

B. F. SCHWEIER,

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

Editor and Proprietor.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

- Camels sometimes live to the age

-British railways carried 685,000,000

-The bee, it is said, can draw twenty

-A professor of natural history says

-There is an almanac in the British

-The average duration of life in

-The leather product of this country

-The almshouse at Orleans, Mass.,

-A rich vein of gold is reported to

have been discovered in Fannin county.

bas closed for luck of patronage.

passengers last year.

times its own weight.

animals frequently cry.

NO. 32.

VOL. XXXIX.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1885.

TROUGHTS OF THE SEA BY THE SEA.

BY EFV. W. MARGERUM.

I stood alone on the beach by the sea, The wild waves were still in their roar, isaw a reasel, so noble and free, As the stool out far from the shore.

The captain is thinking of "breakers of the sand bar, close to the lee; "Keep her off, keep her off," well may ahead,

drimil. Where white caps are rolling in glee."

I soud guaing on the vessel and sea, and thought of the wonderful deep, of the rich treasures that in it there be, And thousands who under it sleep.

Thought of the light-house that stands the shore, A serilini to warn them away-awy from the breakers unmerciful roar-A bencon by night and by day.

Thought of the life-saving station, so near,

The men who their bravery show, who in the wild, wildest storms do not fear, Away "to the resour!" they go.

of the city built so near to the strand, company, while she herself has been With houses of pleasure and sin; Condeted and wondered however this sand. tramping up and down muddy lanes and in and out of uncongenial houses. Such treasures and pleasures could win.

turned again to the beautiful sea, The billows' wild musical roar, And thought, and thought of the time soon

When thousands shall crowd to its shore. gall on Atlantic, thou beautiful sea.

lash away, away to the strandl dotat emblem of the vast eternity, "The work of an Almighty hand."

"HE THREE BEARS.

"I see their Den every day in my walks At some distance from the high-road, at the summit of the steep hill which and when I ask Bridget if they are the eads down into the sleepy little town same bears that are in my story-book, she says, 'Yes, the very same,' Fancy of Uppingham, there stands a lonely greyhouse, with many old trees behind that, mother! Do you think it is true?' and about it. A long avenue of dark adds the child anxiously. and stately pines leads up to the house; she has led since she settled, only a but the great iron entrance-gates are never thrown open to admit visitors. year ago, in Uppingham has left her no Neatly every day little Freda Leslie leisure to listen to and idle tales repauses in her walk, and says to the specting the neighbors surrounding her; surse-girl who attends herand indeed she is ignorant even of their "What house is that, Bridget?"

"That there's the den, Miss Freda," four families she visits daily in the caauswers Bridget. pacity of music-mistress or French "Who lives there?"-"The three governess. bears, miss."

"I am sure, if the three bears do The same bears that are in my story live near here, Little Golden Hair is not far off," she answers, falling into book?

'To be sure-the very same!' the quaint conceit to please the little At this point the conversation usu- one. ally comes to an abrupt conclusion, into their Den, Freda; but don't break and the two scamper down the hill in the little bear's chair, and be sure not the direction of home as fast as their to fall when you jump out of the winless will carry them. dow!'

Were Freda Leslie Saltshire-bornand bred, as her informant Bridget, up the gaudy picture book lying at her she would assuredly never have com- feet. It opens, curiously enough, at a plated her eight short years without highly colored representation of the resaming the sobriquet bestowed long nowned Golden-Hair taking a flying ne county wit upon the own- leap from the wide lattice, while the ersof the Den, Adam, Anthony, and Ad- three bears, in frantic attitudes and rian Barre-a sobriquet justly earned attired in very tight blue-and-green brmen who hunted and fished and shot jackets, lean out in various stages of and role with the zeal and dexterity anxiety to watch her.

mothers big desk was opened and she times-for she was still young, and the sat writing busily, covering sheet after regrets of youth are hard to conquersheet of blue foolscap with the funny that a chance word, such as the child twisted black letters that Freda knew so well. By and-by that foolscap will be made into a roll or a fat letter, and it will be sent to the post office and so nearly been hers, when fate mysteri-ously stretched forth a hand and snatchsent to London. Sometimes the package comes back again, and then her mother looks disappointed and sad; lest Freda should see them. "Not to-night, daring," she says, fn sometimes it remains, and a small letter arrives instead, with only a few words in it. Then Mrs. Leslie smiles, and seems bright and happy. When ally have no time to talk or tell the small letter appears, a present-a picture-book, a tiny doll, or a paper of stories with that paper for the Busy-

chocolate-usually turns up for Freda the viltain from the bottom of the well, Consequently she feels she has a vested where I left him, and get Lady Isabel interest in the speedy despatch of the out of the attic, which has just caught foclscap parcel, and would not do anyfire, in time to send off the manuscript thing to retard its completion. this week, or what is to become of the Her interrupting question this even-

new winter cloak and boots that you ing is quite an exception, and perhaps begin to want so badly?" Mrs. Leslie thinks so; perhaps she re-

members that this small grave-eyed, gravely, as she deposits that much batsoft-voiced speaker has been alone all tered representation of humanity in the day, save for unimaginative Bridget's for a cradle, and pushes back her stool from the cheerful hearth. "You know you said that, if the Busy-body accepted 'Lords and Ladies,' she should have earning daily bread for her child to eat At any rate paper and pen are pushed a new one, and perhaps a red cloak as aside, and long slender fingers wander well. I won't speak again, mother till you have finished But mind you make caressingly through Freda's tangled them marry, and live happy ever after," continues Miss Golden-Hair, who is a

"What is that you are asking about fairies, little Freddie? Don't you somewhat severe critic of her mother's literary performances. "All stories know that since the world grew so old ought to end like that, so that one may and practical, the fairies have left it feel satisfied and comfortable about and gone back to fairyland forever?" them when they are finished, you But at this Freda shakes her head. "At any rate, the three bears are

. The mellow sunshine of an autumn afternoon is streaming through the dusky pine-trees of the Den avenue. bathing their tall straight trunks in liquid gold, and falling here and there in slanting yellow rays on the silent pathway so softly carpeted with brown

Mrs. Leslie smiles. The busy life decaying leaves. There is a suspicion of frost in the clear air, just enough to make the scarlet jerkins of the robin redbreast look particularly seasonable and appropriate, as they hop about cheerily, fluttering in their native boldnames, with the exception of three or ness almost around the feet of a rash intruder bent most resolutely on paying the three bears a morning-call. "Will they be at home?" That is the

question Freda has been asking herself incessantly ever since she left the cot tage, running with all her might along the high-road till she reaches the tall dark gates, the untenanted ivy-clad lodge she knows so well. Once within the shade of the avenue, all fear of pursuit is over, and she walks slowly, revolving her plans at leisure.

Freda, gravity itself, stoops to pick Her flight from home has been particularly well timid. It is one of her usiest days, when she is absent teaching from nine in the morning till seven at night. Bridget also had been satisfactorily disposed of. She had shut and I came in by the window; and the herself up in her kitchen with her iron- supper looked so like the picture; and ing directly after dinner, telling Freda that she would not have finished all she had to do till tea th must please to amuse herself as best she could in the garden that afternoon. Freda was nothing loath. Rore was a glorious opportunity for the adventure she had long been planning, a notto-be-neglected chance of satisfying her passer on to his knee and places a huge burning curiosity respecting the indreamy tone, and speaking more to me, and then I can teil mother all about herself than to her mother, "I could go it," was her one absorbing thought as me, and then I can tell mother all about on farther into the dark wood that lies she buttoned herself into her httle weilworn jacket and crushed her brown fur cap down determinedly on her wayward yeilow curls. That she should see real

had now spoken, would bring with it either, about the preserves, Adam; the an overwhelming rush of self-pity, a beggars know that, instead of prosecueither, about the preserves, Adam; the passionate longing for the joy that had ting them for having a fat hare in their pockets, you'll believe any cock-andbull story of it having jumped in of its ed it from her grasp. She forces back own accord, and let them off scot-free. her tears with a great effort, dreading lest Freda should see them. I can't see the use of game laws, for my part, if they're not to be enforced." "Tis a lady, I

The speaker is Anthony Barre. The answer to the child's request. "I re- three brothers, just returned from attempts to make himself heard.

"And of Dolly's bonnet?" adds Freda there, clad in rough suits of velveteen with gaiters of untanned leather and the hall fire." heavy shooting-boots, their untrimmed muslin-covered soap-box that serves it beards reaching far down their massive chests, their appropriateness of the nickname they have earned in the country is very apparent although, despite their uncouthness, their loud laughter, their uncultured habits, nature has set her ineffaceable stamp of gentle birth upon them a'l.

"I can't help it," answers the eldest brother, in response to the remark that Anthony has just made, "Upon my soul, I cannot find it in my heart to be hard on the poor beggars for helping themselves, if they're hungry, to any wild creature, furred or feathered, that

the Almighty has made uit for food! A pheasant or a hare more or less is of no such great consequence to us, after all; and think of the spite and ill-will one brings oneself by being too severe! Old Harcourt would never have had his ricks fired if he hadn't--- Great heavens, what's that?"

He pauses suddenly in his speech the brimming silver tankard he holds arrested midway between the table and his lips, his eyes fixed in amazement upon one of the large arm-chairs on the hearth, over the back of which appears at this junction a rough and very yellow mass of curis, framing a pair of large inn scent gray eyes that are sur-veying the three brothers with an expression of the utmost perplexity and disappointment.

"Oh, please," says the intruder, scrambling down from her hiding-place and advancing with the courage of despair to where the three men are sitting petrified with astonishment at this invasion of their privacy-"oh, please will you forgive me for coming here like this-for indeed I did not mean to be naughty! I wanted to see if you really were the three bears, the same as in my book. Bridget said you were and, when I got here, you were out, The small voice is choked with a sob which is drowned by the uproarious langhter of Freda's while listeners; Adrian, who has an undiaguised fondness for children, lifts the small tressbunch of purple grapes before her with one hand, while with theother he wines "I shall be back before Bridget misses away the child's tears adroitly with his own silk handkerchief. "Don't be frightened, little one; the three bears won't eat you this time, I promise you," he whispered encouragingly; while Adam and Anthony, great ly diverted with what they call the "pluck of the little creature," press every dainty on the table upon their unwonted visitor, and soon draw from her a full account of the circumstances that have led to her appearence at the Den. "I must go home to mother now, she announces at length, sliding down from Adrian's knee, while she holds up a confiding face to his rough beard for a kiss, "I shall tell her how nice and kind you are-not a bit like bears, but better and gooder! "Yes, I will come and see you again some day soon; and? -slipping her hand coaxingly into Adrian's-"I will let the little bear

half the pheasants we ought; and I told causes Mr. Barre to raise his head in Macfarlane so to day. He didn't like surprise from his employment, while a it a bit. You're not strict enough. perfect volley of barks from every dog perfect volley of barks from every dog great and small, fesident on the Den premises resound through the house. drowning even the fury of the wind and the rain, and rendering old Isaac's voice perfectly inaudible when, a few "'Tis a lady, Mr. Adrian, sir," he

contrives to say, after sundry futile **I pheasant-shooting in their own woods, told her we never see no visitors here stories with that paper for the Busy-body only half done. I must fish up the villes from the busy-in the waning light of the October afin the waning light of the October al-ternoon, doing ample justice to the viands before them. Fine men truly are the three brothers, the two elder Adam and Anthony, gigantic of hmb and stature, the youngest, Adrian, of less powerful build, but lithe and active masters. She be half clemmed herself, and sinewy as a panther. Assembled I do believe, sir, she looks so mortal bad, and she be drym' herselt now by

> Hastily putting the old man on one side, Mr. Barre steps out into the hall -a great dreary place vaulted like a church, and so large that the blazing fire and the one lamp that Isaac has deposited upon 'the square oak table leave more than half of it still in shadow.

On the hearth stands a slender figure clad in a black gown that falls in straight heavy folds to the stranger's feet. The woman's face is turned from Adrian as she bends over the fire in an *attempt to pry the dripping fur-lined cloak of which she has just divested herself; but there is something in the grace of her attitude, the pose of the small head, that strikes him as curiously familiar. At the sound of steps behind her the

stranger looks round quickly, and the two stand face to face. He recognizes her! In spite of her

vasted bloom, her lost girlhood, Adrian Barre knows that he is looking now upon the woman who has always been the one woman in the world for him, hough twelve years before he flew from her side full of rage and spite, allowing a breath of idle gossip to part them, and, without considering what he might be causing her to suffer, settled himself down at home, where he has spent his life since in trying ineffectually to tamp her image out of his heart.

Of course it is she-Mildred Darrell r Robinson now, no doubt, with some brute of a husband in the background, and Freda their child! No wonder the ittle one's gray eyes and yellow hair appealed to him so strangely! Why, she ure of nineteen, living her simple life was idling away a month or two before aveling into Spain!

himself fevery line of her delicate pathetic face, sharpened by anxiety, worn with have talked himself there if he had liv- thing-in the side of her hat, and forsorrow, if familiar to him, as he stands gazing silently at her, he has evidently show the grace of her form so well as faded. She hkes this hat because it is become a stranger to her. in the dance? The "ladies' chain" light-she says her head is always hot In the grave bearded man whose hair | was invented expressly for that, and Nildred Lesin finds no trace of the old More have their cwn peculiar dances, and we, cosmopolitans that we anywhere, and not bother about it. As completely, giving no opportunity of an explanation that would at once have dance is indigenous with cleared away the cloud between them, and honor gone. Possessed as she is with only one absorbing idea, one over-dance, like the chorus of a song where dance, like the chorus of a song where whelming dread, Adrian Barre is to-

Partners for a Dance.

other down amid much surrounding hilarity, "Well done, Pat," "Step out Dancing has been caded the "murth of the feet," It is the one fine art of now, Miss Brady," with many varied encouragements to increased activity, of 100 years, constantly salute the ears of the dancers, and the fun becomes contagions, while every foot beats time to the music

and the dancing. From Spain comes the fandango, with bells, and clicking castinets, and jing-ling tambourines. This is a love dance full of beauty and grace, but no more adapted to our morais or climate than

temps, the Newport, are all in vogue

To beautiful enough they are when joined in by bright-eyed, merry maidens and not too solemn young men. But for some young people dancing is a very serious affair, and these we would advise to leave their dancing putnes at

Then there is the French improve Aimee and opera bouffs have fully de-

But few of the importations have ever become acclimated, and for real 000, amusement and enjoyment old and -

young among us still prefer the square and country dances, the "lancers" and ger. the "Virginia reel." "Moneymusk" is as potent now as ever, the "pigeon wing" is not entirely effete, nor the 'double shuille" extinct, and the people who cherish these can never become entirely bad.

----Comfort in Dress,

A woman, of course, but one who has been admitted to the confidence of Kamtschatkans their bear dance, and the charming English actress Ellen Terry, says that in all probability there

For our own social dances and pan- is not a woman of the latter's promitomime and the ceremonial have long nence that dresses like she does, and 1,201. disappeared, and little remains but the yet she gives no thought to her dress, hildren.

-Color blindness is said to be many

-Moody, the evangelist, is getting so fat that his condition is an inconvenience to him.

into the affections of some it. Sometimes she pins a bunch of te soldiers living in the poor houses of North Carolina.

-The publishers of General Grant's book have already received over 100,000 orders for the set.

Museum 3000 years old. that of the Nautch girls from India. We can just bear to see it on the stage, Russia is only 26 years. -Over 125,000 paupers receive puband that is all. In fact, we have to be lie aid in Paris annually. a trifle bald-headed even to do that. The polka, the gallop, the valse deux

-The banking capital of the United States to-day is \$735,000,000. and help to enliven and variegate the programmes or dancing assemblies, and -Twenty-tive incorporated cities dot the map of New York State, -Nearly half the American sailing ships are named after women. -There were about 1,560 steam ves-

sels in the United States in 1847. reaches \$200,000,000 per annum

ment on all dances, from the Jardin Mabille to the high-kicking can-can. monstrated to the American audiences all the possibilities of that lively salta-

Ga. The number of scholars enrolled in the United States is placed at 11,000,

-It is runnored now that Emma Nevada will marry Dr. Palmer, her mana

-The free lunches in New York saoons are said to cost \$11,800,000 annually.

-The greatest height of an ocean wave is said to be 35 feet above the level.

-One of the most successful dairy owners of Sierra Valley, Cal., is a WOIRAD.

-The total length of the submarine cable now in use is quoted at 68,000

-The total number of recognized secies of Australian fishes now reaches

-There are in England 187 ragged tools which are attended by 50,000

mes as common in the male as in the

-A gray worm, about an inch long,

-Nearly 6 000,000 shad have been atched at the Connecticut State hatch-

-There are 250 disabled ex-Confeder-

was Mildred's very image-Mildred as he mot her first; a lovely innocent creain the tmy Pyrenean village where he

He has the advantage of her however

which we have no account of its origin. There is evidence that man knew how to dance wherever there are human

records; in the hieroplyphics of the oldest nations, on Egyptian monuments, minutes later, he puts his gray head in in pictures on rocks, in the most ancient writings on papyrus. The priests of Iris and Osiris danced before their altars, the Hebrew children, when they escaped from Pharaoh, danced to the songs of Miriam, and David denced before the ark of the Covenant. But happiness produced by libations of something more potent than water. give full expression to his internal delight he began gyrating and dancing to

the musical croonings of his own husky voice. There was a happy but vacuous smile upon his face, and his eyes showed him to be oblivious to most things external. With apprropriate but by no means graceful gestures he waltzed

around on the pavement, holding his cane for his partner, having no thought for himself and no care for the spectator. Nature was thus rudely vindicating her supremacy and illustrating that, after language, dancing is the one

method by which the feelings are expressed, and has its origin in the constitution of humanity. There is not an emotion that has swept the heartstrings but what has found expression through the choregraphic art. Love, mirth, martial fury, funeral grief, religion, all have had their special dances, and a religious form still survives

among us in that eccentric sect we call the Shakers. Among savages the glories of the chase, as well as the more heroic deeds of war are recounted by means of dancing, and, besides their war dances, the North American Indians have their buffalo dance, the the Australians their kangaroo dance

maiden fair, though he could never natural flowers-violets as a general ed a hundred years. How can a lady gets to take them out after they are

love of kicking and the love of flirting. She wears what is comfortable to her, No one who dances a quadrille nowa- and she thinks of nothing but comfort.

days is conscious why he shuffles his People who do not know her imagine feet in one way at one time and anoth- that, being one of the leading actresses when he knew her, but Smith, Brown er way at another time, if, in fact, he of the world, she dresses in the most excondescends to shuffle them at all. pensive and gorgeous style; that she Every motion had a meaning at one wears nothing but the cayest Paris hats time, though the key is now lost. For and the most dainty Paris boots. On all that, dancing still has its uses. Is the contrairy, she has hardly a thing any young man short in his conversa- that ever saw Paris: certainly her hat "graveled for lack of matter?" He the same hat for the two seasons that Fonda, N. Y. can still hold his own with the fair sex she has been in America; and although if he have but agility, a single conver- she has been here in the winter both sational formula being adaptable to times, her hat is a little brown straw ery this season. many partners. Thus he may dance turban with a brown veil wound around

efsivages and who as resolutely as savages set the laws of society and conventionality at defiance, refusing any in a criticising tone. "They are big friendship with their fellow-men, and living year in, year out, a selfish reckess existence, with aims no higher than far if I ran away, which I should not my four footed beast.

Saltshire, only too desirous of revenging itself on wealthy men who, instead of taking their place in the country, chose to lead a life so unprecedented. was rife with extraordinary tales repecting the menage of the Den. The three bears were popularly supposed to share all their meals with horses and dogs, and to dispense entirely with thives and forks, preferring to tear their meat to pieces with their fingers. Rumor also whispered that they cast side all tailor made garments when within doors, wrapping themselves in the skins of wild animals instead, and that their hatred of the other sex was so deep that not even a kitchen mald waskent to wash dishes the entire work of the household devolving on an ad man servant and his wife who had lived with the Barre family for many Hars. They were absurd stories for the most part, certainly, but still with

ast sufficient truth in them to obtain say credence in a somewhat thinly populated country district about two tundred miles from London. The Barre family had been noted for

generations in Saltshire as eccentric, and these three last representatives of their race seemed in no way inclined to et their fame in this respect die out. Of the brothers, Adrian, the third, was the most companionable. In his young-erdays, when the death of both parents eft the true sole masters of the Den, he had separated himself from Adam and atthony, and traveled a good deal shoud, returning home but at rare intervals, and then only for a short time." treatually however this taste for rovag died out, and he settled down at the Den, as great a recluse as his elder hothers; while Saltshire, getting tired at length of their strange unsociable ways, their determination to avoid fiving or receiving any hospitality, left them entirely to themselves, till round about them and their dwelling there new up by degrees a thorny hedge of systery that, as time passed on, peopie became less and less anxious to penetrate.

. . . . "Mother," says Freda, as, with a meditative air, she rocks her doll backward and forward on her knee, "1 bought you said that there were no fairies left in the world now, and that

It is a chill October evening. The taset ledgerows every brown and yelow twig, every red and purple berry age parlor the fire blazes cheerily. Ten utterly alone in the world, dependent daordered about her pretty pale face. There was a large rosy apple in the ul-Lesle tanght music, and there was a thind by a rich meiden lady who lived in a pound to lay by against a rainy the other side of Uppingham, on the Dawnton road, and to whom Mrs. Les-It was a hard life, a hand-to-hand It was a hard life, a band-to-hand a went twice a week to give a lesson in china painting.

It might be one's birthday!" Freda ad giedally, as she tried on the red fores, and then ran into the kitchen to exhibit her treasure to Bridget.

Farled her to be very quiet, for her worth living for her. It was only at

"The Den windows are not like this one in the picture," the girl observes, ger and much nearer the ground, I am sure, so that I would not have to jump

do unless I found that the bears were going to eat me. Perhaps when I have mates of the Den. been to see them," muses Freda, in a behind their house, and find the Sleeping Beauty and the Dwarf's hut, where Snowwhite lived, and---"

golden hair, while her mother says-

she answers triumphantly.

"You should go and take a peep

here still!

"And Jack the Glant-Killer, and Pass in Boots, and Dame Trot's cat, and Mother Hubbard's dog," laughs Mrs. Leslie, as she closes the rosy mouth with a shower of kisses." "Oh, Freda, what a delicions little plece of simplicity you are, and how idle you would make me if I had time to stay and listen to your idle fancies! I had just great windows on the lower floor of the such, though, when I was your age," adds the fond mother, with a smile and a sigh

"Tell me about it," pleads Freda, as she nestles against her mother's knee Freda to herself, as she climbs the low while the autumn wind sighs without, and firelight and lamp light gleam softly on the two figures, so pathetic in their clinging attitude, their tender has done so, lest some apparition too

den where you used to gather herbs for the enchanted building and confront the soup, and of grandpapa's gray donkey that carried Marie to market, and be nothing to fear. An absolute silence about the church, and the great yellow cat, and the funny white cottage with real grapes on it, where you lived when you was a child like me, Mother," continues Freda sitting up with sudden energy, "I cannot think why you ever left grandpapa to marry father. I will Virginia creeper. Large stone vases never leave you-never--not to be married to anybody!" Large tears rise quickly in Mrs. Les-

described to Freda, stands out, distinct as any photograph, in the mother's -the queer remote French wateringof tedious mountain travel, where her father held an English chaplaincy for many years, an appointment that suited his feeble health and slendor means; she recalls her own motheriess yet most happy childhood, that seemed one endless round of sunny days and moonlit

nights, the joyous girlhood that succeeded it, and then the sudden crushing blow, the unexpected disappointment that shattered all her early hopes. causing her consent to be ea ily won ame of my fairy-tales were really quite afterwards when her friends pressed on her an ill-assorted and hasty mar-

riage, a marriage that turned out worse wind whistles a sad low wall, wreaths than ill, embittering her whole existence diss white mist hang phantom-like till death stepped in, after six weary andst the half-chal trees, while in the years, and mercifully dissolved the union. The loss of her father during her the with moisture. Within the cot- first year of widowhood left Mrs. Leslie

Buntes ago Bridget coaxed it into a almost entirely on her own exertions uddy fame, let down the red curtain for the support of herself and Fredda. Lat drapes the one window, and lit A chance advertisement for a daily the lamp shaded with a pink shade, the governess led to her establishing herwork of Freda's mother's numble fingers self at Uppingham; and, once there, alterwards Mrs. Leslie herself her indomitable energy caused her to date in, her brown ulster wet and leave no stone unturned in her efforts disping with the fog, her hair, yellow to keep the wolf from the door of the Trees own, hanging all damp and little home that sheltered her child. During the day she taught indefatigably music, French, drawing, paintingher pocket for Freda, put there by the nothing came amiss to her versatile before's two little girls, to whom Mrs. talents. At night she wrote for the newspapers and magazines tales, verses, Par of warm red knitted gloves as well translations, anything that might bring

> struggle against poverty; yet she was happy-happier she often told herself than she could have believed possiblewhen, the long weary day over, she

could shut herself up in the little cottage with Freda and feel that within When abe returned, appearances those four walls lay all that made life

bears she, in her simple childish faith, never doubted. Nothing but ocular demonstration would ever have corvinced her of the disappointing fact that they were only men, after all. Her heart gives quite a bound of joy

when a slight gap in the pine-trees, as she nears the house, shows her that the mysterious dwelling stand open, and, further, that the wide sashes are only a

step from the ground. "I can get in there quite easily," says moss-grown paling that divides the avenue from the lawn, waiting cautiously for a few moments when she grace, "Tell me of the old French gar- terrifying for mortal eyes emerge from her. So far however there appears to reigns around, a silence broken only by the twitting of the birds.

Before her lies the old gray house, bathed in the autumn sunshine, one half its frontage luxuriantly clothed in the green and scarlet garb of ivy and filled with tawny-leaved geraniums are placed at regular distances on the broad terrace that stretches beneath the win-

lie's gray eyes. As the child speaks, dows, and there also a few pigeons the home of her early days, so often coe and strut. Were it not for them and the column of blue smoke that rises from one or two of the twisted chimmemory, a picture never to be effaced neys, the place might well stand for a -the queer remote French watering- very model of the fabled palace where place, inaccessible then save by hours the Sleeping Beauty lay enchanted, surrounded by her court.

Reassured by the stillness that reign around, Freda steals softly across the lawn, creeping cautiously over grass and gravel, until she can peep comfortably in at one of the open windows The room into which she looks is empty the walls and floor are of dark shining oak, and there is no carpet, a few fur rugs and tiger-skins lying about instead In the centre stands a large table draped with snowy damask, on which an untouched meal is carefully spread. Plates are laid for three, and beside each plate, in lieu of tumblers is a massive silver cup. At the further end of Freda. the room an oak sideb ard groans un-

der a goodly display of eatables-a mighty round of beef, an uncut ham, game-pies, cckes, fruit, and cheese. Freda, contrasting this array with he own modest dinner of mutton-chop and rice-pudding, decides at once that such a repast can be consumed only by bears! A small cheerful fire crackles on the wide hearth, where are drawn up three luxurious arm-chairs, as though in waiting for the occupants.

Round the walls are arrayed sportingprints, whips, foxes' brushes, and all the usual paraphernalia of a hunting man's sanctum. The untouched meal is but a very ordinary luncheon preprepared for hungry men returning wearied from a long day's hunting or shooting; but to the little wondering child; examining everything with fearfull curiosity, and viewing each unfamiliar object the mist and glamor of

her own too vivid and excited fancy, the dining room at the Den is truly enchanted ground and she herself the living, breathing heroine of a real fairy tale. . .

walk down the avenue with me, because, although I am not frightened, it is rather dark, and because I like him a little the best, you know!" Winter is gone. A long hard winter

it has been, and a damp unhealthy spring has succeeded it. Round about Uppingham, just as the primroses are peeping forth from the brown earth, a low anguish fever finds its way, claiming here and there a victim, and making the householders curious concerning the quality of their drinking-water. and especially particular respecting the condition of their dust-bins and similar

sanitary matters. It is a wild wet evening, more like a night in January than one in April, and Adrian Barre is seated in the library at the Den, mending a whip-lash by the light of a reading lamp. Save for the presence of two favorite dogs, a brown dachshund and an Irish setter, which lies watching him with faithful intelli gent eyes, he is alone, for his brothers are absent attending a horsefair in a neighboring county, and are not expected to return for some days. Near him and looking strangely incongruous amidst the litter of straps, bits of leather sporting-papers, and the like with which the table is strewed, stands a china jar containing a large white byacinth just pened into perfect bloom, its scented reath perfuming the whole room with a delicate fragrance; Adrian himself has brought in the flower from the greenhouse to-day, intending it as a gift for

Since her first memorable visit Miss Golden-Hair has paid the three bears many an afternoon call during the winter, always sure of a welcome from her strangely chosen friends, who indeed vied with each other to gain the foremost place in her favor, and who after child to await her coming with a sort of anxiety, as some change and variation in their rough unsoftened lives.

Of late however these visits of Freda's meal until the have mysteriously ceased, and, as five weeks slip by and she still remains invisible, the three brothers comment a good deal on her absence, and act so strangely at variance with their usual habits as actually to ride past the cottage on several occasions, with an idea that they may perhaps catch a glimps of the little figure they miss so greatly No signs of Freda however reward this effort on their part; and on this very morning, as he carries in the hyacinth on the chance of her appearance, Adrian Barre makes up his mind that he will wait and wonder no longer, but call boldly at the house, on the following day, and ask for news of the child.

"It's a rascally shame one cannot A ring at the hall bell! The circum-hang poschers! I don't believe we get stances, unusual snough at any time,

tens to the sweet familiar voice as she egins timidlystage. "Sir, will you pardon the great liberty I have taken in coming here tonight? I am in great trouble; my little girl-"' She pauses, falters, then begins again-"Little Freda, to whom you and your brothers have shown such kindness during the winter, lies very ill with fever. This afternoon she be came conscious for the first time since delirium set in. She asked to see you. She is very, very weak, and the doctor says-he says ----- " Striving vainly to force the dreaded

for the first time her eyes meet Adrian's. The next moment he is holding her, white and senseless, in his strong arms. more.

"Freda," whispers Adrian Barre some two hours later, as he sits, a strange visitor, beside the small bed at strange visitor, beside the small bed at make haste and get well as fast as ever you can, for mother has promised that you and she will come and live with me when you are strong enough, and I am in a great hurry to have you both!" To this Freda, smiling faintly as she

ing a very April-like face over her darling's pillow, replies that she will try. and then asks-"Will mother and the little bear mar-

ry, and live happy ever after like the good prince and princess in the fairytale?'

Cattle Thieves in Uruguay.

"Cattle thieves in the land where I raise stock," said a Montevideo cattlebreeder visiting New York, "have discovered a new and ingenious mode of distinguishing their booty. Last au-tumn I lost several head, and half a dozen times I and my men, with the mounted policemen, came up with the thieves, and I saw with them cattle that I knew at once were mine. My brand was on them (J. M.) and sometimes there were scars on the bodies that I knew quite well. The animals were exactly like mine in every respect but one. The horns branched differently. If those on my cows had pointed up these dropped toward the ground, and

backward, or one toward the sky and the other toward the earth. "J. M., the drover said, were his own or his employer's initials. The cattle were certainly mine, but I could not a time grew fond enough of the little swear to them; and I was obliged to see

> wrapped in poultices of boiling hot meal until they were soft enough to be twisted and thus destroyed the cow's identity. The horns soon hardened when the bandages were removed. "I have been told that the trick was wish they had kept it at home."

A New York man has invented a cast-

JUDGE: "How did you come by these fish?" Prisoner: "I hooked them." Judge: "What have you got to say, Mr. Officer?" Policeman: "He tells the trath, your honor; he did hook 'em and A ring at the hall bell! The circum- bring hun hare? Discharged, Next

dance is indigenous with us, or rather brought by our forbears from Eugland, all the parts come in together. Then friend referred to, that she bought for erel fleet, halling from Gloucester, tally unrecognized by her; and it is as there was the stately minuet dance of the stage, with a great high heel in the one in a dream that he stands and listhere was the stately minuet dance of the stage, with a great high heel in the Mass. occasionally in some old comedy on the ened off to the finest point. They are That, too, was English, and made of stout leather, and ornamented

suited the English temperament. We with a big steel buckle, read that at a grand ball given in New She wears these low shoes summer York on the inauguration of Washing- and winter, but she says they are the of the bride's people were present to ton, as President, and in his honor, he most comfortable things she ever had witness a recent marriage in New danced two cotilions and a minuel. on her feet; that before she ever wore Vinces We are glad to rescue from the idle worshippers such a bit as this about the shoes, made with great attention to the httle other evidence that he was a hu- a minute's happiness in them. When all diseases arise from the use of stimuman being. We know of three occa- she played Olivia she bought those lants. sions on which he swore, and one on pumps as a part of her costume, and

the attributes of humanity at least, most strikingly dresed person in any -The surnames of three candidates Perhaps as time goes on we will find

adopted it, The German cotillion, which we call the "german," also came from Germany. This is not so fashionable as it was tifteen years ago, but it is a most seductive dance. Schil-

which they glide. Ohl are they fying shadows, from material form

set free ? Or eim shapes, whose airy rings the summer-

tify its figures. Gay and many colored streamers and strips of tarletan floated above the heads of the dancers, while iingling bells and exploding bon-bons kept time with the low and sympathetic music that filled the air like a perfume. To lead the german was a post of high honor, and one who could do it well had no other worlds of dance to conquer. It required a clear head, a fertile imagination, a graceful figure, a handsome face, a polished manner and a perfect dress. Some of our society young men possessed all these, and were heroes in their day. In the society novels and tales of twenty years ago the hero was always a man who was unexcelled in leading the german. But the favorite movement of the german was the gallop, and its vivacity too often degenerated into a romp and general along somehow." indecorousness, which finally led to its banishment.

my bringing in my purp?" The varsovienne, from Vienna, was a popular dance in the ball-rooms some encourage dog-fighting.' years ago, but it, too, has been laid aside in favor of our modern quadrilles, the most of which now have a waltz movement in some of the figures.

The waltz has long been tried, and the poetry of its motion is enticing and seductive, but American girls can never dance it well, nor at all compete with their German and Scandinavian sisters, And the reason is that American girls, seemed to get hold of something to dis-And the reason is that American girls invented by Russian cattle thieves. I where concealed in the waltz there is an impropriety, and this restrains them from the abandon that is essential to In three minutes' time he had run the time forgot all about it. grace of movement. When an impropriety is felt, for that person it exists, for "as one thinketh in his heart so is

he." The waltz, except as retained in the quadrilles, will have to go. From Scotland come the strathspey

the Highland fling and the Scotch reel, hvely enough on occasion, but solemn as the grave when danced by Scotch people at the sound of bagpipes.

And from Ireland the lively jig, in hich Fat and Norah try to dance each

-The total product of copper of the -and because she can pick it up and Lake Superior mines for 1883 is estima-

He Evened it U.s.

"Is it agin the rules of the house?"

"I don't see anything likely to do it,

"There's a dog in the back room

"No, but he'll get chewed up.

if pedestrians had not interfered.

the remains to carry them in.

down on the floor or on the table, or | ted at 60,000,000 pounds, -Tea culture in Ceylon is making The country a rule she likes to pull it off the first headway. The crop this year is esti-us, or rather thing when she comes in the room, and mated at 3,500,000 pounds.

to run her fingers through her yellow -Ellen Terry's visit to this country but leaving her instead with every hope shattered and all faith in manly truth like a halo. Her shoes have not the styles in American dresses,

-Missouri employed a total of 13,-296 school teachers last year, and the average salary per month paid them was \$47.75.

-Representatives of three generations

-The opinion is expressed by a Cafather of his country, for we have but anatomy of the foot, and she never had nadian physician that fifty per cent. of

-The King of Bavaria has given a which he laughed uproariously, and they were so comfortable that she has donation of £12 towards the funds or Striving vainly to force the dreaded these, with his dancing, must convince never worn anything else since. No the German Teachers' Association in words, the poor woman looks up, and the most skeptical that he had some of one could deny that Miss Terry was the England.

room; but I venture to say she would running for an office at a recent election be the most inexpensively dressed. She in Clayton county, Ga., begin with the

without regard to the dictates of fash- band by lightning.

-Fruit trees are so heavily laden in places on the Pacific coast that hundreds of laborers are kept employed thinning out the fruit,

They have a fighting dog in a saloon on Michigan avenue. They not only keep him to fight any dog in the State withdrawn from the public library of for spot cash, but he furnishes a heap Parls, an increase of 185,475 and scarcely touch with winged feet the floor on of fun to hangers on by the way he over the preceding year.

picks up such canines as happen to drop inside at the heels of their masters, be better supports for a building in case It is a poor week when he doesn't crip- of fire than iron, the latter being liable ple three or four, and he has killed to warp from the heat.

several outright. The other day a _____ The pendulum of the new clock in roughly dressed man, carrying a whip the Chicago Board of Trade building is his hand and looking like a callous- weighs 750 pounds. The dials are ten handed son of toil, entered the place feet ten inches in diameter.

and called for beer. He was followed by a broken-hearted dog of respectable anapolis because foreign, instead of size, and as soon as the loafers caught American, marble has been selected for sight of the canine there was much the floors of the State House,

-The population of Macon, Ga., was "Better send that dog ont," suggested 12,000 according to the United States census in 1880, and is now 25,000 according to the directory census.

-Prof. John H. Hewitt, of Baltiore, Md., aged 89, is named as the oldest living graduate of West Point. He belonged to the class of 1818.

-Wires and bars are now produced direct from fluid steel by pressing it out "Wall, I dunno, P'raps he might through dies in a manner similar to the William Henry allus kinder manages to squeak production of lead pipes from lead.

-An Oregon man has hollowed out "Would you have any objections to the stump of a huge tree in the fashion of a room, cut a door and windows in it, and has there taken up his abode, "No-o, I guess not, though I never

-There were 23,310 houses built in The saloon fighter from the head London and the suburbs in 1882, form waters of fighting creek was untied and ing 508 new streets and one new square, ushered in. William Henry was half and covering a distance of 75; miles,

asleep in the center of the room, and -A rare book on a subject local to the first thing he knew he was rolled Herefordshire (from Earl Coningsty's over and over, and something had hold "Collection"), sold in London for £300 of him by the throat. It was a fleeting in 1877. Lately the same book went

-A check that was drawn in 1832 feel, or at least half suspect, that some- courage him and he let go and began was presented for payment at a Hartsneezing and coughing. Then it was ford, Conn., bank recently. The holder William Henry's turn and he sailed in. of the check had laid it aside, and in fighter out doors and across the street

and would have killed him in the gutter is stated to have been almost wholly -The silk worm culture in Hawaii abandoned in consequence of stringent "Say, stranger, how was it done?" Sunday laws which prohibit the gathasked the bartender as he picked up ering of mulberry leaves or the feeding of the worms on that day.

"Well, William Henry hain't no -Butterine is imported into England great fighter, as I told you before, and in vast quantities. During the first four months of this year \$5,820,000 to kinder help him out I used about a pound of shuff around the vital parts. yound of should for fless and it sorter worth was imported, chiefly from Hol-iand, Belgium, Denmark and France. evens up a put-up thing!"

often one pointed forward and the other them taken away." "The thieves had kept the horns

iron button hole, He has been a member of Assembly for two terns.

ler describes it : clances up at her mother, who is bendsee how the couples whirl along the dance's houy-

Every accessory was called in to beauwinking and chuckling. one. though he sin't no fighter." which can snake him out in ten ticks of the clock," said the bartender. and p'raps he might'ent,

