Editor and Proprietor.

## VOICES OF THE BELLS.

The bell tolls One; h me to say: "Thy will be done."

The bell tolls Two; e each day Thy will to do. The bell tolls Three; I ask, in faith, to follow Thee,

The bell tolls Four; I pray for trust for evermore.

The bell toils Five; For holy thoughts help me to strive

The bell tolls Six;

Teach me my hope on Thee to fix. The bell tolls Seven;

my life a way to heaven

The bell tells Eight; May I in peace and pa

The bell tolls Nine; Let charity be ever mine

The bell tolls Ten; I pray for love to God and men.

It tolis Eleven; Twelve strokes I hear;

## "AS IT FELL UPON A DAY."

Into the National Gallery on this particular afternoon the hot sun is cushing with a vigor rarely known out of the fresh sweet country. It is daneing merrily over the quaint pictures, the stairs seem interminable. Reachthe bare rooms, the few artists, and ing at length the right landing, his conthe fewer visitors who are lounging ductor taps loudly on the panel of a from wall to wall; it is flooding with door and cries with stentorian lungspecial brilliancy one room which is the most deserted of all. There is indeed and immediately afterwards vanishes aothing very attractive in it, save a with a speed incredible down the murky young girl and an old Giorgione. staircase

But such a girt! She looks pale and a attle worried; but there is the light of joyful, and full of happy expectation. renius in her eyes as she looks from her easel to the Giorgione.

Presently she and her picture cease to be alone. Some one has entered the room, but so slowly, but so noiselessly that she is unaware of it-a young man with a reprehensibly listless air and a tress in many ways. The mistress herdisappointed curve about his lips. He as been languidly sauntering amongst eyes light on Sir Gerald. First the the woes of the "patient Griselda," and gladness dies from them, and then a wondering much at the fashions and customs of those other days; but now, is he too gets enveloped in the blaze of sunlight that warms the Giorgione, his sunlight that warms the Giorgione, his pressibly, "how you surprised me! I distless air and disappointed curve vanthought you were—" She stops short ish and a flash of satisfaction and glad and again regards him curiously but

The girl is working industriously at her task. Ever and again her glance ald a little bitterly, though with pre-seeks the masterpiece—a beautiful pic-tended contrition. He is standing moture, no doubt, almost divine, but hard- tionless in the doorway, feeling rather ly as beautiful as the bronze-tinged afraid to advance after this unpropiead bending over the easel, and cerwarm earnest eyes in the pure childish

at it, as if for inspiration. She is poorly clad, but there is no ens all other sensibilities. unlove iness about her garments. Her bonnet is lying on the ground beside at once recovers her self-possession.

"Pray come in," she says politely, if almost severe in its simplicity, is re-coldi-theyed at the throat and wrists by soft you? ruffles of vellow lace-cheap lace, no

The young man is apparently who ped in admiration of the Giorgione, and drawing nearer, gazes at it with an atdrawing nearer. Some other time. I beg your particulated at all, and now The young man is apparently wraphis artistic tendencies.

A steady gaze, it is said, makes itself especially, when you are expecting felt. Be that as it may, the bronzed friends."
head turns presently a little impatient"Not ly in his direction, and the earnest eyes haven't had time"—smiling softly—"to fix themselves upon him in a strange miss my brush yet; but I can see it is absent yet reproachful fashion that one of my best." To be puzzled is to be

interested.
"I am in your light perhaps?" he ring the brush-question, He is indeed full of an absorbing desire to hear to the owner of those wistful eyes or

as though heartily ashamed of her small discontent. "No, it was nothing,"
Her lips part, and she makes him a
present of a lovely friendly smile. "It is growing too late to expect any one.

1'm afraid I shall see no one to-night." was foolish of me; but just because I thought myself alone, and revelled in the thought, the fact of finding I was not altogether so made me lose my grip upon my brush." She laughs softly, as away!" says Sir Gerald, with a slight

though at her own folly.

"I shall go then. I am deeply grieved that my stupid coming should have so disturbed you," says Gerald, step-

ping back refuctantly.

"No, no—indeed you must not do that," entreats she earnestly. "Stay and see your pictures; I know you love that he loves "she"!

Sne—she! His whole face changes; his heart once more grows light. Whoever the blessed "she" may be, he knows that he loves "she"! them, because often of late I have notreed how frequently you come here, standing at the other side of the table and with what real interest you study is regarding him with glowing inten-

face close'y, and then tells himself he is a brute for his doubt.

"What could have brought you to this neighborhood?" she asks slowly, as if still pondering irresolutals.

a brute for his doubt.

"As for me, I am going," adds the girl, rising wearily. She stretches her arms impulsively, and then smiles again arms impulsively, and then smiles again arms in the like "It is all very well," she says confidentially "but one does not tired of it at the like "but one does not tired of it at the like "but one does not tired of it at the like "but one does not tired of it at the like "but one does not tired of it at the like "but one does not tired of it at the like "but one does not tired on the like "but one does not tired to be a like "but one does not tired on the like "but one does not tired to be a like "but one does n "It is all very wen, sale says connadent tially, "but one does get tired of it at times"."

Wen, yes, 1 did," says Sir Gerald humbly. He is well versed in society's lies, this young man, yet be did to the says.

"Painting?" asks he. "Yes-painting," she replies.
"Yet you have undoubted talent"

glancing at the copy. "A pretty touch," as my old says that buy my pictures from me," returns she lightly. "Let us not presume to go beyond his verdict. Good

vening, sir,"
She had tied on her bonnet by this time, and, gliding past him with a little kindly bow that still forbids farther speech, is soon swallowed up by the

nearest doorway.

An impatient exclamation falls from Gerald's lips. Has he come here after day and let himself in for the day after day and let nimself in for the tail end of an insufferably dull season only for this? Is he never to know more of the owner of those labent eyes? Moodily he casts his own eyes to the insufficient of the owner of the base of the base of the base. know your name, I think it is only right that you should know mine."

As he says this, he hands her his floor, and there sees a tiny brush. Has

Snatching it up, he rushes in head-leng fashion through the doorway by which she has disappeared, and so down the stone steps into Trafalgar Square the stone steps into Trafalgar Square Fired with a sudden access of honesty Fired with a sudden access of honesty he looks wildly up and down the pays-the owner, of the recovered she says sweetly, but not more sweetly than before—a fact he notes; then— "May I give you a cup of tea?" she says

brush, but in vain!
The fates however do not prove utterly unkind. Just when hope is gone, nervousness about her.
"It will be no trouble. terly unkind. Just when hope is gone, he spies in the far distance, moving at a rapid pace towards the Strand, a little igure clad in Quakerish-gown, and immediately, his heart once more beating mediately, his heart once so you may as well have it with me-that is"—with sudden recollection—"if

truth.

Hewheels the little table more into the centre of the room for her, and begins to cut the bread and butter. Feeling only a just value, of course—only met

# MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1885.

through a yawning doorway.

with effect, he says mildly.

enters the room.

pointment takes its place.

no longer unkindly.

coldly.

toward the door.

"One friend is always more attrac-

"Too late at eight o'clock! Surely

ever to look at her again?

is-I-I wanted to call on you, but I

was afraid you might not like it, and so— Look here, Miss Horrocks—as I

card. Having read it she looks at him

"You had a long walk, I am afraid,

Gladly, willingly Sir Gerald repeats

hand—she once more escapes from him all awkwardness at an end, he begins paintings—which are perfect—de-hand tightens upon hers, and a faint through a yawning doorway. Gaining the house, he brings the shows no sign of flagging, and so far

paint brush well into view, and knocks affects her that she grows as eloquent paint brush well into view, and knocks. He knocks three times, with decent intervals between each rattat, but nothing comes of it. When however he has arrived at the awful certainty that a tragedy has been enacted within, with a girl with earnest speaking eyes for its victim, a maid-of-all-work opens the door about an inch or so, and asks him with smothered indignation what he wants. She is not genial, this girl, and has a smut on her nose and a black streak over her left eye, and is altogether more striking in appearance when he says, "Yes, lots!" and alto-

gether they grow decidedly cosey and Sir Gerald is deeply impressed by her. He is impressed too by the suddenly-acsympathetic. There is a pretty bunch quired knowledge that there is a difficulof white sweet-scented pinks in an inty about making a call on a young lady table, giving quite a festive air to the expensive bowl in the middle of their whose name is unknown to one. In desperation he giances at the little entertainm nt. Marking her tender appreciation of these homely flowers, brush, and it supplies him with a ready wit. When he has smiled upon the Sir Gerald makes another mental note that will ensure his attendance at his florist's on the morrow.

smudgy maid without, and squeezed half a sovereign into her dusky palm "And do you mean to tell me," he "The young lady who lives here, and says presently, with earnest concern, "that your father left you with—with no-paints-you understand?-I wish to see her. I have a message for her. nothing but-"

Will you be so good as to take her my card?" "But what my fingers can earn?" "Well, yes," "All right-you foller me," says the undainty lass, ignoring the card and beckoning him toward the staircase.

"Not altogether quite," she says with a bright smile, "I have a little—not anything to signify, you know, but still a little. "I have always so wanted to know what 'a little' means," says Sir Gerald fixing his elbow on the table, and his chin on his palm, and his eyes on her.

The knowledge that there is indelicacy in his question does not deter him from making it. To know how it is with "A visitor to you, Miss Horrocks!" her in all matters, great and small is now the sworn object of his life. "In my case," replies she simply. "it

neans twenty pounds a year." "Come in!" cries a voice blithe and "Ah!" He stoops suddenly and brushes some imaginary dust from his boots; Sir Gerald, pushing open the door, acthen, with an effort-"I dare say it-" cedes to this hospitable request, and "Oh, it is the greatest help to me!" interrupts she brightly, leaning across the table to him, herlips smiling. It is a poor room, indifferently furcan never feel quite poor as long as I have that, you see." nished, yet very pretty in its own small quaint fashion, and so-so like its mis-

"No-of course not," "I have really-well, not everything I want, to be sure," she goes on, with heavenly content, "but still many things that-that others perhaps have not. surprise largely mingled with disap-There is a poor girl, for instance, that "Oh, dear," she says quickly, irre-I know-the friend I was expecting this evening— But I musn't tease you, must I?"

"It doesn't tease me. Tell me of your friend.'

"I'm so sorry I'm not," says Sir Ger-"It is her spine, poor thing! She lives next door, and some time she creeps in to me; but it is all she can do. only thing she has now to comfort her are her books; but she has so few of Who was it she was expecting? For whom did she mistake him? An acknowledged lover, no doubt. died this year; and now there is no one, and she is too poor to subscribe herself. All she can do now is to lie on her sofa Dire jealousy enters his soul and deadthe livelong day and think over again the stories she has read. And she is so He looks so dejected that his hostess

patient! Isn't it sad?" Sir Gerald makes another mental "Is there-what can I do for note that will take him to Mudie's on the morrow. But his silence disturbs

"I brought you your brush," he says doubt, but to the ignorant masculine sye quiet as becoming as oldest peint honiton.

laying it on the table. "I was passing by, and thought perhaps you might be wanting it. Good evening." He moves my many troubles; let us think now of something more interesting to you.' "I don't think we can," returns Sir

Gerald. "How quickly the days die, even now!" she says presently, without pre-meditated thought. But, when she don for having intruded at all, and now has said it-as if some sudden displea-"Not friends-one friend only, I sing certainty comes to her-a shadow

crosses her beautiful face. He is quick to see it. "I have a little message I must de-liver to my sister before the daylight fades," he says pleasantly, rising slow-"Let me say, then, au revoir-not ly.

good-bye, as I trust we shall meet again and soon." when thinking of him, he leaves out It is very soon-and very often too. There is something haunting about her face which draws him to it day after "My friend is certainly more attractive than many," responds she brightly.
"But—but I'm afraid now"—glancing sadly at a tiny clock in the corner—"it day. Flowers rare and fragrant make sweet her tiny room, and her sick friend

is made happy by all the latest, best books the library can provide. It is one of those rare, glad, coveted evenings when he feels he may go to see her in her own home.

"I have been so fortunate about my last picture," says Esther Horrocks, coming up to him with eager childish excitement in her tone as he enters her room, "I thought you would never come; I wanted so to tell you. Yet ! knew you would, because you promised What do you think? Mr. Isaacs has given me seven guineas for it, though for the last, as I told you, he gave me

sity. Presently he breaks the silence, "What could have brought you to Something in his tone strikes her so forcibly as to change the expression on her face. Her smile fades; she looks at him with embarrassed scrutiny. Losing a little of his self-control beneath her reproachful glance, he says

"Generous Isaacs!"

warmly—
"I cannot bear to see you wasting your whole life for so paltry a returnpossible to he to this girl with her pure for a mere nothing!" beautiful face and innocent earnest The eager gladness has quite died out eyes that seem to read his very soul. of her eyes now. Will she be angry with him for calling?

"It is not for nothing," she says Will she turn him out, and forbid him gravely. "I know many who --"Yes, I know"-irritably-"get less Raising his head to meet his doom than you do. You hate me, don't you, because I cannot be glad of your drud-gery? And so you think you will make he meets a charming grateful face in-"How more than good of you!" she your fortune, and it will be-" says. "So few people will take so much trouble about any one, But how did you find out my address?" "Sufficient for me," interrupts she,

with cold dignity.
"It will not." He goes a step neare "I followed you," says Sir Gerald honestly. "I didn't like to give you the brush in the street, you know—that to her, and there is a strange passion in his tone. "How should a girl like you know what is sufficient for her? I tell

> "Tell me nothing," says Esther, in slightly frozen tone. She is strangely hurt. Until to-night he has always been so kind, so sympathetic, so glad of her small success.
>
> A silence falls between them.

"Esther," says Sir Gerald at last-it is the first time he has called her by her Christian name, and she starts as ker heart gives a heavy throb, and turns aside lest he should see the pallor of her shyly.

Shyly. to you," returns he, thinking how irresistable she is with the faint touch of own bat"—this with an attempt at lightness—"let me tell you something. I met to-day a—a friend of mine, and —blushing warmly and laughing—"I of amateurs too in the painting line, want my own tea now. See—it is ready He has seen something of yours somewhere, and he is most anxious you should paint him a head, a landscape—anything—in fact, everything. I never you don't want to go anywhere else," anything—in fact, everything. I never "I don't want to go anywhere else," saw a fellow so in earnest, or so anxious says Sir Gerald, which is the strict or so delighted with a picture as he was

For a full minute he waits breath-

"You will not let me help you?" "No-not in that way. You are a great help to me in many others. You give me all my pretty flowers"-glancing round her room-"and your friendship, and your interest in all I do. Do these things"-sweetly-"not count? And then your goodness to my poor, poor Katel You do not know what you have done for her in giving her mind food. You can hardly"-coming nearer, and laying her hand upon his arm, and raising softly to his great shy lambent eyes blue as gentian-"indeed you cannot guess how I love you for

"With grim deliberation Sir Gerald takes her hand from his arm and im prisons it in both his own. His face has grown very pale.

"Is that the exact truth, or a mere figure of speech?" he asks quietly. "Is what?" "You say you love me-do you?"

"One must love what is good and true and generous," returns she bravey, trying to keep her hand from trem "That is not an answer. Do you love

"No? Then I am to believe you think me anything but good and true?" "Oh, no, no!"

"Then you do love me. You will marry me?" At this she resolutely releases the hand he is holding, and stands back from him. Her lips are quivdring but

her eyes are steady. "Do you forget? Are you mad?" she says, in a low tone. "You are bound to marry in your own rank.' "That is what I mean to do. A wo-

man can be only a lady, after all." "I am hardly that, looking at it in the light of your world. My father was a merchant, my mother-a milliner. You must understand however"-drawing herself up with a sweet proud ges-ture—"that I am not ashamed of her for that. But-but others might be.' "If so, I am not of those others."

"So you think now; but afterwards "Our afterwards would always be as now, if you love me as I love you. And if you will only let me have my way-"
"That can never be," returns she

I will not do you this wrong." "In refusing to marry me you do me the deepest wrong of all, But you will not refuse"-holding out to her both his hands in supplication.

"I shall indeed," returns she resolutely, white to the fips.
"Does that mean, in other words that I am less than nothing to you?' a-ks he sternly. "Have all your pretty wiles and looks and blushes had no meaning? Speak, Esther! Confess the truth at least."

"I don't believe it," says Sir Gerald assionately -"I cannot, ! will not. There is truth in your eyes, or there is truth in nothing. Bou will marry

But Esther will not confess,

"I shall not indeed," says the girl recoiling from him with a gesture he nisinterprets.

He releases her hand and steps back

from her; his face has changed. "I flattered myself, it seems," he says with a low discordant laugh. a fool I have been! And so"-looking at her with miserable searching eyes that try vainly to be scornful—"all this

"No, there has been no other man." It is with a little passionate effort she says this; and there is a passionate reproach too in her gaze as she turns it

"How am I too believe you? If that is true, bid me now remain. "I cannot." "You tell me deliberately to go! If

lo I shall never return." "Even so-go!" "You mean that, Esther?

"Yes," says the girl faintly, pointing to the door. "Go, go!" "You shall be obeyed, of course." The very anger and surprise and grief seem all to have died away from im now. He moves toward the door

and then comes back again, and, tak-ing her in his arms, presses his lips to hers for the first time. It is almost as sacred as a dying farewell.
"I shall never cross this threshold "I shall never cross this threshold again," he says, with an anguish in his that brought him to death's door, voice which amounts to solemnity.

A moment afterwards she awakes to the fact that she is indeed alone; and flinging berself upon a sofa, she burtes her face in her hands,

It seems to her that but an hour or two have elapsed since that last miser-able parting, though in reality the night has worn itself away and is now fading before coming morn, when her door is again opened somewhat hurriedly. Springing to her feet, she sees a stranger standing on the threshold, pale and full of muttered evil.

"Miss Horrocks," he says hoarsely, "my brother, Sir Gerald Bonde, has met with an accident. He is calling for you incessantly. You will come to him? The doctor says it is his only chance - your presence, I mean. I hardly know what to say; but come to

him quickly, quickly!" A little cold hand seems to clasp her eart. It is all over then! He is dying! Alas, alas, those fatal last words of his "I shall never cross this threshold again!" In a dull emotionless way she dresses herself, and follows her guide down the stairs and into the street and

A darkened room, one or two silent watching figures, a helpless form, a weak yet excited voice crying always, "Esther, Esther!" A tall aristocratic looking woman glances curiously towards the doorway as Esther enters the room; but the girl herself sees and hears nothing but the stricken figure, the plaintive cry. "I am here-I have come!" she whis-

pers tremulously, failing upon her knees braide the bed and clasping the one uninjured hand between both her Her voice catches the wounded man's wandering attention. Again the light of reason warms his eyes; a great content, a greater gladness covers all his face.

"I knew you would come?" his lips.

"But for this-for this!" returns she, n a voice of agony "As, for this! Yet it brings us together! Essie, you remember what was said between us to-day-yesterdaywhen was it?"-with a painful uncertainty-"that last time we were together. I was wrong when I doubted you! You do love me?"

"Yes-yes." "There is no one else?" "There is no one else. There never vas, there never will be." "Winnie!" says Sir Gerald suddenly. At this the tall woman who had ratched Esther's entrance with dismay -his sister Lady Challoner-comes forward quickly bends over him.

"What is it my dearest Gerald?" "There is something I want to tell ou. This"—letting his tired eyes wander to Esther again, and speaking agerly, though with extreme difficulty
- is the girl I love. You will be good her? You will treat her as a sister

when I am gone?"
"I will—I do!" says Lady Challoner hurriedly, with a badly-suppressed Sir Gerald turns again to Esther.

"You will stay with me?" he says E-ther in her turn hesitates, and looks at Lady Challoner with gentle pleading

"If I may," she says simply, yet with pathetic dignity.
"Yes; she shall stay," says Lady Challoner miserably, addressing her brother. As yet it is impossible to her to exchange words with this unknown

"Until the end?" asks the young young man, looking only at Esther. "Until the end," repeats the latter solemnly.

"It won't be long, my love," returns he with a sad smile, pressing her hand. At this Lady Challoner breaks into bitter weeping; to Esther however it seems as though she and kindly tears have parted forever. Her eyes are dry and brilliant, but there is such forlorn misery in her young face that presently Lady Challoner goes up to her and lays her hand impulsively upon her arm, as though in a vain effort to comfort her. Perhaps in so doing she feels she Is already beginning the fulfillment of her promise to befriend her. A little later, probably with the same intent, she herself brings to Esther a low-cushioned chair to the side of the bed, and insists upon the girl's rising from her tatiguing position to occupy it.

So the early morning lengthens into noon and noon fades into twilight and Bonde opens his eyes again, and, after a troubled semi-conscious moment, lets them fall with glad relief upon Esther, still sitting motionless beside blm.

with a pleased look. Then—"I fancied I was dead, and had no claim to you in that other world. Do not let my cruel fancy come true, Essie. Let me call you wife before I go." A shudder runs through Esther's

frame; she trembles and turns pale.
"What is it?" says one of the doctors, stooping anxiously over his pa-

"I want to make her my wife-now at once. I have made no will: I have done nothing for her. Her poor little hands"-with growing and terrible ex-citement-"will be at work all day The agitation is increasing with him. Frightened by it, Sir Henry, the headphysician, takes Lady Challoner apart

and converses with her earnestly, hur-riedly, in a low tone. Then Esther is appealed to.
"His last chance, if one can call it a chance, lies in perfect rest of mind and body," says Sir Henry; "any undue ex- Vannes. citement will terminate his life probably within the hour. And yet I will not deceive you-I dare not say there the more important evidence of the is in reality a hope of saving his life by any means; there is only"-gently-"the certainty of rendering his last moments happy. This rests with you"-

gazing inquiringly at Esther.
"I will do what he wishes," Esther, with quivering lips. A little in her husband's manner. His brow later she is again sitting beside her husband, this time his hand locked in hers few and rough. She became terrified,

his white worn face.

For three long weary weaks he lingers, hovering between life and death; ered. She was pursued by Comorre, ered. She was pursued by Comorre, and then at last there comes a day when the doctors look less grave, and when had hid to the high road, and beheaded. even a sober smile breaks upon the lips. Then Comorre left the body and return-of the youngest of them. Taking Lady Challoner and Esther apart, they whis-per to them of a kope sure and certain and tell them in all probability Sir Ger-tress. The poor lady's remains were ard in time will be again quite what he recovered by her father, and St. Gildas

Towards evening he opens his eyes again upon his sister and his wife. It is getting dusk; but they both see the happy triumphant smile with which he life. Then he went to Castle Finans, meas to treat a guest of a meal at any time of the day.

had risen hastily and gone to a distant window. Esther, with a pale face, fol-lows hers, and by a slight but vehement

"You blame me," she says impetuously; "but it was not my fault. I would have avoided the marriage if I could. I too have my pride! Though I cation of St. Gildas and the convocation of bishops, but in the vault of the charge in the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the charge in the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the charge in the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the charge in the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the charge in the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the charge in the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the charge in the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops, but in the vault of the cation of bishops. loved him then as I love him now, I would still have left him free to wed would still have left him free to wed some one in his own rank. On that very day, before his accident, he had asked me to marry him, and I had represent the second should be resourced to the second should be re fused. 'Her voice is unsteady, her hands are trembling as she holds them out with a little gesture full of passionate deprecation. You must believe me bluish-black. The second one exhibits He himself will tell you so, But, when they told me that I alone had the power to make his last moments happy—
Oh, what would you have done? Now Heaven, in mercy, has given him back to me; but how can I know content, Then followed the scene of the terrible even with him, if those others whom question, "Where is the key?" he loves—if you look coluly on me?" phyne is on her knees, Sister Anne is Her voice breaks, she draws her breath looking anxiously out of the window.

Her voice breaks, she draws her breath with a sharp sob, and turns eyes dark with fear and grief upon Lady Challoner.

She need not have feared however. Going closer to her, Lady Challoner slips her arm-round her neck.

One never looks coldly on anything beloved," she whispers softly, and beloved, and beloved, and beloved, and beloved, and beloved to be the branch of the window. In the last, Commore is putting the rope of food receives attention.

Egyptian Obelove.

The dreadful death procured by the bishops of Comorns is not ratified by popular tradition, which asserts that he was skilled in battle at a spot called the branch of them are fallen and broken. There are seventeen of them in Italy, seven in England, two is the branch of the window.

In the last, Commore is putting the rope of food receives attention.

Egyptian Obeloves.

There are existing more than forty popular tradition, which asserts that he fallen and broken. There are seventeen of them in Italy, seven in England, two is the branch of the window.

In the last, Commore is putting the rope of food receives attention.

## BLUE-BEARD.

cal Origin of the Nursery Tale.

In the days of the grand monarque there were two brothers called Claude family for nearly a hundred years. signed the famous colonnade of the had been married, and from it they had louvre; the latter wrote some very am- been carried out to the cemetery. bitious poems and disputations, of Mr. Thomas Cary, Bertha's father, which he was very proud, and some ex- had followed in the footsteps of those about his poems; but every one is fami-liar with his "Hop-o'-My Thumb," as he had been. 'Riquet with the Tuft," and his still nore famous "Blue-Leard." Many of Bertha The getting up before dawn, use in some parts of the West.

The home of the true Blue-beard was Brittany. Take a map and look for the time. River Blavet. At the point where it and on its summit the remains of stone fortifications. It is still called Castle Finans, and, beyond all reasonable "I do get very tired, Bertie, but when doubt, it was the stronghold of Blue- I think of the big city it frightens me beard, whose real name was Comorre to imagine myself in it."

the Cursed. He fived about 1.300 years ago, but, ginning, we must go still further back, o the time when Grallon the Great, a British prince, emigrated to Breton and built the famous City of Is, whence, King Arthur and his famous knights ought dragons and redressed Grallon's native isle. Grallon had a daughter, pan that were clutching at me to drag a beautiful and wicked princess, called Ahes, and she gave her name to the quaint old City of Carbaix-Ker-Abes, which still stands, full of high-peaked,

queer-gabled houses, between Lorient nd Roscoff. Well, in A. D. 520 Carhaix was taken from Grallon's descendants by a notorious bandit called Finans, or Comorre. This was when Prince Arthur reigned in Britain; but it was an age of great and general misrule and oppression; an age which allowed many bad, brave men to carve out kingdoms for themselves, and Comorre was only tollowing the prevalent law:

That they should take who hare the power.

And they should keep who can, Commore was a brutal tyrant. Worse, ven than the traditional Bluebeard: for he killed his sons as well as his wives, although one of them was such a holy man that he was canonized after his death. The incidents of his life adorn the church door at Carbaix, and in one of the groups he is represented as holding his head on his hands; so we may presume that he was beheaded by his haix Comorre married four wives, all of whom mysteriously disappeared. Then he fell in love with Triphyne, the daugter of the Count of Vannes.

But he was so universally abhorred for his unnatural cruelty that he did not care to ask for her hand himself. So he sent for Sir Gildas, whose fame for sanctity was all over Brittany. He built the abbey which bears his name, overlooking the bay of Quilberon, and of which, six hundred years later, the renowned Abelard was Abbot. Sir Gildas answered readily the call of Comorre. He desired to convert him, and citement—"will be at work all day when requested to go and ask for the when I am dead and there will be no hand of Triphyne, he did his best to forone to help her. Tell her to consent to our marriage, and get a clergyman to vent war and bloodshed and to bind read the words, and quickly. Where comorre to a better life through the influence of a wife whom he level the influence of a wife whom he loved. Triphyne was not willing to go to Castle Finans, but she consented finally, on the condition that the very hour Comorre tired of her she should be al-

lowed to return in honor and in safety to her father's court. Comorre promised all that was required, and the mar-riage was splendidly solemnized at mind—all this was very trying. Not So far the monkish chronicles gathered by Albert Le Grand agree with She, to Napoleonville: but as the monks were writing to glorify St. Gildas they tell the story to suit that aim. According to them, very soon after Triphyne ar-

a look of great content and peace upon and one morning, in a sudden panic, ed to the castle, but a servant who had

was sent for to see. The saint was terribly angry and

looks at Esther.

"I am to live then?" he says radiantthe holy man threw a handful of dust "So 'I caught you with gile'!" he against the walls and they instantly course of sin and crusade until a convocation of bishops met upon the case and solemnly cursed him. He was immovement compels her to meet her gaze. mediately seized with some awful malady, and his soul was borne to hell on a stream of blood.

This is the story told for the gratifi-

Willow Bough, near the heights of of them in Italy, seven in Engle Instructor in rhetoric—"Give an stone was pointed out as the one coveres a syllogism." Logical ing the grave of Commore, the Cursed, who was—if the frescoes of St. Nich—inches high, alike. I am a man; therefore I am out much doubt, the real Blue-Beard. 1,500,000 pour

## Content With Ones Lot,

During the seventeen years of her life Bertha had remained at home. And home mean' the stone hor at Belleair, of live clams. a house that belonged to the Cary and Charles Perrault. The first de- babies they were born into it, there they

quisite fairy tales, of which he thought who had gone before him, and it had very little. Nobody now cares anything never occurred to him to think that his

But the restless spirit had crept into Perrauit's fairy tales are purely imagi- cooking break ast, milking the cows sary; others are based upon legends or and washing the dishes began each day historic facts, which were already well and to call up the cows, strain the milk known, and among the latter class is and stand at the back door to watch the sunset, rounded off the end of the day that brought her so near the early bed

"Father may like it," said Bertha, changes its course from east to west one of her confidential talks with Mag-there is a desolate, rocky promontory, gie, "but for my part, I think it will -The fertilization of red clover i about kill my soul. I do not see how you can bear it."

"Poor little moth that you are," an swered Bertha, "you think, perhaps, order to begin the story at the be- that the great candle would singe your

wings? "Yes, dear, I do." "So do not I, then. Perhaps little Mag, you have inherited a more wholesome deal of the Cary spirit; to plot, France in 1559, some scholars say, the City of Par-is some deal of the Cary spirit; to plod, derived its name. This was long before and dig, and delve does not hurt you as it does me. I feel as if there were great in session at Dublin has received £1,000 fingers in every broom and every mtlk from America.

me down. And I am tired of it.' "I would not like to feel so," sug- Edward Everett. gested timid Maggie.
"They might be able to drag you, lit-

tle mite that you are. But for me, sweetheart, there must turn up some thing better." What will it be?" "I do not quite know. But I have at 2,177,500 pounds. answered an advertisement for a clerk."

"Why, Bertha!" exclaimed Maggie by the government with a 15,000-candle "Yes, I have." "Why do you choose that?" "Well, it is winter, you know, and New York harbor.

places are hard to find. "Will father consent?" "I wrung it from him last evening. excess of last year's, He says I will be glad to return to the home nest before the birds begin to tato starch it would require 1,575,000 build their nests in the maple. But I bushels of potatoes. think he is mistaken. The world is big -Claus Spreckles is on his way East

and wide, and there is lots to do in it, if I only find it, and I will " Maggie had great faith in her sister, but it grieved her to think of the part -- "Globe trotters" is one of the terms ing. However, when the evening mail for the tourists who take the beaten brought a favorable answer, she was track round the world.

almost as glad for Bertha as the latter ould wish.

-The winters in Iceland are milder than those in Iowa. This modification Bertha's future employer had been is due to the Gulf stream. rather unsuccessful in obtaining the hind of girls that he wanted, they were in the person of a 13-year-old lad who honest enough, but they looked so pale has one head and two bodies. and listless, and they seemed to lose their vivacity so completely that he scalps have been brought into Olympia, thought a fresh country girl would be a W. T., this season for bounty. velcome sight for his eyes. And it happened that one of Bertha's references was a friend of his, so he secured

her services at five dollars a week. X very sad parent was Mr. Cary when he saw the train disappear from the depot taking his daughter from home, and found country homes for 6,000. But his last words were: "God bless you, my girl, and bring you soon Brussels Monnate orchestra of 80 mem-"All right, father, I will come as soon month.

as I get tired."

—A garbage-sifting machine in New York disposes of 140 tons of rubbish days time she was so tired that it seem- daily. One hundred tons is found to ed as if she could not bear it one more be valuable.

day. To stand upon her feet during so \_\_Dr. Jaco

even the kind letters from home could ered by Albert Le Grand agree with the more important evidence of the frescoes discovered a fe v years ago near outing is almost long enough, and every night when she kneels down to pray she thanks her Heavenly Father for the dearhome that awalts her, and to which she hopes to return in a couple of \$100 for each of the cars. This inshe hopes to return in a couple of rived at Castle Finans she saw a change

weeks. And she is treasuring up a bit of adnew nor wise beyond all others; it is guns were known long before the day this, to be content in the rut in which of percussion locks. God has placed her, no matter how homely it is; for He who never errs, coral islands of Micronesia are very each care, knows just what is best for there larger than a pig. His children.

The Chinese consider the stomach the source of intellectual life, and, there- Hand-made envelopes cost oright fore, the fattest man goes for the wisest one. They effect to believe that for- machine now turns them out so that eigners come to China to eat because 1,000 are sold for 30 cents. they have not enough to eat at home, -Two companies are to be added to It is considered a mark of refined politeress to treat a guest or a visitor to a ron to each cavalry regiment in Eng-

Only those Chinamen who have families take their meals at home; the rest a tail hat, and bearing the date 1610, eat at hotels. They usually have two was found recently in the ruins of the laughs feebly, but with humor.

Noting his recognition of his wife, Lady Challoner, full of consideration, which he possessed, and continued his which he possessed, and continued his other between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afthree or four meals a day. Often the father alone eats meat, while the rest of the family have to be satisfied with rice. Poor families usually get their meals from street venders. The well-to-do

science.

The Celestials use no tablecloths, napkins, knives, forks, spoons, dishes, plates or glassware. Instead of napkins they use packages of thin, soft paper, nual per capita consumption of beer which also serves them for handker- with 260 quarts, Russia bringing up the chiefs. After using, they throw them funeral procession with four quarts. Chinese women never dine with the remedies in processions and old relica. men. Everybody smokes during the eating of a formal dinner, and the dinner is crowned by a story or legend nary other city, Philadelphia ranking second other city, Philadel rated by some more or less known ora-tor. No topic of general interest is dis-least of all. cussed at such dinners, but a gastrono-mist who knows all about the preparing

There are existing more than forty outside the tropics, twenty-seven feet long and seventeen feet in circumfer-Within a very few years a large in France, two in Constantinople, and one in this country. The smallest is at

NEWS IN BRIEF.

NO. 39.

-Mankato, Minn., has had a shower -Salida, Col., has sixteen saloons

and no church. -The Brooklyn Bridge is infested

with bumble bees, -The German laborer gets meat only

one day in the week. -Of the 530 employes in the Patent Office but one-half are men.

- The Cherokee Nation have no laws for the collection of debts.

-Paper flour barrels are coming into -Liberia, Africa's colored republic,

is on the verge of bankruptcy. -More drunken men than women can be seen on the streets of London.

-A one-legged roller skater is among the attractions at Bar Harbor, Me, -Sixty theatres have been burned in -The fertilization of red clover is

mainly, if not entirely, performed by bumble bees. -Europe, it is stated, has twenty societies organized to oppose the eating of animal food.

-Rome, in the days of Hadrian, is upposed to have contained 7,000,000 inhabitants. -The first knives were used in Eng-

land and the first wheeled carriage in -The Irish Land League, which is

-One of the best cattle ranches in the West is owned by a grandson of -A Virginia cat is reported to be

rearing two young foxes along with her litter of kittens. -The honey crop for this year in San Diego county, California is estimated -Experiments are being conducted

power electric light. -Bartholdi's mother was his model for his statue of Liberty that is to adorn -This year's wheat crop bids fair to

reach 520,000,000 bushets, 1,000,000 in -To manufacture 5,000 tons of po-

States mails to Australia.

-A shoal of codfish one mile lo and containing 120,000,000 fish will eat \$40,000,000 herring in one week. -The home industrial schools in New York have sheltered 30,000 children

bers, receive, it is stated, only £10 per

-Dr. Jaever, of Munich, maintain many hours, to hear the confusion of so that those people who wear wool, and many people, to inhale the dust from the store, and to creep into her hard cot never catch coid. never catch cold. -The Red Sea is the hottest place or

the globe. Three of the passengers on

the steamer Siguria died from the hear

on her last trip. -The latest dude arony is to shay the mustache down to a narrow fringe of the upper lip. -It costs \$300 to equip a locomotive

-The earliest cannon are said to have vice for Maggie-advice that is neither been breech-loaders, and hammerless

who shapes every burden, who weighs small, not one, it is said, being found -The process of fish hatching is to be shown in actual operation by the

United States fish commissioner at the

New Orleans Exhibition. ally 5 cents each. The envelope-making

land's native English Army.

old fort at Pemaquid, Me. -A plan is on foot for utilizing the underground flow of the San Diego riternoon. The well-to do class take ver by bed-rock dams. The proposed works will cost some \$500,000 -An English authority states that

unless swine fever is absolutely exter-minated from the United Kingdom the disease will exterminate the pigs. -Nine golden weddings have been celebrated in Castleton, Vt., in the last ten years, and all but one of the golden brides and grooms are now living. -Rayaria leads all nations in the ac-

away. Each guest has a saucer, a pair | In the cholera infected districts of sticks, a package of paper and a both the French and Italian pensants, it minute cup, with salt-saucer. The is said, repel the physicians, and seek

> -The average depth of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans is 2500 fathoms. Bottom has been obtained at 4480 fathoms a short distance south of the banks

-A man-eating shark, rarely seeu

ence, was caught in a net off Mount Desert. Me., recently. -Paris green to the value of \$50,000

Berlin, which is twenty-five and a half potato fields this year by the farmers of inches high. An unfinished one in the Maine. One Portland dealer says he

# Now perfect love hath cast out fear.