VOL. XXXIX.

A SUMMER NIGHT'S FANTASY,

My cherished and most beautiful the su My cherished and most beautiful the sum-mer night so full of dreams, is guidance to the prayerful thought that seeks thee by the heavenly streams; fixalted by the call Divine, how near thy gracious presence s

My childhood's angel! Best beloved! Up-lifted to love's paradise,— For one brief hour my longing heart endow with joys supremely wise;
All sorrowing stilled, be realized all blessedness beneath the skies!

My life's best teacher! missed so long,—how loftily above me shines
The glory that encircling thee, the earthveiled spirit yet divines, In transient gleams of loveliness athwart the summer's thousand shrines!

I may not look upon the face by years im- Present is but charmingly suggested. mortal glorided. Nor with desire presumptuous seek, the boon awhile to me denied;
From holy ground I seek and strive, by love
and sorrow purified.

thy listening ear, and reach thy listening ear. With the olden magic of the words, that thrill afar and near; Their music sways from earth to heaven;—

Is it a fancy passing sweet? do I live it and hand, dream aright?
For the burden of sorrow is laid aside, and the world is filled of light;

From the heights with luminous rose aglow, comes the answering wish: "Good night?" Oh, for the rest of this precious hour to hallow my working-days! Oh, for the prayerful strength to soar where the haleyon summer stays!

By the dwelling-place of my beautiful one, to bask in the beavenly rays! Hush! a spell divine enfoldeth Guides in blessed sleep, Through a wind-stirred path of roses,

Where my sainted reap; Where the Lord's recording angels, All life's treasures keep

Earth remote is faintly gleaming As some palled star: Mine the soul's true vivid dreaming, In blest worlds afar:

Near the night unto the dawning That no storm-clouds mar. Shadows here, veiled splendors falling On the land divine; Love unto its own is calling-

All possession's miner Let none call me; do not wake me

From my dream of bliss; lu my nether life forsaken, Granted all in this -Heaven restores all Time has taken, With my mother's kiss!

MRS. PILTON'S PARTY.

"What are you going to do with yourself from now till Monday, old fel-

"And this afternoon?" "Oh, I shall stroll into Prince's as likely as not, after which I shall call in thur," exclaims my hostess; and I not the pleasantest house I can think of tice a subdued excitement lurking in "It is simply perfection."

"You'll be enjoying yourself all the dear." time, I suppose Montie?" Enjoying myself?" I echo, the nov elty of the thing striking me. "My it softly between the rosy lips of the deliciously primitive friend Arthur, baby, rubs it along the tiny gum. I, 'enjoyment' is not a word of the period; ill time_that's all '

tleman down at Roselands-my little box instead." Visions of the unknown Mrs. Pilton arise before my mental eyes, and I be-

gin languidly to cast about for a decent "You're quite too good, my dear

Arthur; but really-Nonsense, man; you're coming, and there's an end of it! Why, you've never seen my better half, and yet I've been married eighteen months! I'll promise you as good entertainment as you get at the two Garden's, Prince's Zoo, kettle-drums, and the whole of the treadmill put together-fresh air, my boy, your lungs full of it, strawberries just gathered, bowls of cream, eggs fresh from the hen-house, purposely laid for you while you're shaving before breakfast, flowers on the table with the dew still on them, the lark in the morning, the nighting ale in the evening!"

I groan in spirit; I loathe all things astoral, and my friends enthuslasm "My good fellow," I reply, stifling a wn, "your hospitality is delightful; out I positively must decline to inflict

"Now don't make any excuses," terrupts Pilton. "It will be less trouble to get your Gladstone ready than to argue, I'll call for you in haif an

So saying, Arthur burries away. I wake up to the dreary necessity of accepting his invitation. And this interference with the liberty of a subject is what my friend calls hospitality! I

roll a cigarette, light it, twirl my moustache, and rest n myself to the inevi-Presently back comes Arthur for his unwilling captive.
"All ready? That's right! Kate

knows you well by name, for I've de-scribed all my friends to her so often that she is well acquainted with all of already gained. them. There is my concented rivend, my cheerful friend, my serious friend, at six months old!" laughs Arthur; and I think I detect a little retaliation in his tone, as if he considers it may be considered by the considers it may be considered by the considers it may be considered by the considered b

slap on my back.

"And I shall call you my energetic friend," I responded; "but will Mrs. friend," I responded; "but will Mrs. Pilton be prepared for a dozen, if we sit down to dinger the subject.

My admiration for sequently increases we set down to dinger the subject. old fellow! We've only just time to

catch the train." from my chambers, and, hailing a han-som, find ourselves being whirled away som, find ourselves using whited away to the station in less time than it takes to tell about it. When we are fairly in the train, I begin to realise all that is before me. I have a forboding that before me. I have a forboding that Arthur and his helpmate are a brace of turtledoves who everyday go through a systematic amount of billing and coo-ing, the enjoyment of which is greatly ing, the enjoyment of which is greatly intensified if they possess an audience— intensified if they possess an audience— and on this occasion I am doomed to and on this occasion I am conscious of looking and on this occasion I am goomed to form one. I am conscious of looking rueful, and accordingly study Punch a looking that the contemplation of it may be that the contemplation of the contemplation

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1885.

Why, Montie, my wife is scarcely twenty, and my youngster only six nonths old!" Evidently only just out of their honeymoon, think I despondently,

I revive slightly when, on arriving at There stands my hostess awaiting us on a small covered terrace that fronts the house. Clustering roses climb up the slender supports of the verandah and make a pretty frame-work for the gurlish figure of Kate Pilton. Although slight still, she is an embryo Juno, and gives promise of a rich maturity, for, wife and mother though she is, it is evident that she has not yet developed into the glowing womanhood that at

"And who, until the present moment But I can touch the loving heart, and reach 'bored friend'!" I add, as with uncovhas deservedly born the title of his ered head I bow low. I am aware that the remark is not complimentary to Arthur, but to that I am supremely in-

With easy grace she extends her ""Boredom' is a word without a

meaning for us, Mr. Bird, and we will antlytry to make it so for you." Nothing like matrimony for an antidote," Arthur says oracularly.
"Surely you are not a bachelor, Mr.

Bird?" asks Mrs. Pilton, ratsing her eyes questioning to mine and very sweet eyes they are, I observe. "I have that incalcuable misfortune,"

She looks at me quite pityingly; she evidently thinks it time for me to be

appropriated. "I'll show you something that will make you foreswear celibacy!"-and with these words Arthur gesticulates furiously in the direction of a remote part of the garden that I have not hith-

My eyes follow his movements, and I discern a nurse carrying what is evidently the hope of the Piltons—Arthur's

I am not in the least bored now-I am fairly alarmed. I shall have to admire the phenomenon in question, and, in my utter ignorance of the subject, it is quite possible that I may, in my misapplied flatteries, most unconscious ly satirise the weak point of the prodigy I feel that a cigarette will do much to steady me.

"Do you-and your son-permit smoking, Mrs. Pilton?" I ask, preparing to fortify myself.

Smoke is our native element, she replies, smiling graciously. "Come to its own mother then little treasure!" It is perhaps needless to say that I

"And what may the usual thing be?" | that fortunate individual being the inturning up at Hatton Garden to-mor- ed little fellow, and, resting as he does urn. row morning-just as good music at in his mother's arms a minute afterone place as the other, you know-and wards, one is reminded of the count beauty as she sits there arrayed in her at the Zoo to morrow afternoon per less pictures of glorious maternity and rosy infancy that have smiled down from exhibition walls.

"I've got a surprise for you, Arthe bright eyes. "Give me your finger

Her husband obeys, and she forewith takes the offered digit, and, inserting meanwhile, am in lost profound pity for this small specimen of humanity, feel-Well, one way of killing time is as ing that it must be a most undesirable good as another, my dear boy; so sup-pose you slay that venerable old gen-and one's gums felt, and not to have any choice in the matter.

"Well?" asks Arthur, with a blank look of non comprehension on his face. I seem unconsciously to have communicated my views to the infant, for he begins to resist in a very marked manner. Mrs. Pilton's lips drop at the corners in the loveliest disdain imagi-

"Mr. Bird, will you feel?" The baby's long suffering gum is transferred to me, and I place my finger very gently on the spot indicated. She looks at me somewhat anxiously. Am I inspired? I rather think I am; but I try to wear my laurels meekly, and to keep the triumph out of my face, as I turn to Arthur and say-Your son has his first tooth, my

'You don't say so, Montie!" "Oh, it's very plainly to be felt!" I reply, with an air of superiority that the life of me I really cannot resist. If it were not for the little dimpled encumbrance with which they are lader I am sure Mrs. Pilton would clap her hands; as it is, she contents herself with a glance of undisguised admiration at me, and exclaims sorrowfully-"And yet you are a bachelor Mr.

"Let me at least feel that I am pos sessed of your compassion," I say, with unblushing hypocrisy.

"Oh, the pity of it!" she answers lightly, throwing up her boy, and then pressing him closer to her. "Didn't its own papa feel its new toothums? Naughty papa!" Thereupon Master Pilton is made to

chastise his revered father on the cheek with a round fist that has been taken out of his mouth for that purpose. · I suppose the little fellow scampers about a good deal?" I suggest, wishing to supplement the advantages I have

Fearing to lose my laurels, I discreet-My admiration for my hostess subsequently increases when, later on, as we sit down to dinner, she to all ap-Pilton be prepared for a dozen, if we sit down to dinner, she to all appearance as entirely forgets her first.

I like to take them down! Look sharp, pearance as entirely forgets her first. I feel sure that in her case it is only ap-As he is speaking we have descended parent oblivion, whereas with the woman of fashion it would be most genuine; but it displays a certain innate tact

which I highly appreciate.

We dine by daylight, and get the meal well over before the gloaming begins. After dinner, Mrs. Pilton not retire to the drawing-room, but strolls round the garden, book in hand. This looks inviting, and the conse quence is that I with my cigarette and Arthur with his cigar crave permission

"Tennyson-is he your favorite?" I ask, glancing at the book in her hand. "I have no more a favorite poet than I have a favorite flower," answers Mrs. if have you not, Arcadian delights the soft laces that seem to caress her pretty throat. "I have my browning pretty throat. "I have my browning be has promised me. be has promised me. be has promised me. "Yery small," he answers cheerily. The answers cheerily is a sounce, my dear, exclaims my minute—by Jove, I have it! I suddenty rules her own household in an exemplary means, but deems herself emi-Pilton, picking a rose from a cluster

night it happens to be a Tennyson "'Maud,' I perceive"—so remarking as she hands me the book.

Somehow-I really do not quite know I revive slightly when, on arriving at the station, I see a neat little dog cart, which quickly conveys us to Roselands

There at a delta when the station of the station o conviction that tends to confirm the popular verdict. I know I acquit myself creditably to night, for I see the bright eyes grow very luminous, and even Arthur throws away his cigar in order to listen more intently. In accordance with my request, Mrs. Pilton sings "Batti, Batti," from the invitinglooking heap before her. This suits her fresh soprano admirably, and she renders it with just the mingling of coquerry and contrition that I have ever "Kate, my dear," says Arthur, "this attributed to my ideal Zerline but have

is one of whom you have often heard never before heard. By a natural me speak—my old friend Montie Bird." transition "La ci darem" suggests itself, and we suddenly discover that our voices accord most delightfully. Were I in town, I should in all probability be listening to Patti and Maurel in that identical duet, but I quite think that the present performance pleases me more

Later on, when my hostess has retired, leaving us to the enjoyment of a quiet smoke, Arthur asks triumph-

"Now, my boy, after to-night you'll agree with me in thinking bachelorhood the greatest mistake going, won't

"Arthur," I reply very gravely, "you add insult to injury. After appropriating the nicest woman in the three kingdoms, you actually ask a fellow if bachelorhood is a mistake! My dear friend it is the only alternative you leave us after seeing your wife!"

"By Jove." laughs he, in high glee, erately wiping the nose of the warrior "that's not half bad! I'll tell Kate that it represents. "Well?" she says interto-night.!" Irrespectively of all jesting, I think to myself that my hostess cannot be appreciated by Arthur-in fact, I inward-

y resolve that she is to good for him. My Sunday passes delightfully, and, as a natural result, most speedily. Over the fields to church in the morning, baby-worship in the afternoon, and desultory conversation in the evening-

that is the routine. It is with a feeling unaccountably mbling regret that on Monday morning, at breakfast, I realise that it is the last meal of which I am to partake

at Roselands.
"Pilton," I observe, as, with a heartler appetite than I remember since my schoolboy days, I make alarming in roads upon a delicious compound that chances to be before me, "you are for-tunate in being blessed with one of the most essential elements to man's contentment here below; you are possessed of an excellent cook. This is simply unrivaled"-here 1 indicate the

"Do you really like it so much Mr. Well as it's a Patti night, I may fant who is surveying us with wide Bird?" asks my young hostess, as she housekeeper." drop m at Covent Garden this evening, open baby-eyes. He is a bright cheek-

She looks fresh and glowing with crisp morning muslin, the daintiest of which is enhanced by a cluster of dazzling scarlet geraniums, which, together with their green leaves, seem to supply

"It is simply perfect, I assure you, Mrs. Pilton. So many delicious flavors seem just suggested, and yet thev are so delicatly blended that it is impossible to say which preponderatesilinary poem, if I may be permitted the expression.

Husband and wife exchange laugh-"Congratulate Arthur, please Mr Bird, upon the dual blessings of wife and cook combined. I made it, and we call it 'Kate Pilton's pasty'!"

I endeavor to look the admiration "If ever I discover a lady kind enough o rescue me from the slough of bache-

lorhood, may I ask for the receipt? I shall beg for it in the name of Mrs. Bird-now unknown." "My dear fellow," exclaims Arthur, 'you might just as well ask her gracious Ma esty Queen Victoria to present you with the largest diamond from her regalia; you are just about as likely

The receipt is an heir-loom," explains Mrs. Pilton, "and known only to members of our own family. I even send cook out of her kitchen during the manufacture of that particular. It descended from my great-great-greatgrandmother, and has remained unal-

"And, in the ruinously radical days of so-called reform that are drawing upon us, I trust that it will remain unaltered to the end of the chapter; may no innovation be introduced here!" reply, helping myself again to the

"Your appreciation delights me, Mr. Bird. I am more sensitive on that subject than on my rendering of 'Batti, Batti,' do you know?" "Naturally so, Others may vainly try to emulate you in that charming song;

but none can even attempt the audacity of rivalling you here.' "I am so vain about it," replies my hostess merrily, "that your compliments extreme though you may think them. I receive as only a fitting tribute. I am sorry to deny the receipt to the future Mrs. Bird," she adds archly; "but I ever mean to be the sole manufacturer -so, whenever you taste that pasty, no matter the time or place, remember

Kate Pilton is near! "Then I sincerely hope that I shall ost speedily taste it again!" I say, with earnestness that seems almost de-

My visit to the Roseland has been a thing of the past for a very long while now. For many months it remained a pleasant green spot in my memory; but gradually the mists of time have almost obscured it, and at the present moment my recollections of it are of out a shadowy nature. This is perhaps partly owing to the brevity of my visit, partially the result of my being intenely occupied since then, and also greatattributed to the fact that Arthur and I have drifted apart. I have not heard of him for quite two years, and have not the leisure even to regret the

now a barrister-and not a briefless one me attribute my success to high connections in influential quarters, others to my natural qualifications and address I prefer to attribute to the latter. Either way, here I find myself, the head of a handsome bachelor establishment in one of the fashionable squares—a triffe freary perhaps, but what of that?

nently fitted to conduct mine also, "why don't you marry? Only that 1 wanted to confirm your position; it would make you seem so much m substantial, you know,"

"I don't thing I much admire substantialities, Amv-that is only another name for heaviness; and marriage it appears to me, is somewhat heavy and wearisome-not in your case, I know, my love," I add hastily, fearing some personal allusion may be suspected.

"Now, my dear boy," answers Amy, removing her hat, by which I infer that she kindly intends favoring me with a good deal of sisterly counsel, 'don't be drawly-you do drawl awfully, you know, and a wife would very soon shake that all out of you; I would if Charlie could spare me to stay with you for a little while. Don't pretend

"Certainly not," I reply meekly, happy that she has mistaken the reality for the imitation

"Well," continues my affectionate relative, taking in at a practised glance the general appearance of the diningroom in which we are sitting, "you don't seem to understand that servents are insufficient to make a comfortable nome; besides this, you want some one to take care of and direct it all." "And also, I presume, to take care

of and direct me," I suggest. "Precisely-you most of all. Now this sideboard, for instance is a splenald piece of furniture, and those bronzes are simply magnificent; but observe this," says my bustling little-sister, advancing to the first named article, and very carefully writing "D-u-s-t" on the surface of it-"and this"-proceeding to one of the bronzes and most considerately wiping the nose of the warrior

I am at a loss for an answer; so I only

my dear? That word is written very micely, though perhaps a trifle too large still great allowance must be made for the novelty of the materials you have used; and as to that warlike individual you rather unpleasantly suggest the idea of his having a cold in his head." Amy deems my remarks an unworthy

answer, and continues as if I had not "Now the long and the short of a this is that you must get a wife.' I rise, stand with my back to the

fire, and speak with the most unusual "I decline to do that, Amy." There is something in my tone which seems to end the discussion, for my sister, though looking slightly surprised refrains from urging the point further.

She shifts her ground. "Well," she says, with the air of one making a compromise, "do the next | "Mrs. Hilton," I remark, as best thing then, and engage a lady I still demur.

forerunner to the first alternative you mentioned—particularly to the mind of ady-housekeepers," I remark desponhousekeeper," answers my sister, with a world of scorn in her tone. "Let us fresh marvels." arrange it now, Montie," she continues

energetically. "I have it! You will the philanthropy of that excellent will give him a \$5 bill in payment." be going to Paris next week, you say. young lady in saving the lives of so The boy was sent out a few minutes undertake that when you return you nall see a lady installed here who will ook after your interests-a trustworthy superior gentlewoman who will make our home quiet a different sort of a lace altogether." So it is arranged that during my abence in the sister capital I am to be provided with a superior gentlewoman superintend my establishment in

If an idea is distasteful to me, I usually try to banish it as speedily as possible, differing in this respect from most people. On this occasion I succeed so well that during my stay in Paris I beheve it entirely slips my memory. It is only when I am homeward-bound that I think of it, and the recollection does not enhance the delights of cross

riving a train earlier than I am expec-ted, and I fear that by doing so I shall take the "superior gentlewoman" at a disadvantage. As I rattle up to the door in a cab, just in time for a late breakfast, I look up anxiously at the house, thinking that I may catch a glimpse of my acquisition at one of the windows. Not so, however, When the servant opens the door, I ask immediately—

"Has the lady arrived yet, James?" 'Yes, sir; but, not expecting you until the evening, she has gone for a walk before breakfast-she often does sir.' "Just so. I'll not wait for breakfast James, but have it at once," I say, resolving mentally to make my apologies for so doing when the gentlewoman presents herself. Accordingly breakfast is laid,

know not if I am tired of French edibles, or if the meal looks unusually tempting; but I feel just in the mood to do ample justice to it. After telling James that I shall require nothing more I proceed to take some steaming coffee, of which I seem to stand in need my nights traveling. That done, I commence an attack on the dish nearest me which happens to be "goodly to the eye." At this moment I hear a knock at the door, and the subsequent sweeping of a woman's skirt along the enrance hall and up the stairs, by which I presume my acquisition has arrived, and gone to her room to remove her text of not waiting, I do not allow the circumstance to interfere with my repast, but begin to be active with my knife and fork. But, after having tasted the morsel it conveyed there. I pause.

I have frequently heard of memories and associations being recalled by certain strains of music to certain people -with others, particular scents will revive particular recollections; but never until now do I realise that the very same remarks may apply to the sense of taste, for suddenly the flavor of the pie I have commenced reminds me-of what? Of what in the name of won After the usual amount of study, I ders that is puzzling, does it remind have been chilled to the bar, and am me? I put down my knife and fork look at the delicious compound fixedly, and try to think it out. I endeavor to support my pet theory of a prior exis-tence by concluding that I have par-taken of this excellent dish during a former life. If so, and this edible is only a sample of the culinary art in those past ages, how greatly we have deteriorated in our cuisine! Wait a

no matter the time or place, remem-I never finished the sentence even to

myself, for at this moment the door opens quietly, and not only is "Kate Pilton near," but she actually enters the room! For once in my life I am energetic; I litterly bound from my chair in my utter astonishment

Yes, verily Kate Pilton-no longer the Juno in embryo, but the Juno full perfection, as she steps into the room with stately grace, her long clinging black skirt trailing majestically behind. A sorrowful looking cap, white as snow, rests on the queenly head, but all the rich beauty that was so freely promised two years ago has been amply fulfilled in the glorious creature who stands before me in the sad dignity of

her young widowhood.
"Is it possible," I exclaim, as I advance with extended hands to welcome her, "or do my eyes deceive me? surely am addressing Mrs. Pilton?" 'None other," she answers, with a

smile as charming as formerly, though more subdued; "and in you I recog-

she replies, "but not the owner of it, My husband used to esteem you so It requires about five hours for a We neither speak for a minute. The little word "used" only confirms the sad story told by the deep black that

fits her graceful figure so perfectly. I conduct her at once to the breakfast table, and she takes her place quite naturally, facing me. "When truly earnest on any subject, I am a pitiful stumbler in the choice of words; but, please, Mrs. Pilton, try to understand how delighted I am to see

you again, however much I regret the sad circumstances that have led to our meeting." She inclines her head in acknowledgement of my sympathy,
"And your little boy? He is a fine fellow by this time I conclude?" I re-

mark, wishing to turn the subject from a painful channel. The sweet lips quiver as she raises her eyes, full of a mute agony, to mine. "The same calamity-a fever-that left me a widow also rendered me childless; they both -I would rather not

speak of it just yet, if you please." She could make mention of her husband with apparent calmness; but the loving remembrance of baby-kisses, baby-prattle, busy baby-hands, silence all speech, even the speech of sorrow After recovering herself, she avoids further mention of their trials, and speaks pleasantly and cheerfully, just as a woman should do to a man just returning from the fatigues of the

workaday outside world. conclusion of breakfast, we draw our chairs round to the fire, "have you ever "Your last suggestion is merely a bian Nights?"

> been Scheherazade, I would rather have basket for \$1.25. He took out a roll of lost my head at once than have to rack bills looked them over, and then said that unlucky member every night for "I fear that you searcly appreciate the philanthropy of that excellent will give him a \$5 bill in payment.

> many of her charming sex. But, do you know, by some mysterious agency, for the \$5 bill in his pocket. When he I could feel myself transported to the reached the top of the stairs on the land of caliphs, viziers, and Mussulmans, and even by some still more extraordinary freaks of nature I could be lieve myself returning to the times of giants, fairies, and genii. The idea i so vivid that it required the merest stretch of imagination just now to transform James, when he came with that letter, to a slave bearing me sherbet."

"How so?" asks my lady-house teeper.

How charmingly she undertakes the art of listening!

"Well, do you remember how a cer-tain Bedredden Hassan, of Oriental memory, was restored to his sorrowing relatives through the manufacture of his celebrated cheesecakes?" Mrs. Pilton nods in token of assent. "Strange to say, your admirable pasty formed to me a veritable re-introduc-

tion to you." "Why, of course; the similarity striking! The fact is, I'm a nineteenth century Bedreddin Hassan, and, like him, I am the sole manufacturer, the only difference being that I do pepper my pastry. I nearly offended your cook when I msisted upon making i myself,"
"You actually bearded the lionness

"I did indeed, my only weapons be ing the pretiest compliments I could to a policeman who came up, rushed think of concerning her dinners and around the corner in great haste. reddin Hassan, and keep that to my-

"Do you know," I exclaim, a happy thought striking me "I am altogether so much impressed with the circumstances of our second meeting that I think I'll write out the history of Mrs Pilton's pastry." So saying a crave per-mission to light a cigarette, and begin thinking it out at once.

And here it is written-in fact, it has been finished some time; but an ending came to the whole story which makes the resemblance to Bedreddin Hassan cease. If my memory does not lead me astray, Bedreddin Hassan marries before the cakes are mentioned while I — Here a soft hand is laid my shoulder and two laughing eyes scan the above unfinished sentence. 'Can't you get on, you silly old Montie?

"Well, you know," I reply meditatively, pulling my moustache with one hand and holding my pen with the other, "there is an absurd prejudice among the narrow-minded against secid marriage; so-''
"Well, teil them then, you great big

coward, that second marriages have downwards, and impress upon your readers-if you have any-that Kate Bird is the very happiest woman in existence. It is true, my own dear hus-band;" and my Kate's ripe hps are pressed to mine.

A person truly noble cannot be in -The heaviest dealer in poultry, game zen of Indianapolis. He started with a capital of \$5. His yearly sales now foot flow to Eat a sery.

As a universal rule in health, and with very rare exceptions in disease, that is best to be eaten which the appetite craves or the taste relishes. Persons rarely err in the quality of food eaten; nature's instincts are the wisest regulators in this respect. The great sources of mischief from eating are three, quantity, frequency, rapidity; sample case and satchel. He was below and from these come the horrible dys-

ourden, a torture, a tiving death. By eating fast, the stomach, like a full and overflowing before we know it But the most important reason is, the out a brush, and dusted his clothing and food is swallowed before time has been his shoes. He then drew out an old hair, considering it effeminate. allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for like ice in a pieces with the teeth; for like ice in a property of the depot, with one foot projected in Georgia is estimated at \$406,000. are the sooner are they dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye, that it is well chewed, the comminution is with his head in the air, inspecting the "Montie Bird, Arthur's old friend, no injury, while it is of very great imposters on the building and the cornice. When he got around where the travelor bad teeth. Cheerful conversation

common meal to dissolve and pass out of the stomach, during which time this drew his foot back a moment, then organ is incessantly at work, when it must have repose, as any other muscle or set of muscles after such a length of effort. Hence persons should not eat within less than a five hours' interval. The heart itself is at rest more than one-third of its time. The brain perishes without repose. Never force food

on the stomach All are tired when night comes, Every muscle of the body is weary and looks to the bed; but just as we lie down to rest every other part of the body, if we by a hearty meal give the stomach five hours' work, which in its weak state requires a much longer time plant it on that of the traveling to an a full day's labor just at the close of a hard day's work. Hence the uawis-

om of eating heartily late in the day or evening; and no wonder it has cost you. many a man his life. Always breakfast before work or exercise. No laborers or factive persons should eat an atom later than sundown, and without stepping on it. Another con then it should not be over half the midday meal. Persons of sedentary habitr or who are at all ailing should take absolutely nothing for supper b youd a

A good-looking, middle-aged man, "Read' is too mild a word—I have whose slow step betokened feebleness devoured them," she laughingly an-of health, entered a little shop swers; "but I always thought, had I "I find I have nothing smaller than a \$10 bill. "If you will send your boy to my office with \$3.72 in change, after the man had gone, with the change floor of the building in which the man said he had an office, he was greeted by

the purchaser, who took the change. bill said he" in a very benevolent way. cow, a distance of 1,700 miles, in thir-Would you mind waiting here until I go down into the street and get this \$10 | he ran through Central Asia from Cai-

The office boy was anxious about the \$3.75 which he had given the man. He cover his game, but he appeared to have such an honest face that the boy decaravan. cided not to say anything about it, but would keep his eye open all the same. As soon as the mild-mannered man had reached the street the boy followed, down the street at a surprising rate of route to his destination, climbing moun speed. The boy hesitated no longer, tains, swimming rivers and guiding him-

had the effect of tipping him over upon the sidewalk. "Give me my \$3.75," said the boy, The man pulled out the change, gave it to the messenger, and then without waiting to explain the matter

think of concerning her dinners and think of concerning her dinners and tuncheons; after that, she asked me for my receipt; but I could not give that up," says Mrs. Pilton made money by it," said a business man who saw the incident and heard the who saw the incident and heard the rowful white adornments it tremble boy's story. "Boy, you are a plucky with her emphasis, "I am like Bed-fellow and will make a first-class policeman if you keep on." "No files on me," he replied, as he

gave the merchant a wink and threw a banana skin at a strav dog. At of the Walpoles

The Marquis of Cholmondely

intends to avail himself of the Settled Estates act, in order to sell his family property in Norfolk, which comprise opward of 20,000 acres of the most higly cultivated land in the country. The partridge-shooting has always been of the highest class, and there is firstrate pheasant-shooting, the estate being richly wooded, and the plantations are well dispersed over the property. Houghton Hall the historic seat of the Walpoles, will now pass into pos-Sir Robert, who bullt the splendid house (second in Norfolk only to Holkham) when he was Prime Minister, its erection extending over thirteen years, The mansion is a very stately building of stone, with colonnades, wings, and cupolas. Sir Robert's famous collection of pictures was sold by his degenerate grandson in 1889 to the Empress Catherine for £45,000 and they have since been the main attraction of the Hermitage Palace at St Petersburg. There are good gardens, and the par though flat, is picturesqe, as it contains much fine timber. Houghton is with-in an easy drive of Sandringham, a ce which will add material! to its attraction in the eyes of many possible buyers. The estate has been surveyed during the last three weeks by W. Ellis.

As many as are the difficulties which virtue has to encounter in this world, her force is yet superior,

HUMBLIATED COWBORS.

Cuottrustve Tenderfoot.

deeds performed and coarse jokes perpetrated by cowboys," said the agent, One morning a traveling man arrived at the depot by stage. He had a small medium height and rather slight, but pepsias which make of human life a he was very neatly dressed and wore a silk hat. He was traveling for a New York jewelry house. He was about an bottle being filled through a funnel, is hour early for the train east, and he

umbler of water, the smaller the bits front of the other, and began reading. "Meanwhile three cowboys had sauntered up to the depot. They all eyed if solid food is cut up into pieces small him closely and watched his operation. as half a pea, it digests almost as soon, When he began reading they huddled without being chewed at all, as if it together and talked a while in an unhad been well masticated. The best dertone. Presently one of them-a big plan, therefore, is for all persons to six-footer-left the group and began to thus comminute their food; for even if saunter carelessly about the platform, ing man stood, he lifted his big brogan and planted it firmly on the jewelry man's foot. No apology was made. The traveling man merely looked up, placed it back where it was. The cow- ist. boy passed back to the other two. They all chuckled and joined in the conversa-

"Soon the cowboy started out again on a similar round, gaping at the roof. number of 126,000 000 are made in Rus-When he reached the traveling man he sia annually, tried to bring down his course boot on the extended foot. The traveling man jerked his foot back suddenly, and the brogan came down with a thump on the platform. Another conference and chuckling followed. Finally the cowboy set out on the third round. Just as he was about to raise his foot to to perform than at an earlier hour of the latter looked up quickly and saind the day, it is like imposing on a servant "See here, there is my foot and its

going to stay there. You step on it i you want to; but I want to tell you that | that it hears of, before you can get off of it I will kill "Such a volley staggered the cowboy He looked at the foot, and then at the small possessor, and finally moved off

sultation followed. "The traveling man calmly read his paper a few minutes, and then took from his satchel three apples, he looked single cup of warm drink. Such a sup-per will always give better sleep and them a few feet into the air, and then at them a moment and suddenly threw prepare for a heartier breakfast, with quickly drew a revolver, fired three the advantage of having the exercise of shots, splitting each apple into a dozen tract its nutriment. Never eat without He replaced the cartridges in the empty and 24,636,964 females. hambers of the revolver, and returne it to his pocket.

"The cowboys witnessed the act without saying a word, and soon, complete y cowed, turned and left the depot The traveling man told me after they had left that he would have killed the -The amount of capital invested in three of them had the fellow stepped on his foot again, and I think he wou he was quick as lightning. He then showed me a medal he carried, which he won as being the most rapid shot in

A Famous Equaer

Fifty years ago his renown spread all over Europe, This was Ernest Mensen, His exploits make the pedestrian feats of the present day look insignificant. He was a runner who first came into My boy, I find I haven't got a \$5 notice by running from Paris to Mosteen days and eighteen hours. In 1836 cutta to Constantinople, bearing dispatches for the East India company. The distance is 5,615 miles, and he aclooked at the man sharply, as if to dis- complished it in fifty-nine days, onethird of the time taken by the swiftes

the messenger extraordinary of sovereigns. He ran from country to country bearing letters and dispatches of the Gilbert the idea of the "Mikado." but kept out of sight as much as possi- highest import, and always beat mounbie. He soon discovered that the man with his money had recovered the active use of his legs and was hurrying ran. Invariably he took the direct He ran swiftly down the street until he self through forests in a way known only came up behind the fugitive, and then drawing back his fist delivered a sudtity of biscuit and raspberry syrup. His den blow at the man's backbone, which rests he took twice in twenty-four hours, 127 when he usually leaned against some support, covered his face with handkerchief and slept. If he thrusting his hand into the man's face. was compelled to remain quiet

any length of time he complained of tants, giddiness and rush of blood to the head, -A new recruit is charged with at-In 1842 he was employed to discover the source of the Nile. Starting from of the Teath Cavalry at Fort Whippie, Silesia in May, 1843, he ran to Jerusa- A. T. lem, thence to Cairo, and up the banks - Dyorak is said to be composing his stop and rest, leaning against a palm Night." tree, his face covered as was his wont. He rested so long that some person tried to wake him. They tried in vain for he was dead.

wer the death of an eminent colonist. For some time past the country has been terrorized by a bushranger named Riley, who, on a small scale, tried to emulate the exploits of the Kelley gang, the members of which some five years ago ended their career in New South Wales. He "stuck up" stations, "went 500 florins in the event of the elopement through" gold diggers, and in June last of their spouses. cobbed, of all places in the world, a flourishing hotel on the Cape River. But, police for fifteen months, owing to a as usually happens, the pitcher went too hitch between its Mayor and Councils, often to the fountain. In other words, now has a force. the bushranger, happening to meet a police constable to whom he was known. attempted to stab him, but not succeeding in committing murder, was promptly shot in his efforts to escape. When the Kelly gang were annihilated in 1880, there were pleasant prophecies to the effect that bushranging would from that time disappear. No doubt this decreasing in Australia that it no long-er troubles the settlers, save in the more out-of the-way parts of the colonies. But until every section of the babitabe portion of the antipodes is settled, we copper is supposed to be one of the lost may expect to hear of a highwayman or arts, but a Boston inventor has shaved a footpad making free with other men's bimself for years with a copper razor. property, just as robbers of this description haunted the English roads up to animal is fit for canning, hence to prothe eraof railways In the more lonely vale 3,000,000 pounds of canned beef or districts of western America the "road 500,000 cans would require 20,000 catarent" is still one of the contingencies tie. of travel, and, indeed, only recently, a

—Europeans find the heat of Algeria
party of excursionists over such a wella great obstacle to agricultural work, known route as that of the Yosemite Valley in California, were relieved of some of their property by one of these picturesque individuals.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

NO. 38.

- . o ancient Rome a cattle driver was called an agitator.

-The population of the world is esimated at 1,400,000,000.

-An inch of rain is counted 100 tons weight of water to the acre.

-New York contains 41 square miles of territory and Chicago 35, -The title of "count" can now be

purchased in Spain for \$2.50. -It is affirmed that China will declare

war if Russia invades Corea. -The Romans never adopted long -The annual gold buillion product of

-An asparagus diet is now recom mended for certain kidney diseases.

-The Masons of Cleveland are erectng a temple at a cost of \$100,000 -Norwegian beds are short and nar row and double beds are unknown. -There are 60,000 families in Lon

on each of which lives in one room.

be worth about 200,000,000 francs.

-The trade of Thibet in musk ounts to half a million dollars year -It is said that such a thing as a

-The olive crop of Italy is estimated

good-looking Arab woman does not ex -The free lunches served at New York saloons cost about \$11,000,000 a

-Mitterwonzer is the name of a Ger man actor who is coming to this country

-The United States raises half the otal number of hogs annually produced in the world. -The South Church in Peabody, Mass, has not been closed for a vac-

tion since 1713,

than 5,000,000 now.

-A Durham, N. C., tobacco factory nds 5,000 cigarettes to all church fairs -There were over 8,000,000 inhabitants in Ireland in 1845; there are less

-A new rifle, capable of discharging ree bullets at the same moment, has been made in France. -The Brazilian production of diands amounts in yearly value from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000.

voman-Betty Frantham-who is re puted to be 149 years old. -The population of the United the whole day to grind it up and ex-

-Lincoln county, Tenn., boasts of a

terfeit ten dollar bills of the

issue of 1875 have appeared in Pitts borg and near-by towns. -Twenty-eight States have adopted laws restricting the practice of medicine to educated persons.

the clock and watch interest in the United States is \$100,000,000. -Stenbenville derives its name from Fort Steuben, which occupied the site of the town in early times.

-At the Waltham manufactury each watch undergoes no less than 3,746 op-erations before it is finished, -The smallest salary a minister in the Presbyterian Church of Australia is permitted to receive is \$1,500.

- Montreal is to have a botanic gar-

ien seventy-five acres in extent in the beautiful park on Mount Royal, -The British Government spends over £5,000 sterling per year in photographing the faces of crimmals.

-The United States Government has 400 John Smiths' in its employ, and 800 each of Joneses and Johnsons. -The potato introduced in England

in 1600, was first eaten as a sweatmeat, A favorite employment for him was stewed in sack, wine and sugar. -It was an old Japanese executi er's sword that suggested to Mr. W. S.

> object of which is to furnish coffins to its members at greatly reduced prices. -With 4,575 miles of navigable rivers and 2,900 miles of canals, the French railways encounter some competition -The thirty-eight States of the Un-

ion contain 2 290 counties. Texas leads

off with 151 and Georgia follows with

... There is a society in Memphis the

just been reckoned up at about 35,000, thus giving one to every 40,000 inhabi

of the Nile into Egypt. Just outside music for an opera that is being arthe village of Lyang he was seen to ranged from Shakespeare's "Twelfth -The annual consumption of impor-

ted and domestic cigars is sixty to every

man, woman and child in the United

-The battle of Montmorenci, Lower Canada, which preceded the capture of Juebec by two months, took place July -An election for a champion liar is

to be held at Giles, Arizona, and the successful candidate is to get a medal and a serenade. -Hungary has an insurance company which pays married men from 100 to

-Paris, Ill., which has been without -A colored woman only 37 inches

high, though 27 years old, lives on a

Florida plantation. She claims never

to have been sick. -The army and navy of Great Britain furnish a full pro rata of that nation's convicts and a due proportion of them are commissioned officers. -An esthetic St. Louis judge has de-

cided that three chromo lithographs, a bust of Longfellow and a \$5 oil painting, legally constitute an art parlor. -The hardening and tempering of