sembly yesterday by Mr. Rusted's masterly management, that gentleman happened near Major Haggerty's been introduced by the Tartar conquerers; but if the personages represented —Statistics are cited to show that there is one divorce for every sixteen marriages in the State of Ohio. —There are in this country at presented wear long robes, both men and women, and if the males wear square back head-if not fully, 50,000 skating rinks. gratulate you on getting your bill gear, then it may be of very high anthrough. If I only had your genius on tiquity. The Chinese, however, have at all times delighted in reproducing the best efforts of former periods, and only had your eloquence and your good have, as a matter of course, and without dishonest intent, copied marks, only had your towering mastery of all dates, handling and everything. Chi-subjects—" of paying as much for a good copy as "Do not speak of it," answered the for an authenticated original. A Eurofore be content to do as they do, and class a piece, not as having been made refused by the owner, died the other "Indeed," interjected the Major, "If under such or such an emperor or dy-I was only able to command men as nasty, though the inscription may state "That promotion came from you, and I you can, and grasp with your talent as much, but as being of such a style. At this moment three reporters near may be made a fairly complete and at hand sunk helpless'y in their seafa; very interesting index to the history of

# NEWS IN BRIEF.

Dakota's debt is \$304.000.

-Paris has 1,026 ballot dancers. -Dakota has forty-eight women bank

-Princess Beatrice is a victim of rheumatism -Chicago invested \$45,000,000 in

real estate in 1884. -San Diego, Cal., exported 1,108,000 pounds of fish last year

-Australia has four universities equal to Yale or Harvard. -St. Paul Masons are about to erect temple to cost \$150,000.

-Sixty-four women engravers earn heir livelihood in England. -Sugar is reported to be selling at we cents a pound in Cuba,

-Helena, M T., has a calf 10 months ld that weighs 950 pounds. -The annual revenue of the British government is £210,000,000.

-Anthracite has been discovereu (a new find) near Gila Bend, A. T. -Cincinnati people are buying tall old clocks, just to have them.

-Rabbits damage Australia to the extent of \$10,000,000 per year. -Farm rents in England have dened six per cent, in five years.

-There are 600 professional beauties London who don't work at all, -There are 452 women editors in England and 1,309 photographers,

-American steam brakes are used by French and English railroads, -Good butter is selling for 17 cents a pound in Napa City, California. -Every member of the Texas Land

Board is said to favor its abolition. -One town in North Carolina skipped last year 103,000,000 cigarettes. -San Francisco has 1,000 Chinese hildren ineligible to public schools. -Not a solitary young man in Oglesorpe, Ga., it is sald, chews tobacco.

-Kit Carson's monument at Santa Fe is to be unveited on Decoration Day. -Farmers near Fresno, Cal., arê narketing green corn and strawberries. -In Baltimore recently, 100,000 ases of canned corn were sold in one

duced forty young men to stop smok--There are 558 persons engaged in the Postoffice Department in Washing-

-There are 112,995 English school

- A Massachusetts physician has in-

teachers, nearly all of whom are spins--Berlin expects a visit from Sitting Bull and ten other Indians next sum

-There were 3,255 postoffices established last year, and 1,621 were discon--A pearl has been found on the western Australian coast valued at

-A gentleman of Rockingham, N. has a pair of elks that he drives to a boggy. -An astronomer in Kendall, Or as serts that the moon is a semi-transpar-

-Buffalo's Music Hall, which was destroyed by fire a week or so ago, is to be rebuilt. -The fiber of the hop vine is substi-

tuted for rags by French paper manu--Nearly \$2,000,000 worth of printng ink is used in the United States

every year. -A reversible boot, which may be worn indifferently on either foot, has been patented. -Ten thousand five hundred women

and English books and 2,792 assist in printing them. The number of postoffices roobed at year was 457, while 247 others were destroyed by fire. -There were 465 justificators who

died last year, while there were and who were suspended. -Winnipeg, Man., has 912 trading establishments, doing an annual be nesss of \$23,000,000. -The number of farmers in State

Legislature is said to be decreasing

from year to year.

of Mauch Chunk, Pa.

-The number of postal notes issued last year was 3,689,237, amounting in money to \$7,411,002.48. -A parrot, seventy-five years old. still spry and a great talker, is the pride

-The record for 1884 shows losses to the United States and Canada to the extent of \$112,000,000. -By a small majority the Trustee of British Museum have decided in

favor of Sunday opening. -There were 1,450,768,460 ordinary postage stamps sold last year, the value of which was \$20,077,444. -Lincoln County, Ga., will charge \$1000 for liquor licenses on and after

owing to the constant rains. -The son of an English peer, it is stated, is employed as a car-starter at the Union Depot, in Pittsburg. -There are 93,138 women nailmakers

-The people of Glanwood Springs,

in England. The nails are used in fastening horseshoes in place, -The free delivery system is now in operation in 159 cities in the United States, employing 3,890 carriers,

-Statistics are cited to show that ... There are in this country at pres ent, according to estimates, very nearly,

-There are 16,000,000 school children in the United States 10 000 onn of whom are enrolled in the public schools, -The largest sum ever accumulated -Just sixteen years ago the interest on the national debt amounted \$143. 000,000 a year. It is now \$58,000,000.

for which \$4000 was the price recently -A cent of 1804, uncirculated and perfectly bright in its cotton packed box sold recently in New York for \$200,

-George O., a famous Maine horse,

it is stated. -The death of his grandchild, which occurred a few days ago, so affected a male resident of Newport, R. I., as to cause his death.

-A Goshen (N. Y.) man, who died There are 7,162 women missionar-es and preachers in England soled with the possession of his shotgun.