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JOYS OF BOME,

Sweet are the joys of Home, And pure as sweet, for they, like dews of morn and evening come To wake and close the day.

The world hath its delights, And its delusions, too; But Home to calmer bliss invites, More tranquil and more true. entain fiood is strong,

But fearful in its pride;
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life charities, like light, Spread smilingly after, spread simple of the stars approached become more bright, And Home is Life's own star.

the pilgrim's step in vain s Eden's sacred ground! But in Home's holy joys, again An Eden may be found.

a glance of heaven to see, To none on earth is given; And yet a happy family is but an earlier heaven.

CYRIL'S WOOD-XYMPH.

Some years ago 1 stood musing on a alcony overlooking the Basse Plant at fau. I had been spending many months here with my uncle, who required hange for his health. But he had gown gradually weaker, and now was careely able to return to England and frevorhurst. The twilight shadows sest, the mysterious outline of the hateau loomed ghost-like through the ngile screen woven by the interlacing res within the most; and still I linhe streets below-dull globes shining mt to make a darkness visible. Then

turned slowly away, Through the window I saw my uncle neits Trever, reclining in an armhair before the smoldering logs upon he hearth, with legs outstretched and ands clasped over his waistcoat, formng with thumbs and little tingers, gute angles, north and south. The semblance to a benevolent gnome sus striking, as the flickering light inced disrespectfully on his baid gad, losing itself in the furrows which prang like gothle arches over his deepet eyes, but the attitude of repose, the exible, good-humored lips, now parted na genial smile, flatly contradicted he comparison, and left no doubt as a the character of the good old gentle-

"I'm glad you've come in," he com-

"A proceeding, in the abstract, nataral: in particular, unpleasant," I re-"What has suggested the idea

"Myold age, Cyril, and failing health," sturned my uncle; "and you are the

I grouned. This was an old point of difference between us. I could not rec- I stood up and spoke. gnize in his ardent desire to see me ettled in life, any reason for burden-street in life, any reason for burden-be moself with a companion whose ympathies were likely to be at variin heir was not sufficient to lessen the ishke I had conceived toward all of he feminine gender. Allowing that he sentiment was unnatural in a young nan, it certainly increased in exact proportion to the eagerness my uncle showed to provide me with a wife gainst my inclination. Therefore it s not surprising that the impending liscussion provoked anything but grat-

"In my opinion," continued Mr. frevor, "it isn't good for a young man hear her speak. wander about the world with plenty f money in his pocket, and no responshifty to steady him. Why don't you so!" she a her tears. of Treverburst with you, when I am no longer here? There are as many as | bot must be obtained. me could wish for even in Pau, my

"Oh, as many and more!" was my typical response. "Only, preferring to be married for merit rather than money I should like to know something of the young lady herself, and thanks to folly and fashion that feat is well nigh imessible. Can't we let the subject drop, sit? I am thoroughly tired of it." "Let it drop?" said my tormentor, folling his head round to see me better. suddenly drawing in his legs, he larted a lean hand sideways in my disection as greater emphasis to his meanng, and recommenced:

'Now, Cyril, just listen. You represent the good of life to me. I took you when your parents died; reared ou as my heir-my son; and you have always been a good lad-always, I san't last long-you know I can't. I now weaker every day. Do me this - this one favor. Promise to look seriously about you while we are t Pau. I will not ask you to propose o any one. No, no! But to please me, to gratify and old man's whims, conader the subject seriously."

"Enough, sir!" I answered, touched this appeal. "I give you my promise You deserve far more than that from me. I will think the matter over carefully, and do my best to meet your

"Thank you, my boy!" exclaimed my uncle, rubbling his hands together. You always was a good lad-very!" Nevertheless I was greatly annoyed. One afternoon not many days after the preceding conversation, I strolled across the bridge over the Gave, intending to walk off a fit of all humor incident on meeting three fashionable Young ladies in the Place Gramont. The day was intensely hot, and in my Resent state of mind shade became ab solutely necessary on advancing into be country. Luckily a little by-path, seming to invite investigation, enticed me, and taking it, I found that it led through a thick plantation, which af

forded a grateful relief after the dust and glare of the high road. Presently, emerging from the wood the ripple of running water attracted my attention. Following the sound. arrived at a group of beech trees, and lateing my way through the underwood, saw a natural basin where the steam had collected into a clear pool a lew feet deep. Around the margin erus and twy found their way through loss, bending down to admire their trace reflected in the mirror beneath. a the centre there jutted up a fragnent of rock, clad with grayish lichen aid a few odd rock-ferns which peeped from the narrow fissures in its sides

It was a place for Diana herself to bathe Throwing myself down, I reclined

upon a couch of fallen leaves, concealed by the undergrowth, which still permitted me to enjoy the peaceful beauty of the scene. My happiness was complete but not lasting, for at the moment a sweet voice broke the stillness.

"Me rily, merrily shall I live now. Under the blos-om that hangs o

"The nymph of the stream," I murmured. "Here she comes!"

Crish, crackle, swish! The brambles on the other side were parted, and a young girl stood upon the bank. She seemed about seventeen, but we'll formed for per age. Her feet were concealed by sabots, and she wore a short cloak, like that of a French officer, over her dress An old hat, which had slipped back during the strugh with the thorns, framed a quaint intle face more quaint-

"Delicious!" she exclaimed in English peering eagerly into the green shadows, "How cool the water looks! Oh, dear! How tired I am, and how hot my head and feet are!"

Flinging an armful of ferns on the ground, she seated herself on the brink of the fountain, tapping the surface of the water with the point of her sabot. She was strangely beautiful, but the great soft, brown eyes, fixed dreamily on the surface of the pool, would have redcemed the most irregular features badifference in kind but not of de-

from the charge of ugline-s. "I will!" she suddenly cried. "There is no one here to see, and no one any- Coteaux are disappointing, the Pyre-

I watched her in amused perplexity freverhurst. The town in night; the ad wrapped the town in night; the ad wrapped the town in night; the graceful freedom of each motion congrated with the state of the state trasted agreeably with the studied ele-

gance of polite society. What a goose I am!" she soliloguized, pausing in the act of throwing off s within the lamps were lighted in her little sabots, as a slight change of my position rustled the leaves of which my couch was composed. "That is the unorthodox amusements. Every leaf that stirs must be construed by my guilty conscience into some one looking at me. A pretty sight they would see, too! The idea is Jamehable?

She took off ber hat and let loose a mass of dark, curly hair, which floated about her shoulders in picturesque disorder. Then, lying down on the edge of the pool, she stooped over and dipped her face in the water, pouring it with her little hands over the top of her head, till her curis were dripping like a water spanniel, then laughing as she wrung out a shower of diamonds At that moment an incident occurred

for which I have been thankful eve. since. In casting off the sabots, one had fallen dangerously near the edge of nexced, as I sat down. "Cyril, my the bank, and this, now receiving an low, what do you think of getting marquietly slipped into the water, commencing a journey on its own account by jogging over the miniature waves with most prosaic obstinacy.

A cry of dismay followed the dis-What was to be done? The shoe was already out of reach and how ast of our race. It would be a pity to could it be recovered? I laughed silentst the family die out. You ought to ly. All trace of my dislike to women narry, Cyril," Up went the eyebrows had evaporated. I blessed that shoe loss brought tears into the brown eyes, then softly drawing aside the branches

"Mademotselle!" was all I said, though

over her evebrows, flooded the sunnce with mine. Even the prospect of burned neck, affected, I verily believe, the tiny feet themselves. Her shyness conquered mine. I longed to set her more at ease.

"Mademoiselle, pardon me, I would not have presumed to make my presence known, had not it been for this misfortune "said I, respectfully, pointing to the self-constituted boat steadily approaching the centre. The Nymph hid her face.

"Will you permit me to attempt the I persisted, determined to

"Oh, sir, have pity! I thought I was alone. If you can assist me, pray do so!" she answered, striving to conceal Poor little thing! Decidedly that sa-

"If mademoiselle would kindly aid me by throwing stones from her side, so as to drive the shoe toward the shore," I suggested, ignoring her dis-

Dashing her hand across her eyes, the girl immediately set about collecting missiles, which were then flung by my direction-at first badly, but, gradually regaining confidence, her aim improved, and, to my great joy, forgetting in the excitement all the disagreeable attendant circumstances, her clear laugh rang through the fragrant air,

each peal re-echoing within my heart. Here was a revelation. In all my life, a perfectly natural girl, at the same time perfectly well bred, had never crossed my path. Hundreds of pretty danisels had walked, danced and posed before me for the sake of Trevorhurst, but never one whose grace had not been cultivated, made to order-whose smile was not a languid elongation of the lip. On the other hand, the frank abruptness of the country lasses was no better; loud voices from charming women jar upon my nerves; so that be tween this Scylla and Charybdis I became a man whose books and horses represented to him the only pleasure in

Now, to upset these crude ideas, came a maiden, with bare feet gleaming through the moss, over whose entire person sweet modesty had thrown her vail. If but the mind equaled the appearance in simplicity, my uncle's wish yould not seem so hard to gratify.

Meanwhile, the would-be boat drifted nearer to the land and having by means of a long stick obtained possession of it, I dried it in my handkerchief before surrendering it to the owner, who dared not raise her eyes to aid her faltering

Feigning not to observe how the sa bots were resumed, I occupied myself in gathering up the ferns strewn upon the bank, talking incessantly. I told her how the Autumn tints had charmed me, so that town life faded into insignificance before the freedom of the uplands, and as I praised, a bond of sympathy sprang up between us, and we chattered like two old familiar

friends. "Are you an artist?" she asked at "I am quite sure that you are length. "I am quite sure that you are English. Besides, you are too—cour

teous—for a Frenchman."
I laughed. "Thank you. No, I am no artist, except so far as appreciation of beauty can make one. I am-a student of nature, at present intent on be coming acquainted with the neighborhood of Pau from a different standpoint to that of the ordinary visitor.

My companion smiled, complying by describing favorite nooks, hidden, like this fairy pond, from prying curiosity.

Ross, that she lived with her father in and after a few words, said: a villa on the Coteaux, with no other to visit her, but these events were come to present to you Mr. Cyril Trevor." her at parties, and she had described me to Beatrice as a "woman-hater," but immensely rich."

"I don't know why she called you that," said my Nymph, doubtfully. the reverse."

"Never judge a man by what you ar," returned I gravely. "Man is a hear," returned I gravely. many-sided animal; gentle to those who treat him well, the opposite when badly managed. He must be humored, Miss Beatrice. But are you never lonelv, separated so much from all society? Do you never wish to be with your

sister? "No," she answered, quickly. "I am qu te happy as I am. Now and then I ong to see the beauties of other lands. but that cannot be. And, after all, though nature may look otherwise, she cannot be more beautiful than here,"
"You are right," said I; "there may

"So I believe. People often say the nees not to be compared to other mighty ranges, but the fault it seems to me, is theirs. If you come to nature," she will favor me with her hand--" ontinued, waving a little hand to il- stopped and looked at Beatrice. lustrate her meaning, "with a fixed "I am not a good dancer," she said, idea, there must be a hill here, a foun-blushing. "You will be sorry for havtain there, icebergs glittering in the ing asked me, afterward." sunlight yonder, and moss-grown ruins where I stand; of course one will not where I stand; of course one will not always find them. But come to the life." great earth-mother saying, 'Show me what thou wilt!' And what loveliness she then unfolds! The morning sky of palest yellow, darkest indigo, and clearest rose, so shaded as to be a miracle; I reappeared in his room. no harsh discord, but all a blending harmony, the pure air shaking the dew drops off the trembling grass; the mel-

the cicala to make the silence felt. At night, the glorious stars and peaceful slumber of the woodlands. Nevertwice the same! strange light, fixed on the quivering beeches, I almost fancied that she saw from the dim recesses of the whisperng shadows, and that, like some hero-

while unhappily the snap of a dry twig aroused her, and with a gentle dignity she bade me farewell. "We shall meet again?" I asked, de

taining her hand. "Who can tell?" was the reply, as he answered, sadly, pushing aside the brambles, with a like to see you settled first,"

out of sight. retracing instead, the dusty way to tely won my uncle's heart, and it child!-yet no child, but woman in all the future holds concealed!

It was not difficult to interest my ancle in the adventure. The elder Miss her beauty and accomplishments, but to him before returning home, he fully approved of my winning a wife whose youthful mind could readily adapt itself to her husband's views and customs. However well Miss Ross might play the lady of the Manor, her younger sister would probably be a better match for me. Then the question arose, how to gain Mr. Ross's consent? Plainly the road to the villa lay through his sister Madame B--'s drawing-room. My uncle, therefore, proposed calling on her, stating my wishes to see more of her niece, and enlisting her sympathies on my behalf. As the plan seemed feasible; I consented gladly promising to await the issue with all

the patience at my command. Weeks passed on without any visible result. My uncle only responded to my importunities by mysterious nods, or ness, Beatrice?" more exasperating proverbs. I wandered all over the country in the hope of meeting Bestree, returning at the tivated me that very first day I had close of the day more despondent than seen her at the pool. This inpate modever. I haunted the pool, but though esty was part of her nature, inseparable the sun-elves played upon the surface, as herself, as exquisite as, alas, it has no girlish figure came through the brambles, no sweet voice sang the praises of the wood. Granted that all my attempts began and ended in follylove? I grew discontented and peevish riage, and begged Beatrice to name the those days, we were not sociable companions, he sat on one side of the fire,

One evening, on coming home in a more dejected mood than usual, I was must have been the death of any other

crossly, throwing down my hat,
"Very merry!" he replied, rolling
his head fearfully. 'I think you need a change of air, Cyril. We'll go to door.

truth, my own eagerness was great to hasten back to him. I bade them both farewell. The servant met me at the door. crossly, throwing down my hat, Mentone or Rome. They say the cli-mate is more exhilarating and quite as news that greeted me. "We were gomild as this. What do you say to it?" ing to send for you The doctor says "I'm well enough, sir. But all places | there is little hope." are alike to me, and I'm quite ready to

chuckled, gathering his legs up sharply speak as I leaned over the bed. and shooting them out again with equal rapidity. "Very good! Then we'll be off next week. By-the-by, Madame B—has a party to night, as you know. She wanted me to go, but said the night air was too great a risk and I told her I'd send you instead. You'll look in my boy?"

"Certainly, if you promised, sir," I has swered, morosely. "But frankly, I ly. wish you had not done so. I am in no umor for frivolity just now."

Leading her on to speak of herself, I have been kindly ungracious. Madame luctance to fulfill, was about to be gratearned that her name was Beatrice however, welcomed me exceedingly, used—he might not see the consumma-

"You have met my niece before, I in life! companion than an old housekeeper, understand, Perhaps, however, a more Sometimes her only sister came from formal introduction would not be out through the curtains he raised himself Pau, where she resided with an aunt. of place. Beatrice, my dear, allow me with my assistance, and, with the ghost

It is impossible to recall what followed. Everything was enveloped in a rosy haze of blissful incredulity. When I recovered somewhat we were sitting together in a distant part of the room. "You are not unkind to me, but quite screened from the public gaze by rows of plants, from which I conclude that even at that trying moment my native it was the last long sleep that knows no common sense had not entirely deserted

The time passed with terrible rapidity Beatrice told me that her aunt had come a few days since to the villa, and, after a long conversation with Mr. Ross, had carried her off to Pan. Making good use of my time, a bond of sympathy was binding us very closely together when madame at last broke in upon our solitude.

"Really, Mr. Trevor, I cannot permit you to monopolize my niece all the evening. You may call to morrow if you like, but I must separate you now. Beatrice Miss Lucy wishes to speak to you about Lady C.'s ball. Are you going, Mr. Trevor?"

"I had not intended accepting the invitation on account of my uncle's health," I replied; "but if Miss Ross

"I am not a good dancer," she said, ted and planned the welfare of my "Never!" I cried fervently. "Grant

Madame laughed heartily at my ardor, and having obtained the desired

promise, I took my leave. "Ho! ho!" chuckled my uncle, when go to Rome next week, Cyril? Do you want bracing now, my boy?" "The wind has changed, sir," I an-

ody of fifty different birds, and the swered gravely. "The journey will solemn tremor of the forest trees. At scarcely be necessary on my account. o'clock in the morning there was a mid-day, the deep hush of sleep-only Had you any idea that Miss Ross would be at her aunt's to-night, sir?" I inquired. "Of course I had," chuckled my he same!"

uncle, "I arranged the whole affair, him, how he could not sleep through
As she stood, with hands clasped over Got Madame B——to drive with me to the hot days, and yet how dependent he the ferns, her eyes, shining with a the villa one day, and had a chat with was upon his small salary for a liveli-

Mr. Ross. The long and short of it is that I obtained his consent to your mar- fortune in the war and now had to the earth-mother herself, beckoning riage with his daughter, provided he work like a slave; that he was poor and incurred no trouble or expense in the discouraged with his condition, and he matter. A selfish old man, Cyril. You did not care how soon the good angel ine of German folk-lore, she was fast do well to take the girl away from his called him to another world. A few losing the consciousness of mortality influence. But, my boy " he added minutes later the proof-reader, who sat under the influence of a mystic charm, you must have the wedding soon, I beside him, came to a little telegraph can't last much longer."
"Don't sir, for pity's sake, say so.

please God," said I, brokenly,

complaisance with the result of falling I wanted to follow but dared not, daily deeper in love. Beatrice comple-Pau, oppressed by a strange sensation | very pretty to see her tender solicitude of loss, and dizzy with new ideas. Oh, for him. In due course the day of the ball arrived, and I sent Beatrice a bouthe depth and tenderness of unsophisti-cated wisdom—who could have told had not dared mention the wedding but yesternight thy lot and mine were day. My uncle had been far from well interwoven in the weft of time? Ah, that day, and toward evening alarming that it may not prove a passing golden symptoms began to appear. He was thread, glittering against the darkness | very anxious that I should go, however of a lonely life, but that the two may declaring that he should rest more easitwine together all through the years ly when he knew his dearest hopes were consummated and I was actually married; and grew so excited on perceiving my reluctance to obey, that at last I left Ross had impressed him favorably by the room, pledged to redeem my promise

Determining only to explain my uncle's danger to Beatrice, and carry searched the crowded rooms and corridors of Lady C——'s villa, and at last found har scated in the public saw that letter he beautiful that the heirs could not be found. When Dick Shanks found har scated in the public saw that letter he beautiful that he could not be found. found her seated in the conservatory who died just before Dick was born, screened by large flowering plants from observation, the very embodiment of welancholy. On seeing me she sprang up hurriedly, a vivid flush dying her lovely features. It was not difficult to guess who was the object of her contemplations.

"Cyril! I thought you would never come! I even heard some one mention that your uncle was worse, and you of Mr. J. C. Bower, of Kansas City, would most probably not be able to and Dick will soon have his meney. leave him."

"And was this the cause of your sad-She blushed and looked down, with

all the charm of modesty that had cap-

become rare. Then I told her that my uncle was proaching. I added that his only re what will not a man do when he is in maining wish on earth was our mar-

iety about my uncle's health, he having ted; but with all her modesty and simight a cold which he seemed unable plicity there was an absence of coquetry to shake off. We did not talk much in about her that before many minutes were over she had given me the required promise, and named the day. Then, olling his head and coughing; I sat on together with as much happiness in our the other, responding by impatient hearts probably as was ever given to That good lady was not surprised at

greeted with a volley of chuckles that the news we brought; but while congratulating me, joined with Beatrice in urging my departure, as my uncle "You seem merry, sir," I remarked must require my immediate care. In truth, my own eagerness was great to

I ran up stairs to his room. The

accompany you anywhere."

dear old gentleman was struggling hard
for breath, but he smiled and tried to dear old gentleman was struggling hard "It is all right, uncle," I said, softly, "Beatrice has promised to be mine in a month from to-day, but sent me back to you the moment she heard of your

illness," He pressed my hand feebly in reply. All through the sorrowful night I sat beside him, distressed at the sight of his sufferings, which he bore so patient-Toward morning the struggle abated, and he fell into a semi-stupor. How strange life seemed to me during "Quite right." coughed my uncle, the long hours of that watch! From a satirically. "At your advanced age you sick bed to a ball; from a proposal to a

tion of his hopes! How often it is thus

When the dawn was shining clearly of his old, quaint smile, he whispered; paratively rare. To our mutual de-light, in this sister was a pretext found as, in the radiant being before me, I last Cyril, and the old man has not a for our acquaintance. I had often met recognized my long lost wood-nymph. Wish on earth unfulfilled. Farewell, my boy; you have ever been as a son to me, the one bright spot in a lonely life. God bless you and make you happy

> wish each other good morning in a happier clime." Then he fell back as if to sleep-but

Good-by, Cyril, Some day we shall

A few weeks afterward there was a very quiet wedding in Pau. I was iged to return to England, and could not bear to leave my wife behind, so the trousseau was curtailed, and Beatrice came with me to disperse the gloom of Trevorhurst. Years have passed since then, years full of quiet happiness seldom broken by storms, and never once have I regretted meeting my fate among the beeches. The mists are again stealing up the hillsides, as I stand on the same balcony on which this tale commences, looking over the same scens. The sun is once more declining in the west-the Pyrenees seem far, and dim, and cold-too grand to heed the sighing of the breeze that comes from them to me. But they cannot chill the memories that bind us to the past, nor freeze the mingled joy and sadness of those days, when the dear old man who loved us both, plot-

wood-nymph and myself.

One hot night in July, 1885, when the burden of proof-reading in a close foom seemed almost suffocating, Dick Shanks was working as only night fiends on morning papers can work, gazing in-tently at the agate and nonpareil takes, deciphering bad manuscript, and laboriously contributing his share to make a mentarily to dump its whole cargo on morning paper. About half-past 3 the rocks and brambles over the highslack in the run of copy, and while Shanks and his fellow-workmen were high-spirited companions of his. waiting for other proofs, he began to tell how night work was wearing on him, how he could not sleep through hood. He told how he had lost a manifold paper these words:

The old copyholder read it and laughingly put it in his vest pocket, where it remained for many months. No one ever dreamed that there was a word of trath in the manufactured telegram. Mrs. Shanks one day found the telegram in her husband's vest pocket, and asked what it meant. Just for fun he said it was a true telegram which he had received. She told a sister-in-law, and this sister-in law wrote to Stanford, Lincoln county, Ky., to know if it was so. The answer came that there was a fortune there for the heirs of David L. Shanks, formerly of Virginia; that he had at one time owned a number of shares in a turn-pike road. He died in 1841, and the annual dividends had accumulated and been in the public was the former owner of those shares, for his name was David L. and he came from Virginia. Subsequent com-munication with the State Treasurer and county officials has placed Dick Shanks' identity beyond a doubt as the heir of three-fifths of the entire fund, which has been accumulating for over forty years. The case is in the hands

A recent writer in a London paper says it would be ungallant not to admit that the princess of Wales is an ornament to her sex, and her sweetness and beauty are the themes of every scribe beauty are the themes of every scribe lay over a wide sufarce of the lake. tapered at both ends, and resemble the whenever the royal lady is to be seen. Then the lads—having done what hosts. Danish fishing craft of the present day. in public. But has anyone ever observed the wife of Albert Edward smile? Her indeed worse, and thought his end ap- absolutely immobile countenance and her set expressson are well known, and photography reproduces them in perfect truthfulness. That fair but sphinxand augmented my private wees by anx- day. At first she was pale and agita- like face one in time begins, naturally enough, to regard as a mask, beneath which the real index of the soul moves in concealment. Reflections such as these are suggested by examining the latest cabinet portraits of Alexandra clothed in her doctor's robes—doctor of music, not of law. nor of divinity—as she was lately seen in Dublin. It she was lately seen in Dublin. It youngsters who try to be funny."
would be curious to know why the This is a true story. That gentle princess always affects one fashion in the arrangement of her coiffure, but the fact is she is bald, or nearly so. Her head was shaved during a serious illness, and her hair has since refused to grow. Consequently the royal wardrobe includes fifty wigs, the distinguish ing feature of which is that the curls brought well over the forehead.

fashion of court dames to affect the tender touches. "Alexandra limp," in servile imitation of the princess of Wales, whose free gait was slightly impeded by the effects however, restores, as far as possible, other fellow. the ravages of disease.

fanny enough, but I never can remem-

A Scared Cockney.

He was an English clubman, and he came to this country with the best of intentions to see his translantic cousins at home and observe their peculiarities. He was here just one week; then he sailed back straight for England. He had seen enough of America. It wasn't his fault that he chanced to do a young American a substantial favor one night in London a month or two ago; it the alphabetic is wasn't his fault that he happened to K. in English. neet the same young gentleman on the deck of his steamer on his passage out. It was fate. The American was grateful for past services and urged his English friend to visit him at his home up in a little Connecticut town. The clubman was not backward in accepting the invitation, which promised him full opportunities to see the Yankees around their own hearths. A day or two spent in New York after the steamer reached this side, and the Englishman was speeding along in a hot, dusty railroad train which left him finally at the station of the village where was his friend's home. Here more fate came in. The American was laid up with a

sprained ankle, and the task of entertaining John Bull fell to the rest of the family, including a younger brother. Bright and early one morning this boy proposed a swim in a lake a mile or so distant. His proposition was accepted, and in half an hour a man of the world and two small boys were riding over a stony country road in a wagon built chiefly to withstand hard usage and furnished with springs that did everything else but spring. The strange boy had something in his pocket and on his mind. He carefully drew from under his coat what looked like a big firecracker, covered with yellow oiled silk, and furnished with a yard of rubber tube dangling from one hand. Over the rough road along went the wagon pitching recklessly, and the Englishman for a long time ignored the firecracker, having time to pay attention to little else than the gymnastics of that wagon, ricocheting here and there all over the roadway, and threatening mo-

an ear to the conversation of those two "How much is in it?" asked his friend's brother, addressing the other small boy and tenderly caressing the yellow silk packet, while that youth with evident pride, answered: "About half a pound."

"Sure it will go off ?" "'Coarse; there's half an inch of ful-

ninate in the cap." Fulminate! Somehow that had an "Ah, unpleasantly familiar sound. "Ah, what's fulminate for:" asked the queen's loyal subject. "To kill fish!" "take" which said something about a came from the twain in one breath. vast fortune in Kentucky left to the That was reassuring, somewhat. Yan-You'll live for many along year yet, heirs of David Shanks. Thinking he kees were so ingenious, he had heard, lease God," said I, brokenly, could have a little fun by inserting his and this was probably some novel sort of a reel. "But how does it work!" he "And I should proof-reader added in a few lines on the persisted. "Easy enough," was the response," just light this fuse and chuck it in where the water's deep."

'Light the fuse! Why, what is in it?" "Dynamite," calmly chorused the oungsters. Then there was fun-for the small boys. Out of that wagon mell. Half a pound of dynamite! A rattling wagon, a stony road, and a pair of reckless boys! What a fate! And he howled and he ran. But those small boys were not to be sat upon in that way. They called for him to come back; he didn't come; then out the little scallawags started in close pursuit, threatening that if he did not halt they would throw the whole cartridge fair and square for his head. There was no hope but in surrender, and he surren-dered; then those wicked Yankee lads put that firecracker shaped affair into his own hands, coaxed him up into their wagon again, and with persuasive

given half a chance. exhibition. Those boys had not been tained about a hundred little golden fooling him, that ruse was lighted, and boats, curiously worked, varying in size over into the water it went with a little | from three to four and a half inches, brought him from Connecticut.

"It's all very well, of course," he rather a blarsted sight take my chances with the Fenians than any of your fool cockney was fairly prostrated. He had seen quite enough of the States. And played with unconscious exactitude in away he sailed. away he sailed.

Home Tenderness

No matter how busy a man may be this. They refuse to grasp an abstract he should find time every day to tell his Artistic dressing serves another pur- wife he loves her. No matter what pose, also, and the presence of a mark social demands made upon the woman. of disfigurement on the swan-like neck she should find time to kiss her husband is effectually concealed by the high and give him one of the smiles that good many people truly are content of the post of the pos collar, large bow, band of velvet, or were so sweet to him when he came other arties contrivance invariably of the future queen. Poor lady, she knows her sorrows! It is within to take the children upon their knees and though a few dare own to them to take the children upon their knees. general recollection when it was the and caress them with kind words and selves that beauty is an end sufficient, trous ends. Superstitious officers, there-

gait was slightly impeded by the effects of rheumatic fever. A cork heel of from choice, it makes him mad to ask unusual height added to one boot now, him why the girl made choice of some of our brooding authorities have lady to whom he is betrotted.

Miss Bessie—"Tell me, Auntie, am I twenty-five or twenty-six to-day. It is funny enough, but I never can rememsatirically. "At your advanced age you ought to have done with frivolity. But you'll go, Cyril?"

Accordingly, about half-past eight I presented myself at Madame B—'s, The rooms were full, and, as I paused on the threshold, if my face betrayed my secret feelings, its expression must

sick bed to a ball; from a proposal to a death! How every act of loving kind-ness came back to me as I recalled the you'll go, Cyril?"

Accordingly, about half-past eight I presented myself at Madame B—'s, The rooms were full, and, as I paused on the threshold, if my face betrayed my secret feelings, its expression must

actived a slice from a roast on the table, when he suddenly summoned his stew-death! How every act of loving kind-ness came back to me as I recalled the you'll go, Cyril?"

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The rooms were full, and, as I paused on the table, death! How every act of loving kind-ness came back to me as I recalled the you'll go, Cyril?"

Accordingly, about half-past eight I presented myself at Madame B—'s, The rooms were full, and, as I paused on the table, when he suddenly summoned his stew-ard before him. "What d'ye mean, sir, by this?" By what d'ye mean, sir, by this?" By what d'ye mean, sir, by this?" By what d'ye mean, sir, by this?" Spy what, sir?" roplied he of the paulettes, "why damme, sir, don't you see that this roast beef's not half bear principles. In that d'ye mean, sir, by this?"

The rooms were full, and, as I paused on the table, when he suddenly summoned his stew-ard bear when he

The Origin of "O. K."

In the language of the Choctaw Indians, one of the most frequently oc-curring expressions is the emphatic oke | West. with which an affirmative or denial is concluded. This oke (pronounced with strong accent on the last syllable) is one of the substitutes for the copulative verb "to be" which is wanting in Choctaw. Oke, as pronounced in Choctaw. has exactly the same sound as the alphabetic pronunciation of the O.

The meaning of the express nearly as it can be conveyed in English be cited, will illustrate this, Choctaw Indian is a good fellow" is expressed thus; Hattak api huma Chahta ackukmah oke, m which hattak api huma means "Indian" (literally, man-body-red), achukmoh means good and oke is the copulative expression, ted a safety jar for morphine "it is so." In the Rev. Cyrus Byington's Choctaw New Testament the first sentence of Matt. 5, 13: "Ye are the salt of the earth," is: gakni in huppi nuchchia hoke, literally: "the earth its salt ve: that is so."

To Gen. Andrew Jackson is attributed the introduction of the Choctaw word into our Anglo-American speech. Before the war of 1812, in voyages up and down the Mississippi and in trading expeditions overland from Nashville, Tenn. to Natchez, Miss, through the Choctaw nation, he was brought into frequent communication with the Choctaws.

Gen. Jackson, as everybody knows. was prone to the use of downright and energetic methods of assertion. Heartered by the Choctaw people, he learned the meaning conveyed by it to the Choctaw mind and appropriated it, out of hand, to his own purposes. From York. him it passed over to the multitude. This account of the origin of O. K. has been current in the south for many years. If not true, it is, to say the east, ben trovato.

No one who has ever read an autograph letter of Gen. Jackson's will easly credit the story that he was in the habit, when he was president of the way fences; but pretty soon he did give United States, of Indorsing, in kaltem silver mined. blute, applications for office, with the letters O.K., under the belief that these were the proper imitials for "all cor- working day. rect." Jackson was no scholar, but he was not so grossly ignorant of English orthography as to fall into a blunder of 2,841 pounds, that sort. He may have indersed documents with the letters O. K. as a jocular symbol of his favorite Chectaw expression. The story that these letters were seriously intended by him as an abbreviation of "oll korrect" was probab'y, as Mr. George Bancroft suggests, an a posteriori invention of the nemy-to wit, the Whigs-during the

hot political contests in the days of the roaring '40's. That the abbreviation O. K. was coined by Jackson himself and used by ued at \$403,104.620. him long years before it passed into curtract from the old court records of in San Francisco. Summer county, Tenn., quoted by

ton in his "Life of Jackson," vol. 1. page 136: "October 6, 1790. Andrew Jackson Esq., proved a bill of sale from Hugh McGary to Gasper Mansker for a negro man, which was O, K." [A common western mistake," adds Mr. Parton, "for O. R., which means Ordered Recorded. Hence, perhaps, the saying

It is not more likely that the O. K. of this entry was suggested by Jackson himself, as a brief way of saying, after the Choctaw fashion, that the claim had been legally made out.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copennagen has just been entones such as the youth of a certain riched by a remarkable discovery made age is best master of they rattled on at a small place near Thisted, on the toward their destination. They had no fear. Yes, it was real dynamite they men digging in a grave-pit in the neigh- Dead Letter Office in Washington. assured him; dynamite, and enough too | borhood of an old burial mound, called | to blow up a county or two if it were Thor's mound, struck an earthern ves- are owned by women, and that twenty sel with their picks, disclosing a num- dairy farms are managed by women. It was perhaps because he was new ber of gold pieces. On examination it to the climate that the gentleman from was found that an earthern vessel of till the journey ended, as most journeys been buried about a foot and a half do, and the good man was given a little below the surface, and this had con-

splash that developed in a minute or A gunwhale and frames of thin strips two to what sounded like an exploding of bronze had first been formed, and parliament house, as safe behind a big | these had been covered with gold plates, tree he waited and trembled and list- some of which were further ornamenened. A big stream of water had shot ted with impressions of concentric up into the air, and fish dead or stunned rings. The boats, of which only a few so that they could readily be picked up are in a fair state of preservation, are of "sportsmen" all over New England do daily—went swimming, but they as a deposited treasure of votive offerwent alone, for the man behind the tree ings, and belongs, doubtless, to the close had been quite content to hurry back of the bronze age, proves that frameover that road altogether satisfied to built vessels were already known at bear himself company, and it was the that time, and that man was not satisvery next train to New York that fied with the hollowed-out trunks of trees. The gold of which these little fishing-models are composed was valexplained, "when you are used to it, ued at £27, which amount, together but I haven't been brought up on with a gratuity, has been forwarded to dynamite at home, you know, and I'd the finders, who are both poor men-

Popular Notion of Beauty,

Our popular notion of beauty is dis-

deep," a "snare" and "handsome is that handsome does." The tendency of English people to moralize is not to idea. Beauty must be allied with some concrete quality of the individual, as truth, or modesty, or good works, or with it as such; in fact, they prefer fewer dare to avow it. The great masters of old would have stared, then | new and fifth one.

When a bachelor says he is single laughed consumedly when they caught the humor of the thing, to hear the rously strict in Mexico that a man may hit upon. They aimed at beauty and A good story is told at the expense of nothing else-it was supremest beauty cles left in the New York elevated railcritics would be sadly puzzled to recon- missioner of New York, says that

NEWS IN BRIEF

-There are 122 cigar factories in Key

-The widow of Santa Anna is still living in Mexico.

_ Editor and Proprietor.

-The dryest flour contains from 6 to 7 per cent, of water.

-Croton water is purified by keeping fish in the reservoirs. -Germany is fitting out four Arctic

exploration expeditions. -Most German army officers, it is

reported, wear corsets. -Silver is scarcer than gold in the Nevada mining camps,

-One and two dollar bills bring a premium in New York.

-Semi-military discipline is to be in troduced at Vassar College. -A Rochester druggist has construc-

-The estimated losses by the cyclone at Charleston foot up \$1,690,000

-Cotton seed hulls are made into kindling in an Alabama factory, -Thespire of St. Patrick's Cathedral New York, is to be 330 feet high.

-The new postal cards will cost the Government \$47.71 per thousand. -Bosworth battle field is cut into quarters by a casal and a railroad. -At least one ton of gold is burled in the graves of the dead every year.

-The product of the mines of Bolivia is estimated at 16 000 000 ounces. -Political gossips in Europe have it that Italy is preparing to seize Tripoli,

-According to a late estimate there ing this emphatic oke so frequently ut- are 200,000 Adventists in the United States. -Within the last twenty-five years 41

dally newspapers have died in New -The manufacture of roller skates employs thirty thousand hands in this

-The City of New York, it is esti mated, has at present no fewer than 400 millionaires,

-The Bolivian government levies a tax of four-sixths for each onnce of -The ore output of Leadville for July reached 1,000 tons a day for every

-The weight of 1,000,000 dollar bills in greenbacks is within a fraction of -The Woman's National Industrial League has decided that Chinese laun-

dries must go. -The circulation of all New York papers is steadily falling away in the West and South,

-The pay-roll of the Courstock mines for the month of July will be not far from \$115,000. -The output of the mineral products of the United States in 1884 was val-

-Adolph Sutro, the millionaire, is rent slang, finds confirmation in an ex- about to establish a free scientific library -The Chicago bankers and moneyed men are unanimously opposed to fur-

> ther comage of silver. -Attempts to introduce American brook trout into English waters have not met with success. -The depression of the coal trade in

South Wales is so serious that nearly 40,000 men are affected by it. -Fire has not left the hearthstone of one farmer in Georgia since it was kin-

dled with flint and steel in 1842. -The total number of self-supporting women and girls over ten years of age, in New York State, is 2,647,157,

-A New York lawyer says he would have no trouble in getting 1,000 men in that city to swear falsely in a case. -The death is reported of Sultan Abdul Munin of Bruncil, in the island

of Borneo, at the age of 141 years.

-An average of 15,673 letters for every working day are received at the -It is said that 955 farms in Iowa

-The bones of Pizarro lie in the Lima Cathedral, a building that was un--The "brother-in-law is the Chicago name for the bogus beli punch employed

in "beating" the street car companies.

-The popular supposition that an ostrich never lays but one egg, and drops that anywhere upon the sand, is -The ruins of Hierapolis, in the Delta of Egypt, once above inundation.

are now beneath a deposit of seven fee of mud. -The American Bible society expends \$15,000 a year in translating.publishing and distributing the Bible in

foreign lands.

-The people of Boston place great confidence in their newspaper men. Twenty of them hold State and muul cipal offices. -Fifteen hundred telephone matruents in Buffaloare supplied from elec-

tricity made by the water power of Niagara Falls. -The stenographers in Buffalo as-sembled have decided that a speed of

250 words per minute is unattainable and undestrable -The Australian authorities have established offices where all patent medicines intended to be offered for sale in

the country must be tested. -More than fifteen firms manufacturing and dealing in croquet goods have gone out of the business years. The game is dead.

-When potatoes were first intro duced into Connecticut it was held that if a man ate them every day he could -Statistics furnished by the Cincin-

fifty years show that the average rainfall is gradually decreasing. -Four vessels in the United States navy named Boston have come to disas-

fore, dislike to go into service on th

-The recent sale of unclaimed arti-