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How may 1 mp what nome may sell? Perkept some purried one may say, relative bought, then is it well fogue the priceices been away?,

To well in bur, the walt to give, And give so if the truth were cheap, were being far to die than live Table and board the Truth we keep

Replack as price when thos would's

or proper or search, of toil or pain; many it thus wert thou to die, By dying would be endless gain. ne if their sell the Truth for gold,

For ease of homor, wealth or fame; -ar baseness then could not be told, by harriessness, thy guilt and shame

FOR LOY I OF MAGGIE LORTON.

at deal go into the garden," says Marrie, rising abruptly; "will you ger, Dennis?"

Upon this invitation, which, though adverd somewhat in the tone of a and, is accompanied by a glance him-gray eyes most men find hand to result. Dennis Lynne steps after Maggie through the low French win-

"Den.ds," ordes Mrs. Lorton, waking from the drowsy perusal of a three-volmme novel, "teil Maggie to put on a she is going into the sun! I declare that minid ----

flat Dearns has turned into the sidewalk and hears no more. "Mrs. Lorior says you are to put on

"Well, you go and get it for me. Den-

his-there's a good fellow." Magne is leaning over the low wall, dreamily watching the river glide past, when Dennis returns. The sun is discovering gleanns of gold among the coils of her put-brown hair and throwing wavering stadows across her white dress, as the faint breeze stirs the leaves

in the trees above her. "How cool the river looks on this hot ensuing! remarks Maggie, as she ties "Shall I get out the boat? We can

side, in the shade. Will Seeboon 1 yau come, Miss Lorton?" asks Dennis A few minutes later the smooth face

of the water reflects, besides the trees, a tiny boat in which are seated a youth and a tuniden The eyes of the youth are aglow with a light warmer than that of more friendship.

"For what point shall I steer, Dennis boat. -the old oak at the bend there?" asks Maggie, adjusting the tiller ropes and settling herself among the cushions. "Oh, it doesn't matter in the least-

just steer where you like!" says infatnated Dennis. "Yes, it does matter. You were quite tross with Herbert Benson the other day. You said he ought to fix upon

some point ahead, and keep the bow of the boat in a line with it." "That was quite different. Herbert's

You are managing splendidly Miss Louton." Which shows how much you know alog 11; for I insven't moved the rudder an inch yet!" laughs Maggie. **1 And don't dean waiting for orders. pend on me too much, for I always forget, and, in cases of emergency, pull the wron't side.

says, with a bitter little smile. "Row me back," orders Maggie imperiously.

And the love that has flushed his face sake, I will." sake, I will." "Did his father do so much for you,

"I will answer nothing so absurd. papa?" Row me back at once." until you give me an answer," says Dennis, wondering at his broken alle-My father - your grandfather, that thing if, after a fellow's risked hus life giance almost as much as Maggie does, This audacity and resistance on the Mr. Lynne's servant. What do you he at death's door." "I can manage on

expected."

before, father?" asks Maggie.

. .

chance for which she is on the watch.

nis, and to bid him "God-speed."

.

touses Maggie's anger. Her gray eyes darken and flash scornfully. Words burst from her lips which, when too took me into the works as office-boy. ate, she would give much to recall. That's how I began life," "Then, if you will have it, I do not

ove you, Love you, a lad who from Mr. Lynne, papa?" asks Maggie in surthe lowest place in my father's office, prise. through kindness and much indulgence, use to be my father's clerk? You for- proved them, and spent a deal of money get your position, Mr. Lynne! Take me

back, if you please," "I will," answers Dennis, resuming his former place, and shipping the scale a "but first let me tell you that you are a cold heartless firt, and that I think you in this very hause we're sitting in now, when I first remember them!"

The lad's face is altered, and so is his voice; Miss Lorton is frightened. "I am not a flirt!" she says imperiously. "I have never encouraged you!" "Then why have you been so cruelly kind to me all these years?" he asks bitterly. "Why have you let me come day after day, and seemed glad when I

came and sorry when I left you? Why to you treat me with more familiarity than any of the other fellows that come langling after you?" "My father wished me to be kind to I took Dennis into the office."

you, when he brought you to us years ago; and I thought you would understand.' "Then I have been fooled; and you

ire a cruel coquette, Maggie," "I am not!" cries Maggie indignantly. Row me home!" Without another word the sculls are care of your elf, my dear."

tipped into the water, and, saving for their monotonous splash, the little bark steals through the twilight shadows in

grim silence. For the sun has set, the fairy palace is dissolved, and the soul of the queen and her attendant sprite are apparently sunk in gloom as deep as

that which is falling around them. They reach the wooden landing-steps at last, and Maggie is obliged to rest her hand in the broad palm of Denni⁸ to enable her to land. He holds it a noment after she has stepped from the

"I do not give up, Maggie," he says in a low firm voice. scorn, I will win you yet." "I believe you wish to insult me!"

she gasps angrily, snatching away her "No; but while we both live, and you

lowed. Without turning, she says in a are unmarried. I will not give up hope,' low tone-Maggie's pride can stand no more, She hurries into the house, gains her about-about everything, Dennis." own room, and, shutting the door, bursts into a passion of sobs and tears

"Do I forget? I wish I could," he it'll be a good thing both for him and me. When he comes back, in a couple to see that poor had. Folk will get talk- it's time I gave in." of years or so, I'll see about giving him an interest in the concern. I'll stick to It is the sight of Maggie's figure dis-

"Not until you have answered me." In the lad--if it's only for his father's sake, I will."
In stick to the lad--if it's only for his father's sake, I will."
In stick to the lad--if it's only for his father's sake, I will."
In stick to the lad--if it's only for his father's the a look of perplexity to Mrs. Lorton's comely features "Let her be, Mary; let Maggie be. "I've often said I was a self-made "I have said I will not-and I won't man-and so I am, in a way; but it was Folk may wag their tongues off before

thing if, after a fellow's risked his life you've never seen to remember-was old for her, she's not to go anigh him, and "I can manage once in the day," con-

"Your father!" tinues Mrs, Lorton, "and I wouldn't miss for worlds; but Maggie's for running down there at all hours, just to see hat's how I began hife." "Did these very works once belong to cognize us: but, dear heart, I don't be-

heve he'd know his own mother if she was to come from the grave to him!" est! No, no-upon my lips! Oh, Mag-"Come, wife, let Maggie be, I say. gie, I am so helpless!" "Well, I won't say but what I've imon fresh machinery, and that-yes, and If anything was to happen him, you'd be glad we hadn't left him to strangers."

been at more expense than Mr. Lynne "I will," answers Dennis, resuming his former place, and shipping the scuils; was ever put to. But the place had been in the old man's family for gener-likely to neglect him, Thomas. Even ations, so to speak. Why, they lived if it wasn't for his saving Maggie, I couldn't care for one of my own kin more than I do for him. I'm sure, when they got him out, and I saw him "How is property lost, Mag? The all cut and torn and bruised, so that sons were a wild lot; and old Lynne had you'd hardly know him to be a human being at all-oh, dear, it makes me reel to mortgage part of the works to pay being at all-oh, dear, it makes me feel their debts. When he died, he didn't all of a shake again to think of it1-1 never thought he'd breathe again. He's tive of Phedre. "J'y ctions," he anleave behind him near as much as was a wonderfully clever man is Doctor

'Why did you never tell me all this Jenkins. It's dreadful to think it might have been our Maggie, Isn't it?" "Where's the good of raking up old In the meantime Maggie is seated by things that are none so pleasant when

they do come to light? Better let 'em altered, mangled Dennis Lynnel His Besides, you were at school when dearest friend would with difficulty re-"Know what? About his father do-ing well by me and mine, and my want-ing to pay it up to him? Of course he does! Go and question your method now; she knows all about it; and it's ye take something, miss. You've been genius on record. She might, like time I was at the works. Ta-ta. Take sitting here a good bit." But Maggie puts her finger to her lip,

and motions her away.

The afternoon sun streams into the The days speed by, and the time for room, and the nurse rises to close the Dennis's departure draws nearer and Venetian blinds. Suddenly Maggie benearer. Maggie has seen him many comes conscious that the eyes of the times; but not yet has she found the sleeper are unclosed-then that they are And now Dennis has come to spend Heaven be praised, the light of intellihis farewell evening with the Lortons. gence is in them! Other people are in the room-Herbert

"Maggiel" comes the feeble whisper. Benson and his sister, and two cousins "Am I dreaming?" of Maggie's-all old friends, who have

"No, Dennis, I am here-be quiet now; you are not to speak," says Maggathered together to see the last of Dengie, wondering at her own calm Quietly separating herself from the So a look of perfect peace and dreamy group, Maggie reaches the window, and, happiness spreads over Dennis Lynne's raising the heavy curtain, stands in the pale face.

deep recess, looking out with tear-. . dimmed eyes upon the night. Soon she The sick man mends but slowly, becomes aware that she is not alone. which is not a matter of surprise to Instanct tells her who it is that has folmost people, who wonder that he mends

"I want to tell you how sorry I am At last come the convalescent days. As he makes no answer, she turns to

"But I don't want you to give in," murmurs Maggie, dropping upon her

me up! For a moment there is silence, and a strange eager light springs into Dennis's

thin face. "Maggie, this is pity. I won't be pitied!" he says with impatient doubt. 'It is not, Dennis it is love," whis-

catches the words. "Lift up your head, Maggie; lift it

up, and let me see your face." One long steady look he fixes upor the upturned face glowing with sweet shy bl shes, and then he cries exult-

Rachel.

"Mine-mine at last! Kiss me,

In his clever and brilliant volun entitled "Rachel et la Tragedie," Jules Janin describes a meeting between himself and the great tragic actress in 1836. when she was a plain, insignificant child of sixteen, and he was the successful and all powerful critic of the Debats. "C'est moi que j'etais au Gymnase," said the future representaswered equally ungrammatically. Be tween this and the year 1858, when Alphonse Karr retails with painful minuteness the "vente apres deces de Mi'e Rachel," lie all the years of triumph and all the years of disappointment sucess and suffering through which the great actress passed. Although not quite subscribing to the accuracy of M. Jain's statement with regard to her want of education and grammar there "Eh, but this'll do him a power o' is no doubt that Rachel is one of the "Won't most remarkable instances of natural du beaucoup etudier l'antique'' have

rephed: "Je l'ai beaucoup sent." It was this mnate dramatic appre hension that, while as yet the names of Tancred, Helen, Hermione or Pyrrins presented only vague symbols to the mind, induced her to lie awake at night fixed wonderingly upon her face; and, in the wretched garret occupied in common with her sisters studying the stately verses of Racine. It was this vehemence of appreciation and intellectual power that enabled her to change the toice that was pronounced grating and sagreeable by her first master, Choron into the most flexible, penetrating and passionate dramatic organ ever heard. t was his absorbing earnestness that ndowed her with energy when the time came to throw off the shabby garments she had worn as a girl and don the dia-

dems, the draperies, the sandals of antiquity, wearing them with incomparable grace and dignity. Victor Hugo and Balzac, representatives of the romantic school, were all-powerful when Upon the first of these he lies, covered this child, unaided and alone, stepped What Curlosities Cost.

The renowned Castle of Chillon "It is the general belief that the efstands upon an isolated rock close to fect of African colonization is being the road by the side of the lake, surfelt in the wild animal trade, and that rounded by deep water, crossed by a consequently the prices are much covered wooden bridge of most pictarremarked Barnum's agent, Mr. Tody Hamilton, as Jumbo was led into by Amadeus IV. of Savoy, and is an admirable specimen of the many-tow-"But it is a mistaken idea altogether, Colonization has not extended to the as a state urison undersonly known as a state prison, unpleasantly known jungles of Abyssinia and the far Interfor of the dark continent. Even if it famous Bonnivard, Prior of St. Victor, to many of the carly reformers; but the pers Maggie, so low that Dennis barely had reached the outskirts of the home of the lion, hippopotamus, tiger and Castle from 1530 to 1536, is generally in Geneva, who was immured in the elephant, the prices of these animals received as Byron's "Prisoner of Chil-

would remain the same." "How is that?" asked a writer.

"It requires in the first place an outinterval in the first place an out-lay of \$30,000 to start after a batch of wiid animals in Abyssinia. The men who undertake to get them gra not not who undertake to get them are not na-name with it in a sonnet. In those tives, but Europeans who have made it days the Pays de Vaud belonged to a profession. They get the natives to Savoy, and Bonnivard, having made To do this the old have to be killed and To do this the old have to be killed and often a fierce lion sends a Nubian spear Chillon. It was only in 1536 that the

man to paradise. "When a sufficient number of the young have been captured a great ex-pense is incurred furnishing goats' pense is incurred furnishing goats' milk to them. The chiefs and sheiks of the desert furnish the goats, sending a herd near the place where the animals are corralled. Another expense is the are corralled. Another expense is the Geneva, where he avowed his adherdeposit money the sheiks frequently exact as a guarantee of the return of its supporters from introducing it rash the Nubians who are employed. In the ly, During his captivity Geneva had inarch homeward through the desert the young animals are transported on camels, and many die on the way. They are curried to the Suez canal and The castle is now used as a magazine

The castle is now used as a magazine shipped to Europe. If the jungles for military stores, and the interior of were colonized the wild animals would the building is well preserved. It has seek other quiet haunts in the interior, become almost a place of pilgrimage for seek other quiet haunts in the interior, so I cannot see how the expense of get-ting them would be lessened. To sum up, the freight, the trouble of capture and the risks run of bringing them to Europe alive, are the items which make wild animals costly. As they errow older and become acclimated their grow older and become acclimated their daily to strangers, Bonnivard ought to value increases. If I wanted to sell an elephant to-day I would have to men-low to have endured his six years' cap-low to have endured his six years' caption whether acclimated or not to make thvity without loss of life or limb. For a difference of a thousand or so dollars. There is about \$4,000.000 invested in wild animals in the United States, not including elephants. There are sixty wall?" through which their bodies were elephants in the United States ranging cast into the lake, 500 feet in depth in prices from \$3,000 to \$20,000. If an here is a torture-chamber, with a woodelephant is trained and acclimated 17 en pillar scored by het irons; and herewill bring \$20,000. is the oublicite a frightful place-a trapdoor which shut out the light, and then

The Emperor's Father.

where the prisoner found no fourth step England has very grave doubts about and was precipitated to a depth of s Russia's financial ability to carry on a protracted war. As Russian bonds go lived for 24 years after his experience down British confidence in the power of of Chillon, and was twice married,

gold goes up. "Russia," she thinks fondly to herself, "will soon be unable Two Cent Letter Postage. to pay her soldiers, and then where will Third Assistant Postmaster-General half a century ago, be, when she can't borrow any in Hazen has prepared for the postmaster. Europe?" Misleading reflection; for it general an elaborate statement showing must not be forgotten that the printing the result of an examination into the by iron and steel Upon the first of these he lies, covered up with rugs, upon a couch which has these wheeled into an adiabatic room, and endeavored to obtain a hear wheeled into an adiabatic room. in a flourishing condition, and the Rus- in the rate of postage on domestic sian people are in that happy stage of letters. Mr. Hazen, in his annual civilized development where enthusiasm report prepared in November, 1882. for the Czar makes them forget ensily estimated a loss of revenue amounting scant rations and poor pay. to \$8,000,000 as the probable result of scant rations and poor pay. There is a good story told in connection this change in the rate of letter postage tion with one of Czar Nicholas's loans The actual revenue for the from the wealthy monasteries. The pa-triotic fathers of the Petsherskain shown by the audited returns was Laura, the renowned cloister built over the catacombs at Kief, lent his majesty ive millions of rubles, for which they received a bond entirely written by the loss of revenue for the year on account mperial hand, and which for twenty of the reduction to two cents in the ears they reverently preserved in a letter rate. But Mr. Hazen thinks there ewelled casket. One day Nicholas's is the best reason to believe that the uccessor, Czar Alexander, visited the actual loss growing out of the reduc tamous closter, desirous of looking at tion was much less than shown by these

NEWS IN BRIEF. -Quill pens are again becoming fashionable

A Famous Fortress.

a small spiral staircase of three steps

-The Canadian Parliament costs \$140,000 a year.

-Chicago's new buildings last year ast \$19,000,000.

-Over 900 Catholics have died at Montreal since January 1. -The castor bean plant is said to kill

rasshoppers by the millions. -A taxidermist in Reading, Pa., has

collection of 75,000 butterflies. -Scarlet fever and diptheria have

lon. It appears that when Byron wrote cen scourging Bloomfield, N. J. that famous poem he was describing an -Cinnamon cub bear steak is served at several of the Western hotels.

-Within 10 years the Union will propably number 48 instead of 38 States,

-Tomatoes are being used by a Columbia county, Fla., farmer to make vinegar.

-Twenty millions of acres of land in Swiss wrested the country from Charles this country are held by foreign land owners,

> -Over 6,000 striking coal miners have resumed work in the Pittsburg

-London has four fire brigade districts, each brigade having 600 men and officers,

-Italy has 4,800,000 lemon trees, which produces 1,260,000,000 lemon annually

-In 1825 there were less than 200 physicians in all Berlin. Now there are over 1000.

-Liquor is reported as now being expressed to prohibition countles in

-A prayer hospital for the performnce of faith cures has been established

-In Australia the peach crop is so normous some years as to furnish food

-It does not cost much to get maried in New Jersey; the license fee m only 12 cents.

-The French originated the indusrial exhibition; the first was held in Paris in 1798.

- Platinum has recently been drawn nto a wire so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye.

-There were 4,609 deaths by lightng in France between the years of 1830 and 1864

-Fire losses in the United States and lanada during the month of March were \$9,000,000.

-Of the forty members which the Kansas State Senate contains, all bat three are lawyers.

-Telegraphing rates to some points are now almost as cheap as postage was

-Wood has been almost entirely sui perseded in English ship building yards

-Atlanta's new council is expected retail liquor license price rom \$300 to \$1000. -Unlike many other towns in the outh, Selma, Ala., has not had a fire nce last summer. -A leather cannon was proved at dinburgh in 1778, fired three times tweive nd pronounced good.

On they float through the evening sunshare, making lightly sometimes, and sometimes silent. A look of supreme content is on Maggie's face, as, holding the tiller topes housely in her hands, she left behind them this intolerable feeling leave ally back, dividing her attention of shame and dissatisfaction. But had between the dip of the scalls beneath she crushed them? Here Maggie's cog the glassy waters and the trees and itations relapse into bewilderment, for flowers upon the river banks, the tall the present experience of Dennis has rushes and broad leaves of the wateroverthrown every previous estimate of likes. Birds are singing evening songs, his character. and from among the clustering sedges come the melancholy tweat-tweat of the

cont and the hoarse croak of the frog. With apparently little or no exertion broad-chested Dennis wields the sculls, Lorton. feasing his soul the while with gazing

spen the face of his companion. Endenly they turn a bend in the ly-colored morning gown, presides over over; and, lo, the western sky is before her husband's handsomely-appointed them, with the great red sun hanging table. There is a little heightening of har ups, the horizon. Landscape and the color in Maggie's cheeks as she listoveran-bathed in the warm ruddy glow, ens very attentively for the answer, "How beautiful?" exclaims Maggie, though apparently unconcerned.

Reoping to dabble her white hand in the trimsoned tide, "Dennis, I'm a ton absently, raising his eyes for a mofairy queen sailing on to my palace of ment from the letter he is reading. gold there," she says, pointing towards Jar Settleast

'And what am 12" asks Dennis, "Am I the king?"

"King? Oh, dear, no! You're only a slave -a pixy that 1 graciously allow Maggie and me-wasn't he, Maggie?o ferry my royal bark across this river quite queer and altered, and wouldn't of hund gold that flows before my gates stop a moment when he heard you were of topyz yonder. There is no king, of out. Civilian.

Then I daily refuse to be a slave; "Then I flatly refuse to be a slave; and I won't be a pixy either, whatever bish," says Mr. Lorton, folding his letthat may be," says Dennis, unshipping ters methodically and placing them 110 40-111 "Your highness must summon some other minion to row you to "It can't be said but it's a place of great Fillt palace.

"Well, but you can't be king. Who I think I'm in the right to give it him. ever heard of a fairy king?" laughs Besides, the lad told me himself he Maggae flashing a sancy glance from wanted to go abroad." beneally the rim of her shady hat.

"lich we stop until your majesty makes me one;" and Dennis folds his father's sake. It was through eld Peter attes, and trass to look obstimate. "Don't be foolish, Dennisl Take the scalls, and let us get back; they'll be his foot to the ball too-and then it'll wondering what has become of us, be his own fault if he doesn't keep it Come, he a good boy," rolling.

"Um not a boy," rejoins Dennis. "I ain as old as you are." "Eut girls of nincteen are years older like the notion of sending poor Dennis

than heres of that age; any one will tell you that," says Maggie loftily. "I don't care; I'm not a boy!" reiter-Dennis, rising hastily, whereupon are worse,"

Maggie screams-

the "I upset the boat!"

livelies of the frailty of the little raft, he seats himself beside her in the You're always running off double quick, There is a flush upon his hand- and banging your heads up against some nome young face deeper than that cast stone wall or other." there by the setting sun as he says-

"I have often wished to tell you that for you there are some things we've a I won't be called a boy. I won't be good notion of, Mr. Lorton, or you'd patronized any longer, Maggie. You often come badly off," says Mrs. Lorared not look like that. I will call you ton, rising and retaring with grace-"Maggre;" you call me "Dennis," " and the last word.

" Deterrint" " is all that Maggie can exclaim in her surprise. on climes you are kind and gentle,

and I famey you care for me. Then you are cold and worse than indifferent, and New York?" and you treat me like a child. Maggie, tell me-do you love me?" "Love you?" echoes Maggie.

Poor Dennisi His lips are quivering hoped. I believe he's a good fellow, painfully.

"Say had you do-say that you do a of him from the first; and, if I can, I'll Ah, Maggie darling, I love you keep him from following his brother's with all my heart and soul and strength! Say that you care for me just a little, Maggie," He tries to take possession of her hand, but Maggie has recovered herself now.

"Dennis, you forget-and you predaughter. sume, I think! Is this how you repay all my father's kindness?"

the source of which lies in a complexity barely trace the outline of his face. of feelings she herself cannot analyze. She cannot see the exuitation that leaps Foremost comes the sense of irritation into his eyes and flushes his cheeks with and anger towards Dennis. And now, new hope, so that he cannot find words mingling with her indignation, comes to speak inst vet. the remembrance of how she had received the confession of the infatuated youth. Hot tears flow afresh.

"In spite of your

I was so rude to you-I wish I had not said what I did; and I want you to say Poor Dennis! How despicable, how you will forget it-will you, Dennis? narrow-minded she must have appeared! The plaintive strains of music come She had not thought herself capable of ighing through the thick curtains, and such meanness. She might have crushed mingling with them comes the whisper: his hopes in words that would not have "I have forgotten, Maggie."

"And I want you to remember only the pleasant times when we were together-and I hope you will be very happy and successful," 'Dearest, this is worth everything!"

And Dennis has Maggie's hand in his, "Hush, Dennis! Don't misunderstand again," says Maggie gently.

"What's come to Dennis Lynne, "Are you two playing at hide andseek there behind that curtain?" broke Thomas?" says good commonplace Mrs. in Herbert's loud voice upon this Utopia.

The family are at breakfast; and Mrs. "Heaven bless you, Maggie!" whispers Dennis, leaving a passionate kiss upon her hand.

He is gone-the music has stoppedand Maggie finds that the world has all at once become sadly dark and dreary.

Scarcely five years have passed away, "Eh-Dennis Lynne?" says Mr. Lorand Mr. Lorton's views concerning Dennis Lynne are more than realized. He has acquitted himself with much Nothing. What should come to him? credit while abroad, and is now junior "Well, his behavior is odd, seeing that

partner of the firm. Since his return to England, he has he used to be here so often. He hasn't been in the house but once these two resumed his intimacy with the Lortons, weeks-and then he was so short with becoming a constant visitor to the house, as of yore. There are times when Maggie thinks him very much altered, and then again he seems the Dennis of old days. He has never reopened

"His head is full of something of or approached the subject that vexed her so on that summer evening long ago, and yet something tells Maggie that he has not forgotten. carefully in the breast-pocket of his coat.

Miss Lorton, with many advantages of seeing and being seen in society, does trust," he continues ruminatingly; ·but not lack admirers. As yet however not one apparently of these enamored swains has succeeded in storming the citadel of her heart. On this evening several

"Abroad!" ejaculates Maggie. guests are dining at Mr. Lorton's hos-"I'll do well by the boy for his pitable board, and it is during a pause in the conversation that that gentleman

Lynne I got my foot to the ball; and calls out-"I say, Lynne, some of these young I'll see his son has a chance of getting folk want to see the new machinery at Will you show it 'em, and exworkl

plain? You'd rather have a handsome "Laws, Thomas, is one obliged to go young fellow for showman than an old out of the country to get on? I don't chap like me, I know." Thus it comes about that a gay little among those nasty foreigners. I declare party of men and maidens stand, a few I never felt at home a day all the time days after, within the dingy factory we were in France-and the Germans

walls, under the kindly chaperonage of capacious Mrs. Lorton. They have al-"Now, Mary, who's talking of France? most completed their survey, and are You women never understand business, now halting, talking and laughing merand never will as long as you live. rily, before a huge mass of machinery. 'But what's this enormous wheel for, with these great iron spikes stick-

ing cut all round it? How does it work, "Oh, very well! It's a blessed thing Mr. Lynne?" Wait a moment, and I will show

u," says Dennis, He moves off a few paces to give

ome order to one of the men, and "I've had it in my mind ever since poor Kendal died," says Mr. Lorton, makes his heart stand still and blanches

when he and Maggie are alone. his face? Maggie, deep in an animated "Then I suppose he will be going to conversation, is within an inch of the cries Maggie sharply, interrogates Maggie.

big wheel. One moment, and she-"Miss Lorton-Maggie-stand back, "I've no son of my own, and I always wanted to behave handsomely by Dennis if he turned out anything like what I

she does not hear it. and a steady fellow. I liked the look caught up and whirled violently into

lead and going to the deuce." Space. One glimpse Maggie has of the sick-"Is it wise then to send him so far out of your sight?" asks Maggie in a ening sight ere she falls helpless and unconsciaus to the ground.

Mr Lorton glances shrewdly at his

"He wants to go, I tell you! I've "I don't know," says Mrs. Lorton, turned away this time, Maggie. I said the next day after Sunday, is been watched him, and I can trust him; and

k at him. In the dim light she can een wheeled into an adi ng room "Welcome down again, Mr. Lynne!" "Welcome down again, Mr. Lynne!" Sol had been played by Mile. Mars; cries Maggie gaily, as she enters, bring-ing with her deficious gleans of fresh-me; Frederic Lemaitre had been deing with her delicious gleans of fresh-ness from the outside world. "But you lighting every one in Ruy Blas. How have too strong a light upon your face. Help me, Mrs. Dodd, to turn the head "Don't you understand? I am sorry

> "Where did you learn to be such a good nurse, Maggie?" asks Dennis, with a sigh of content. 'Come and sit where I can see you. Now talk to me." "Then I'll leave you to attend to Mr. Lynne, Miss Lorton," says the nurse, that they never forget the first great while I go and see to things below a

bit." "You're to be quick and get strong, Dennis; we're going to give you a fortnight, say, to do it in. We've been laying our heads together, and we've made

all sorts of plans for you." "Have you? You are all very kind. What are they?" "Well, in the first place, we are going

o take you away with us. You know Doctor Jenkins advises a more bracing imosphere, and papa wants a holiday, ogether-not very far off, because you ust not be fatigued with traveling. We want to find some nice quiet little watering-place," says Maggie, knitting her brows in perplexity; "and it seems about as difficult to light upon as the hilosopher's stone. Have you any

hoice, Dennis?" "None in the world, Maggie," he answers.

"Then we'll fix it all ourselves. We every day, and the salt sea breezes will "Maggie, I saw myself in the glass

o-day for the first time." "Then you are not so conceited as-" "Don't, Maggie-don't joke; you

"Poor D-anis!" murmurs Maggie. "But wait a bit-wait until we have

had you by the sea. "I don't think I shall ever go to the

"Not go to the sea! Why not, Den-

"I don't see how I am to get there," he says, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "I must stop at home and learn

how to use crutches first, I am lame, Maggie-I shall be lame for life." Strive as he will, his voice trembles, and he breaks down now and shades his face with his hands. There is silence for a little time. Maggie will not dis-

tress him by letting him see how terribly she is shocked. She makes a great effort to appear calm. "Doctor Jenkins did not tell us so,"

she says presently. "I told him not—I wanted to tell you myself," explains Dennis, recovering

imself. "But you are quite sure. Dennis? May there not be some mistake?" inquires Maggie.

" I wish I could think so," says Dennis with a long-drawn breath; then, after a pause-"It isn't that I care so very much about it-a fellow's a coward who cannot look a thing like this stands watching him set the giant in in the face without perpetual whimper-ing; but, Maggie, you remember what you said that day in the boat?"

"Oh, Dennis, don't remind me of it!"

"Well, you know I have never given up hoping. I have waited and watched; for Heaven's sake!" he cries, but the and soon I should have been able to noise in the place drowns his voice, and come and offer you a home that --- But what's the use of talking? It's all over Rushing madly forward, he thrusts now. I can never ask you to marry a her back, and the next instant he is miserable cripple," says Dennis betterly - 'a fellow that can't walk across the room without crutches!"

"Do you think I shall forget-that I ever can forget-that it was caused through saving me?" falters Maggie. "I have fancied that I should not be

was it possible to induce the public to listen to poets who, almost two centuof the couch. There-isn't that bet- aries before, had recounted the tragedies and greatness of ancient Greece and Rome?

of the first woman they have loved dies out from the hearts of men, but actor or actress they have seen. Whether this be true or not, the theatrer even when by the passage of the years, we have become rationalists and unro mantic, has shortened many a dull hour, and exorcised many a sad thought recreating and stimulating our jaded spirits. Do we not owe a debt of grattude, then to those who have sung to us or played to us, and ought we not constantly and faithfully to endeavor to clear their memories from the accusations cast at them by a carping crowd? o it is arranged that we are all to go Above all, Frenchmen owe a debt of gratitude to her of whom we write. In her frail, weak person this young girl embodied what their poets had conceived. She was the transformation into active force of all the tragedy and pathos, the love and sorrow that had

laid dormant in men's hearts and brains. she became the mouth-piece of the ages that had passed when she recited Corneille and Racine ; the mout-piece ot the ages to come when wrapped in shall see you grow stronger and stronger their tricolor flag she chanted Marsellaise, "One felt in the air," says Mme. soon bring the color into your cheeks." Louise Collett to Beranger, like a mighty breath of hope, that bore along with it all useful desires," That beautiful apparition, pale, menacing, was no longer a woman ; she was the Godknow what 1 mean." A painful flush covers the poor disfigured face.

> Saluting the Rising San. According to the custom of former

years the Germans of Paterson, N. J. greeted the rising of the sun on the first inday in May with songs from one of the highest points about the city. Garrett Mountain used to be the spot se lected for this survival of the ancient sun-worshiping custom, but since the tragic affair of several years ago, when one of the crowd accompanying the singers was killed for tresspassing, that lofty plateau has been neglected. On this particular day the Arlon Singing society selected the Monument Heights, just above the fails, as the point whence they would greet the first rays of the morning sun. Long before 5 o'clock the enterprising singers had gathered there only to find a still larger and more enterprising crowd of sightseers already assembled to witness the novel spectacle. The sun arose according to schedule time, but a few minutes behind standard time, and was cordially greeted with a ringing chorus from usty throats, and if he understands German he must have been gratified with the warmth of his welcome. There was not much warmth in the air where his admirers stood; on the contrary, a keen north wind was blowing, sweeping utily over the lofty heights, while a chill mist arose from the river below. However, as the sun arose clear and bright this mist quickly disappeared, but the atmosphere remained chilly. and, having performed their self-ap-pointed task, the surgers buttoned their overcoots closely around them and hastened shiveringly down the mountain and to the nearest lager beer saloon to refresh their tired throats. The demonstration, although a success, was ot as imposing as those of former years.

A REASON .- The best reason yet m

vanced for having Monday wash ing day,

the documents relating to Rus in his-figures. tory treasured there. The prior, think- In forecasting the revenue on a basis ing that a favorable opportunity had of a three cent rate, allowance was ome for obtaining payment of the loan, made for an annual increase of ten per took the precious bond from its casket, cent upon a presumed continuation of with a profound obeisance, handed it to the business prosperity of the country. the Czar. Alexander, so the story Now he says there can scarcely be a soeth, pressed the precious parchment doubt that this allowance was too high to his lips and exclaimed, "In this you in view of the depression in commerpossess indeed a treasure worth ten cial and other interests that came times the sum it represents," and gazed almost simultaneously with the reducfondly on the lines traced by his father's tion in the letter rate of postage, and the reduction has been saddled with

pen. The prior's heart bounded with joy, such losses to the postal revenue as nat-He hoped the Czar would immediately urally resulted from the unfavorable order the payment of the bond, but to condition of the business interests of is crushing sorrow the Emperor hand- the country. A loss of about \$6,500, ed it back to him, his voice shaken by 000, he thinks, represents more fairly emotion, with the words, "No, no, I the result of the reduction in rate for will not rob you of your priceless treas the first year in which it has been in ure. Keep it as a sacred object. It is operation. However, the results have my father's own handwriting-you more than realized the most sanguine have not purchased it too dearly." Se expectation of its warmest advocate. non e vero, e ben trovato," The mon- Gen. Hazen takes occasion near the asteries exist to-day, and are in many conclusion of his statement to endorse cases possessed of vast wealth, which, the new law, which goes into effect on in case of war, would in all probability the first day of next July, increasing be placed at the call of the government. the unit of weight on letters from half an ounce to one ounce. Besides being

Shakespeare's Country

it will prove beneficial to the depart-Shakespeare's country is indeed rement as a revenue measure. Unless plete with the magic imagery of the statistics are at fault it will not belikely scenes of the poet's plays, from the ex- to materially increase the average weight of letters sent through the mail treme north, where twenty miles hence the three tall spires of Coventry rise and it will undoubtedly induce the faintly, but clearly, against the distant sending under seal of letters a large horizon, reminding one of the exqui- class of vauable matter now sent in sitely humorous picture of Jack Fal. wrapped parcels at the rates charged on

staff and his ragged troop, to where, far fourth class matter. away south, a stately abbey tower looks

down on the peaceful meeting of the waters of Avon and Severn, by the ill-Heral. fated field of Tewkesbury. Yonder dark patch is the remnant of the Forest contention between England and Rusof Arden, forever impressed with the sia, is comparatively small for a place delights of "As You Like It," where, of such paramount importance, contain under the greenwood tree, Rosalind and ing barely 50,000 inhabitants. It is Orlando, Touchstone and Audry, lis-tened to the sweet bird's note. Behind the hill lies Wincot, where Master Christopher Sly drank too much of Dame Hackett's home-brewed ale and tains) range, which runs across northern below me, scattered about the pleasant Afghanistan from west to east. It is land; hidden among lofty elms, sleeps surrounded by a wall which, measured the pedestal. That's the way the many a rustic hamlet, bringing to one's from the base of the earthen mound on mind Perdita and the sheep folds, with which it stands attains a height of 75 all the simplicity and beauty of a coun- feet, which is considerably exceeded by duced in Boston the sale of tickets has try life in "A Winter's Tale." several of the 150 towers that strength fallen off considerably; on one road it Here, too, center all the familiar spots en it. But these defences though s emof the poet's life. Through the rich ingly formidable, are now, like those of -A very old woman who grinds an vale at my feet Avon creeps dreamily most Afghan fortresses, fast crumbling organ in Boston is declared to be the

down among its pollard willows; the to decay from long neglect. The cita- relict of a French Marshal, whose med eye, following its course, rests on a del, like that of Cairo; stands on a steep ats decorate the top of the organ. gray spire, rising from a circlet of trees rock in the centre of the town. There the Holy Trinity Church of Strat- are four bazaars, which he just within ford-on-Avon-where sleeps, lulled to rest by the ripple of the river, all that is mortal of the great bard, "whose like Turkestan and Western China, the we shall never look upon again." Clus- chief local products being saffron, asa-

tering round this solitary spire are the foetilla, saddlery, caps, cloaks, shoes, Solon, O., contains the pictures of a haunts of his youthful days; the quaint carpets, sables and dressed sheepskins. house in Henley street, where he first The name of the town is said to be desaw the light; the thatched cottage at Shottery, where Anne Hatchaway lived which flows along the southern base of and was wooed, whose garden is filled the ridge upon which Herat stands. to-day, as it was three hundred years ago, with gillies, violets, and all sweet R is said that plaster of Paris of the United States.

spring flowers.

mold for metal may be made by using turning out wooden shoe pegs at the The microphone has been successfully used in studying the noises of voicanic eruptions and earthquakes, plaster.

hardness sufficient to be employed as a

-Four hundred dollars was paid reently by a citizen of Pittstield, Mass., for an African gray parrot,

-Mile, Van Zandt's success in St Petersburg with "Lakme" is reported to have been very brilliant,

-The world contains 3,985 paper mills, which manufacture 1 904,000,000 pounds of paper annually.

-Cork, when carbonized, produces 62.8 per cent, of charcoal, the greatest per cent, of any known wood.

-Palming off painted sparrows for anaries is a fraud frequently practised by the bird fanciers of London.

-In a brief wrestle with one of his ows a Connecticut farmer lost one of his eves and had his jaw broken.

-The average cost of feeding paup ers in New York City is 13 cents a day. In Scotland, the thrifty, it is 17 ets.

-Between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000 worth of black pearls are found each year off the coast of Lower California. -There are 136,000 fishermen in France, and about four fisherman out of every 1000 are drowned every year. -The microscope shows the hair to be like a coarse, round rasp, but with the teeth extremely irregular and rag-

-Rabbits in Manitoba are nearly exerminated every seven years by a peculiar disease somewhat resembling th HIRDS.

-The Japanese post-office, which is n years old, carried 95,000,000 letters a convenience to the public he believes transmitted 3,000,000 telegrams inst year.

-April returns to the Department of Agriculture indicate a reduction of over ten per cent, of last year's area in Win wheat.

Patents in Mexico cost from \$10 to \$300, according to the ideas of the office there as to the importance of the invenion covered.

-In one New Hampshire school dis trict is but one pupil, four districts have but two pupils each, and two have only six between them. -Shipwrecks, according to a paper

recently read before the French Acad-

any of Medicine, cause the loss of one

-The religious ceremonies of the

Egyptians were preceded by abstinence,

and the sacrificers were allowed neither

-The Lafayette statue in Union

quare is the work of Bartholdi. So is

-Since five-cent fares were intro-

-Taxation, some one who has

ured on it, says, amounts to about \$2

-A photograph taken in North

mother and her nine sons, the youngest

-The manufacture of matches is one

of the most successful industries in

Sweden. The export is continually in

creasing to China, Japan and lately to

-A company at Bartlett, N. H., is

sailor in every 4000.

animal food nor wine.

the statue came to have one.

