VOL. XXXIX.

### MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1885.

NO. 46

### GLAD AUTUMN DAYS.

The magic voice of spring has gone,
Her emerald blades are turning brown;
Her Dandelion's ball of lace.
Has given place to Thistle-down;
The violets have caught the dew,
And hid it 'neath their becamets blue,
And orchard-blossoms, pure and are And orchard-blossoms, pure and sweet, Have long since withered in the heat.

The sickle, sharp and keen, has reaped The meadow blossoms, rows on rows; The Barky lies in winnowed heaps, And aftermath, luxuriant grows; The Sumac tall, all touched with ch Forms, crimson head around the grange, And floating now my path across, On gauge wings is Milkweed's floss.

O Maples all in scarlet dres O spikes of flery Golden-rod; O purples Asters everywhere Upspringing from the sere-grown sod; O blue-fringed Gentian, growing tall, Then comest when the leaflets fall, Sweet flowers to bloom 'neath golden haze, And glerify glad antumn days.

## WEDDING AND WOOING.

The little village of Welldean had been thrown into a great state of agitation and excitement by the arrival of a stranger at the White Hart Inn. This in itself was likely to arouse a good deal of interest and goossip, for visitors at Welldean were few and far between, but what gave additional interest to this particular case was the rumor, that rapidly gained ground, to the effect that the new arrival had just returned from Australia with a lot of money; that he intended settling in Welldean and that it was very likely he would choose himself a wife among the available ladies of that village.

But it was not long before the vivaclous inhabitants of Welldean came to a conclusion on this point; and before the man had been a couple of days in the village, it had been decided by the majority that Mrs. Burnham was to b: lucky woman. And pray who was

Nearly twenty years before-a time so long ago, that many of the advocates of the proposed match dated their appearance on this sublunary sphere from a more recent period-Mrs. Burnham then Mary Heywood, married at the age of eighteen, young Frank Burnham. She was a plain, kindly, good-natured girl, and a general favorite. He was a handsome, roystering young fellow, Frank was good-looking, taking, and clever in a good many ways, but lazy, indifferent, and unsettled, Mary, on the contrary, was active, enterprising, and energetic. They never quarrelled, never had any words; but a seling of soreness and irritation grose between them; and after it had gone on increasing for a couple of years, one day Frank, took it into his head to enlist, and, satisfied that his wife could do very well for herself, determined to relieve her of the burden of his own presence. At first they used to corresrelate but a round of monotonous dutles: she had little to tell in return.

and at length the husband and wife's correspondence ceased altogether. And now, since her marriage, more than eighteen years had rolled away. Meantime there had been wars and bat-Burnham's regiment had been abroad and come home over and over again, and she had neither heard nor seen anything of her husband. Her married life now seemed a very brief ply. "Didn't I tell you how she was episode in her career, and the long intervening years of active industry and busy content had diminished its importance in her eyes. Indeed, by many of her friends, and especially of the younger ones, the fact was quite overlooked. They never gave a thought to the husband who had separated from her so long ago, until the idea arose of mak-Mrs. Burnham and the stranger in the

Treir letters became few and scanty,

been married, and that she was ignorant as to the fate of her husband, recurred to them. "What nonsense!" said Mrs. Purday to a small knot of acquaintances who had gathered round her door to discuss the project that was in the wind, Isn't it the law that if you don't see or hear alone eighteen, you are at liberty to and requested to know if he would see marry again? I'm sure I've always

"And I am sure it ought to be so," said another member of the conclave. "The idea! The man doesn't trouble his head about his wife for eighteen years; leaves her to earn her own living and support herself as she can. A pretty sort of a husband I think! Other questions of a like nature was intered, until the gossipers were pres-

ently joined by Mrs. Burnham herself, who, loving a bit of chat, had put on ger. "Well, Mrs. Purday, I can guess rather a good name in the village.

what you are talking about," said Mrs, Burnham. "Which of you have seen Mrs. Burnham," eagerly

exclaimed Ellen Parday, a tall girl of eighteen; "he's such a nice-looking young fellow, with such bright eyes, and a great black beard; only be looks so downhearted and melancholy!" "Ham!" said Mrs. Burnham; "and I suppose his eyes looked particularly bright and captivating when they were

ogling you, Ellen Purday?"
"No, indeed, Mrs. Burnham "And I must say, if the man is looking out for a wife, he might paya little more attention to the girls o pass him every day. I declare he took no more notice of me than if I had

"Alt, I very much misdoubt these beer a stone!" men," said Mrs. Purday, "who start from no one know where, with their melan-black eyes and beards, and their melan-choly ways. I shouldn't wonder if the choly ways. I shouldn't wonder if the man turned out to be some murderer

ham, sharply. "The man has a pair of hlack eyes, has he? Well, I never heard hlack eyes, has he? Well, I never heard smiling of villainy or smiling." said Mr. Harwood, again thu they were any sign of villainy or smiling. thu they were any sagar and it he has erime; and as for his gravity if he has lerime; and as for his gravity if he has widow do you?" asked Mrs. Bernham widow do you?" asked Mrs. Bernham Before has seen enough to make

Mrs. Burnham," said Mrs. Pur-

Well, you know he wants a wife," sem to take much notice of this girls, and love are over."

and time and change? Well, it was what I had been thinking myself when I ought love are over. "I'll tell you," she said; "but you a few minutes ago about absence, and time and change? Well, it was what I had been thinking myself when I ought love are over."

I've heard that 'tis thought I ought love out. I sometimes thought you out. I sometimes thought you out. I sometimes thought you out.

I think of the time he il have of it here and old maids. The first have had not to receive the visits of a gentle- might be dead-married again-and

"For my part," said Mrs. Purday, indignantly, "I'm so far from running after him, that if he were to come up and speak to not be not be not titlle-tattle, gossip, scandar? I'll tell no longer take to you, and thousand thousand to not be not to not the not the not to not the not the not the not to not the not should answer him."

"And for my part," said Mrs. Burnham, "I have so little interest in him that I wouldn't mind going and speak- ham eagerly. ing to him myself."

Here she was interrupted by all the young people of the group breaking in noring for her to be as good as her word, and to take the first step to- Mr. Harwood. wards making the strangers acquaintance. It was evident, they said, that he wanted to make friends in the villes and didn't know how to set about

"Briar Cottage, Langley Langley I shall be delighted to see you, sir."

Mrs. Burnham rose, and took her wall pleased with the success of

You're not afraid to trust me then with mission to visit her. the first chance of winning his affections? You may be sure that I shall soon got wind in the village and every

Meanwhile the object of all this in-He was a good-looking man, deal of dark hair, and a face bronzed by her assiduous court. exposure to the sun. He lived liberally, enjoying the best entertainment nothing about the charges.

On the third morning after his arrival, Mr. Harwood was baving his slippers, which she purposed offering breakfast, when the landiord appeared to the stranger—the audacity and preas on the previous morning, to inquire sumption of that barefaced woman, wood was very ready to listen to him, and by this time had got almost all the ford, a well-to-do widow, expressed her names in the village at his finger's end. leasant accompaniment to his meal.

They discussed chiefly the female wanted an opportunity to commit bigportion of the community, for Mr. amy. Mr. Rawlings had been reviewing the and unmarried people of the village, when Mrs, Burnham's name was men-

"And what should you think of her Rawlings?" said Mr. Harwood.

stratched his ear you do mention her, I can only say, that if I was single and wanted a wife, there's no one on earth I'd rather have than Mrs. Burnham.

'And why so?" asked Mr. Harwood. "Why, sir, every one in Welldean knows Mrs. Burnham, and I don't think any one has a word to say against her; a kinder soul doesn't breathe, 'Tis a pity she ain't in the market, sir!" "What do you mean?" asked Mr.

Harwood, "Didn't you say she was a "No, str, I think not," was the re-

married at eighteen, and her husband left her to go soldiering, and she's seen thing of him ever since?" "Oh, I remember," said the stranger rising from the table and going to the

window. "Where does she live?" "Down the wide Lane that turns off about the middle of the High Street," replied Rawlings, pointing in the diing a match belween the stranger and rection, "You can't mistake the house 'Tis a pretty little cottage, about half way down, all covered with clematis village, when the objection that she had

and honeysuckle." Presently the landlord bustled away to attend to his business, and left Mr. Harwood looking out of the window, considering what he should do with uself that day. Shortly, however. the landlord entered, with a smile and a look of expectation, to tell him that Mrs. Burnham was waiting without,

Mr. Harwood was greatly surprised at the information, and in no small degree confused, to the surprise of the andlord. Mrs. Burnham entered, with a friend-

y smile illuminating her pleasant countenance, and carrying a small basket neatly covered with a snow-white nap-"I hope you won't think me rude or

presuming, sir," said she; "but hearing of you as a visitor and a stranger in Welldean, I have taken the liberty of to hear the last news about the stran- bringing you a few eggs, and some fruit "Mr. Harwood, who had now recoyered his composure, thanked her warm-

ly for her attention, and asked her to he seated. "I know," said he, "the kindness and also the hospitality of the people of Welldean too well, not to accept your

present in the spirit in which it is offered, Mrs Burnham. "Oh, then, you know the village?" said Mrs. Burnham, with animation.

"Pray, sir, did you ever live in it?" "I passed a short time in it many years ago," he replied; "but I knew few people here, and I am delighted at this opportunity of making an acquaintance, as I expect my stay will be much

longer this time,"
"You'll be looking out for a wife, I suppose?" said Mrs. Burnham, blunt-"that is, if you are not already pro-

The stranger was for a moment rathrided with one." "To be sure I can," said she, vivac-

ther. "Or an escaped madmin!" added a liknow every girl in Welldean, and can acter, tempers, and manners,"

"She musn't be too young, Mrs.

glail to hear you speak up for a solitary man who has been knocking a Burnham," said Mrs. Purand I want someone who will care for me a little, who will make me a home, and help me to dispose of the money that I have spent my life in acquiring.

among you all. But as for me; you for- their turn, and the second you may be man-

and speak to me I don't know that I said Mr. Harwood, laughing. "Your experience and advice would be very you have shown so much of interest in valuable in such an important step." "Will you, indeed?" said Mrs. Burn-

"Come, that's right. See if I don't find you a wife that will answer all your expectations,"
"And may I call and see you, and

confer with you on the subject?" asked

"I'll go and see him to-morrow mor- her mission. They parted very warmning," she said, "and present him an ly, Mr. Harwood assuring her that he

say one word for my friends and two where she was assailed with inquiries about it. Her account of its result terest remained at the White Hart Inn, | young men were bent upon Mrs. Burnsubject of interest and curiosity to ham having the stranger, and rejoiced the landlord and the household. He had been two days at Welldean, and the first advance; while the girls began had spent his time strolling about the to think that a man from Australia village and the neighborhood, and in with a lot of money would really be no receiving visits from the parson and the bad catch; and hearing how he had accepted Mrs. Barnham as a guide and about forty, with bright eyes, a good friend in the matter, they began to pay

Miss Truelove, who kept a millinery and trimming shop in the High Street the White Hart could afford, and said condemned in the most bitter termsat the same time that she was actually working her fingers off at a pair of how his guest had slept, and to enjoy a Mrs. Burnham, in intruding upon Mr. little more chat with him. Mr. Har-Harwood, and introducing herse f in such an indelicate way; and Mrs. Hay horror at the conduct of a married woso that the landlords tittle-tattle was a man running after strange men, and was convinced that Mrs. Burnham

Rawlings knew that his guest had mat- Mr, Harwood soon availed nimself contail intents, and he felt quite an of the permission Mrs. Burnham had clionate interest in their result, given him to visit her. In fact, on the evening of the very day on which she points of Ellen Purday and other girls had been to see him, she had just tidled up her parlor, and seated herself at the open window, when he made his appearance, and asked if he might come

in. After this his visits became very frequent, and he seemed greatly to en-Rawlings paused, looked puzzled and cratched his ear.

What do I think of Mr. Burnham?" these occasions varied greatly; somerepeated. "Well, I didn't think at times he was merry and light-hearted all about her; I should say that she was at others downcast and depressed; and older than you'd care for, sir; but it sighing, would tell Mrs. Burnham of his loneliness and dullness, and of his

> want of love and sympathy. Mrs. Burnham administered such consolation as occurred to her, and tried to ascertain what friends and connections he had had before leaving England and what was his native place but on these points he was not commu meative, and they only seemed to increase his depression. Indeed, one evening when he was in one of his desponding moods, and was sitting in the twilight with Mrs. Burnham, unburdening his feelings to her, his nerves

were so unstrung that he actually burst But it was only occasionally he was sad and down-hearted; generally he fortunate position prevents me from was merry enough, and often urged Mrs Rornham about her promise to find him a wife His frequent visits to her soon becoming well known, the young girls of the neighborhood kept a watch on Briar Cottage and the strangers movements; and when he was

there, several would drop in quiet unexpectedly on some particular business with dear Mrs. Burnham, and hence many merry evenings were spent under her roof. Towards Mrs. Burnham herself there was always a tenderness in his manner and an affectionate consideration, which upon her. In fact, she felt in a very short time this unknown stranger had gained a great hold upon her, and she often wondered if he was really serious when he wished her to recommend him

a wife; and if so, how solemnly she would accept the responsibility, and how she would hope and pray for his happiness. This was when he had been spending a mirthful evening in company with many others at her cottage; but on other occasions, when they were alone, and a quiet conversation, a glorious sunset, a starlit sky, or some awakened recollections had subdued him to his reflective and melancholy mood, then Mrs. Burnham felt as if she could resign the task of making him happy to no one, but must claim it for Mrs. Burnham now began to discover

that they were talking in the village about her and the stranger, and that Mr. Harwood's visits and attentions to her afforded much topic for discussion among the widows and single ladies of certain age.
Hitherto she had not ventured to

consider Mr. Harwood as an admirer of herself, but now she discovered that others regarded him in that light. If he were really so, she reflected, was she ustified, as a married woman, in reeiving his visits? And the perplexing doubt, arose as to whether or not she was a married woman. Was she free or not, if the stranger were to ask her to marry him, to become his wife? She ondered over this question continually and confessed to herself that she liked Mr. Harwood; but then it occurred to her that she had known him only a week or two, that she knew nothing of his history, and but little of his character. Yet his visits were now so fre-

quent that she must either forbid them or give a color to the rumors and susons concerning her which were rife n the village, and the conclusion that she came to was that she must discourthem. She found, also, that she uld not do this without regret; nevertheless, she determined that it must be done, and that on the first opportunity.

This opportunity was not long in ar-Mr, Harwood called in one riving. evening, telling Mrs. Burnham that he had something particular to say to

"I'm very glad you came in this evening, Mr. Harwood," she said, "for I too had something to say to you. You won't be angry with me, will you, or think me unkind, if I ask you not come here quite so often?"

"Not come here! Why not?" asked

or other, and so I'm left out of the race."

"For my part " and Man Day of the pound people a chance of set-"My dear Mrs. Burnham, is that

know something of my character, and me that you have offered to provide me with a wife. Mrs Burnham, will you be that wife yourself? You promised to find me one with whom I should be satisfied,-then look no further,-for search far or wide you will never find one that will please me halt so well as

"Mr. Harwood," said Mrs. Burnham all in a tremble with surprise and emotion, "surely you forget that I am a married woman.

"No, I do not forget," said he; "but I remember also that your husband has abandoned you for eighteen years; that you don't know whether he is alive or ead, and that in any case he is as much dead to you as if you had seen him buried.

"True, Mr. Harwood," said Mrs. Rambam "but if he does live he is still my husband; and if he were to come home to-morrow, could I deny "Yes," replied Mr. Harwood, "his

ong silence and neglect have divorced you from him as thoroughly as the Divorce Court could do." "I swore to be true to him until death parted us," said Mrs. Burnham, trying to quell her inclination to accept Mr. Harwood's views; "and how do I know

that he is dead?" "Ah, Mrs, Burnham, don't torture me with excuses," said he. "Tell me at once if such is the case, that you don't care for me, -that you don't think you can learn to care for me; but don't seek excuses. Your husband is dead,

and binds you no longer." "If I knew-if I only knew it!" she exclaimed, despairingly. "But no, I have no right even to listen to your ad-

"Then you don't care for me?" said he, suddenly dropping his voice to a desponding tone. "That's the truth of desponding tone. "That's the truth of it. You cannot like me. I have been ourishing a foolish hope, which turns into a dreadful disappointment; and I suppose I may return to my old, roving solitary life, instead of obtaining a wife

"You mistake me, Mr. Harwood," said Mrs. Burnham, in a faltering voice "I respect you-I like you more even than I should wish you to know, -more even than I had known myself. I wish had never seen you, or that you had

hought of any one before me."
"Then tell me, Mrs. Burnham," said Mr. Harwood, earnestly, "do you still feel any affection for this husband of yours that has left you all these years? Tell me, does any of this feeling still

for refusing me?" "Mr. Harwood," she replied, "in eighteen years the warmest affections have time to cool. I loved my husband when he left me, but for many a year I have been accustomed to look upon him as dead—to me, at any rate,"

"And you have quite forgotten him?" he asked. "I have forgotten him," she replied.

There was a slight pause, and then Mr. Harwood said: "Tell me, Mrs. Burnham, that you don't like me and I will be satisfied." "I can't say that Mr. Harwood," she replied; "I can't say it, and yet my un-

saying anything else," "Then you reject me," he said; "you cast me out upon the world again, after I had hoped for a happy home here. Do you refuse me positively?"

'Mr. Harwood," she said, "I beg of ou, don't press these questions on me. If you only knew how much I liked you, and how painful it is, yet how

"Ah, no," said he, his voice sinking to one of soft entreaty as he took her hand in his and gazed earnestly in her face, "you will try and care for me a little; you won't condemn me to a life ong solitude; you will throw away alscruples for my sake. Dearest Mary will you have me?"

As he said this, he still looked ear nestly in her face. Mr. Harwood's last words had a singular and startling effect on Mrs. Burnham. She disengaged her hand, and drew back, looking at him with a strange and fixed expression, losing all the color in her cheeks. Something in the words omething in the voice, in the look, in the attitude sent a violent thrill through her, and she felt, as all have someting felt, as if a long past and almost for-gotten scene in her life were passing ver again-a man standing before her and saying, in tones which vibrated on

her memory, "Dearest Mary, will you have me?" Mr. Harwood observed the effect his words had produced, and was almost as much agitated himself.

"Mrs. Burnham," he continued, rapid and excited tones, "your husband when he left you, made a vow that he never would come back unless he were greatly altered-"

Before he could proceed any further. Mrs. Burnham interrupted him with a "Frank!" she almost shrieked, gazing at him with a pale face and a frighten-

ed look, "you are my husband!"
With a flash of pleasure in his face he sprang up, and exclaiming, "Mary!" caught her in his arms and clasped her to his breast.

A few moments passed in sobs, broken exclamations, and marticulate words, and then they sat down side by side at the window, and gave a free course to the tears that flowed. He sat with his arm round his wife's waist and his head leaning on her shoulder, and a feeling of repose, after all his like that of a wearied child in its mother's arms.

It was later when they were calm nough for explanations, and then he told her how he had left the army at the expiration of his time, and gone to Australia with the resolution of making money, redeeeming his character for manliness and energy, and reclaim ing his wife and home; how he bad always kept this object in view, and how his heart had only failed him when he began to accomplish his purpose, and to arrive nearer to that return which was the object of his labors.

"Why did you come as a stranger with a false name?" asked his wife; "an I why did you wait so long before

discovering yourself?"
"Let me confess my sins," he replied. "You remember what I said to

that all sorts of changes had occurred. I sometimes thought—yes, I'll confess it—you might be so altered that I should no longer care for you, and might bit-

when I came as a stranger, and found that time had only made you more loveable, the desire seized me to try if, as a stranger and under an assumed name, I could commend myself to you and win you over again. But if you only knew how hard it has been to do gether, we shall not be exaggerating the trace of the same as a transfer and spur had urged him on, but at last he could go no further. He must be abandoned. Aye, to prevent profit to the enemy he must be shot.

"Poor Jim!" whispered the rider as beginned to the enemy he must be shot.

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relate in the village how Frank Burnham came home from Australia, after eighteen years of absence, so altered

A Poor French Girl's Romance. A veritable romance in real life, th facts of which are vouched for by the attorney of the young lady in the case, has been developed by his efforts to prepare the way for the admission to probate of a will by which she made joint heiress of a valuable estate upon conditions which are now in course of fulfilment. The principal characters in the story, which might be named "The Silver King," "The Lost Heir," "A Tale of Two Cities," or "The Romance of a Poor Young Woman," are a wealthy Wall street operator, a wayward youth who ran away from home and made a fortune, and a French young lady, companion to a desolate but wealthy widow.

S. Griffith, a lawyer, whose office is in

the Garfield building, No. 26 Court St. Brooklyn, is as follows: In 1871 Joseph W. Walters, a New York broker, living with his wife and only son in Green avenue, near St. James place, Brooklyn, died leaving a fortune of \$100,000 to his widow. She was at that time about forty eight years old, and her son, Lester D. Waiters, reports. There, they tell us and the was sixteen. The boy was of a roving isposition, and wearying of the strict discipline of his mother's household, he resolved to leave home and seek his fortune in the West. Having saved a little money from the allowance which Mrs. Walters gave him, he packed his trunk one day, informed his mother of his intention, and took a sudden departure. His mother thought he would soon see the error of his ways, and was prepared to kill the fatted calf as soon as the profigal should return. Time passed on and no tidings of the truant were received. After a while the lone ly widow inserted an advertisement in a New York newspape, calling for a young lady companion. Among those who applied for the position was Miss Marie De Lacy, a young French girl who had been brought up in Paris, and found herself without friends in this country. She was of prepossessing apearthonake and hurricanes is the envy pearance and manner, was an accomplished reader and conversationalist, and was a fine planist. She was en-

gaged, and was soon the trusted friend of the lonely occupant of the brown stone mansion in Greene avenue. They continued to live in this home for several years, and then, nothing having been heard from young Watters, who was mourned as one dead, they went to Europe and spent two years in travel, going as far as Palistine. Mrs. Walters became strongly attached to the young woman, and treated her as a daughter. They returned to this country, where continued their travels.

length in 1882 Mrs. Walters died in this city, where they were temporarily living, and left a curious will. "The will is at my office," said Lawyer Griffith to the reporter who called upon him at his home, No. 333 Madison street. Brooklyn, "but its exact terms are nearly as follows:

"I give, devise and bequeath all my property, both real and personal, of every kind and nature, wheresoever the same may be situated in trust, upon the following conditions: First, It is my will and intention that my friend, Marie De Lacy, after my decease, shall faithfully search for and find, if pos-sible, my son, Lester D. Walter, and if the said Lester D. Walters is unmar ried it is my wish that he and my friend Marie De Lacy, join in the bonds of wedlock. If either my son or my friend Marie De Lacy shall not consent to said marriage, then the share hereinafter mentioned shall revert to the one who refuses to abide by my wish. ond, if my said son, Lester D. Walters refuses to abide by my wish, I give and devise and bequeath to him one-quarter of my estate, both real and personal and the remaining three-quarters I give devise and bequeath to my friend, Marie De Lacy; and if said marriage takes place, I give, devise and bequeath all my property, both real and personal to my belove dson, Lester D. Walters, and my beloved friend, Marie De Lacy. to be divided between; them equally share and share alike. The expense growing out of the search for my s are to be paid out of my estate Mr. Griffith said that two years ago

he was introduced by a well-known Wall street operator and owner of silver mines in Mexico who did not wish his name to be published, to Miss De Lacy, who was living with friends in West Fifty-second street, in this city: that having learned the facts of the case, and having also learned from a schoolmate of Mr. Walters that he was said to be in Mexico, he advertized for nim in a Mexican newspaper. The advertisement was answered by Mr. Walters, who came to this city recently. By preconcerted arrangement the lawyer took Mr. Walters to the Bijou Theatre about six weeks ago, where Miss De Lacy and Mr. Griffith's friend occupied a box. The young lady was pointed out to Mr. Walters, who fell in love with her at first sight. They were introduced after the play and the party went to Delmonico's. Mr. Walters, who did not know who she was and knew nothing of the terms of the will, visited her afterward and they became visited her afterward and they became engaged to be married. Then the lawyer explained the little plot to Mr. Walters by which they had been brought together and told him about the will.

Mr. Walters was pleased and the wedding soon followed. "LOOKING at your drawing imbues me with an artistic fever," remarked Smyth to Miss Lulu. "I thought so, it's

sketching," quietly replied Miss Luiu.

A fresh spot has appeared on the face "Off with the saddle and shoot of the sun, a very large one, humanly him speaking. It measures about twenty

only knew how hard it has been to do this, and how often I have been on the situation if we say there is "quite a and miles. They had gone hungry to-rash," For much less we call the doc-rether, they had shared the dangers of point of confessing myself to you! You rash." For much less we call the doc-point of confessing myself to you! You rash." For much less we call the doc-must forgive me, my dear wife, for not tor in. Indeed, we terrestial atoms half a dozen battles, they had stood having more confidence in you; and in-deed, my punishment is great in feeling have little I deserve this present happideed, my punishment is great in feeling how little I deserve this present happiness in finding, after all my labors and same spot. We talk of having "the loosened the saidle. measles;" nobody thinks of counting The suffering horse, relieved of his them or asking "How many?" But burdens, turned his head to his master he said, laying his head upon her shoul-It is very different, however, with the whinny.

when it got abroad, created no little orb "that rules the day." Astronomers "I've got to do it, old boy," contin-stir in Welldean. Indeed, they still keep a register of its eruptions, and ned the trooper, as he drew his revoljust as the doctors do over the buby's that his own wife didn't know him.

temperature and constitution, why rillas lurked in every bend of the should they not find out all about its digestion and habits? Is it temperate

modern luminary, and a pattern to It's assassination-it's foul murder-everybody else, doing perennial work but it's orders. Good-bye, Jim, and conscientiously and regularly, Morally, may the Lord forgive me! too, no fault can be found with a body another side to the sun. story as related to a reporter by John scrutinizing vision of civilization, it

> cessive warmth characterizes its conseems to make it get all the hotter and fallen lame—his rider had dismount show itself for weeks together. They the shot. His rider-his old "pard"know it is there, or thereabouts, from would not have sought his death. the reflections cast on the sky. But, as beings, which even the best of bears are him! The search was vain. Still, as the homely saying goes, we should take men only as we know, had been over this road several tin ture is the finest in the world, our cli-

of all the inhabited earth. And for all this we have to thank the sun. Love Among the Bindons, Love, according to Hindoo notions. is the subject of most of their dramas. car, but only for a moment. Then sum-The hero, who is generally a king and wife or two more or less is no encumbrance in Indian plays-is suddenly smitten with the charms of a lovely of a nymph by a mortal father. The herome is required to be delicacy ed around. They understood that the feminine delicacy ed around. They understood that had side locks the secret in her heart, and was an abandoned horse, which had side locks the secret in her heart, and was an abandoned horse, which had of Public Instruction shows that there are 100,000 public school teachers in agonies of suspense. The hero being reduced to a proper state of desperation grim old sergeant. And every man is harrassed by other difficulties. The felt he was almost guilty of murder. is harrassed by other difficulties. The celestial origin of the nymph stands in the way, or he doubts the legality of the match, or he is hampered by the jealousy of his wives. In short, doubts,

obstacles and delays make great havoc with the hero and heroine. They give way to melancholy and indulge in amorous raphsodies. An element of life is introduced in the character of the Vidushaka or jester, who is the constant companion of the hero, and in the young maidens, who are the confidential friends of the heroine and soon become possessed of her secret, By a curious regulation the line about an inch in width. The scene the calendar, jester is always a Brahmin, and there- is laid upon a terrace in front of a house fore of a caste superior to the king himself, yet his business is to excite mirth ded with a white awning. On a dais by being ridiculous in person, age and attire. His attempts at wit and his allusions to the pleasures of the table, and robed in white. On each side of of which he is a confessed votary, are him sits a councillor, and behind them absurdly contrasted with the sententious solemnity of the despairing hero. His clumsy interference in the intri- the dais toward a woman in a green gues of his friends only serves to augment his difficulties and occasions many an awkward dilemma. On the In the centre of the court is a threeother hand, the shrewdness of the heroine's confidantes never seems to fall them under the most trying circumstances, while their love of fun, their struggles, by a woman wearing a tur- 1,600 of population. girlish sympathy with the progress of

Booth was seized with a sudden fancy for taking long night walks on which he made his son accompany him. One night they started out after mid-night and for three hours walked about the docks and quays. Not a soul did they meet until on their return to the hotel, they saw a dark figure following them, skulking in the shadows of the ware-bouses. Edwin was somewhat scared, but his father stepped forward and in a loud voice said: "Good evening, my The man did not answer, but friend. himself, in looks at least, a thorough ing of the caricature about it in other rufflan. With a curse he came toward respects—the agony of the kneeling them. The old man drew himself up mother, the attention of the listening them. The old man drew himself up and asked: "Who are you, my friend? Who are you?" "I'm a thief, that's what I am," said the fellow. I," said Booth, in a voice of wonderful sweetness, "and I am a pirate," and he to burlesque the incident; but this is a shook the astonished ruffian warmly by matter of opinion. the hand. The effect was electrical, Edwin Booth said, and the man troubled

Music is the sound which one's children make as they romp through the house. Noise is the sound which other

It was a cavalry scout of a score of housand geographical miles by seven men returning to camp after a rough housand. Perhaps the sun does not ride of a hundred miles. Ten miles choose where and whom I liked. But think it excessive, having such a broad away a trooper's horse had fallen lame, when I came as a stranger, and found face, and being able to accommodate a Voice and spur had urged him on, but

The suffering horse, relieved of his

they are mere pin points, dots, specks, and uttered his gratitude in a low ver and held it in his right hand, while They diagnose the p enomenon, and he patted the neck of his old "pard" conjecture as to its causes and results, with the left. "If they had asked me

to take a bullet in the leg-if a good, red-speckled body; and, like doctors, square sabre cut from a Johnny would they cannot stop the process. It must save your life, I'd bend my bare head run its course, they say. Some day, perhaps, they will prescribe for the sun. If they already know its weight, and its Night was shutting down and guer-

"Jim, old pard, its orders, you know," and addicted to a regular life? There is said the trooper as he stripped off the tory. a good deal to be said on both sides. bridle, "Look down the road, now, In a general way it is irreproachable, a while I send a bullet into your head. pounds of salt were extracted from sea

The horse fell like a log at the report | pulled. which is all thing to all men-answers of the pistol, and without daring to the negroaccording to his blackness and look back at his victim the trooper at Hartford, Conn, uses a ton of gum never throws pearls before swine. Early to bed and early to rise, it ought to be hurried on after his companions. He hurried on after his companions. He healthy and wise. But is it? There is was hardly out of sight when the horse pox at Montreal is likely to reach \$5,-When it has struggled up. What had happened? 000,000. got out of our sight, and beyond the He shook his head, wheeled about in a circle, and blew a note of alarm from

conducts itself immoderately. An ex- his bleeding nostrils. He was abandoned! He was in the duct. It blazes out, gets furiously hot enemy's country! Who had done this over nothing. People beg the sun to by a faithful servant? By and by keep cool, to calm itself. But this only memory devinely returned. He had memory devinely returned. be all the more intolerable. From other he remembered of hearing kind words feeling a hand caress his neck. reports. There, they tell us and the What then? He had been shot down! evidence is trustworthy, it will not Some hidden guerrilla must have fired

With eyes allame with fear and pain for melting a glacier or liquefying an ice--with a limb almost useless—with for a livelihood, berg, no such effects are forthcoming. such tortures racking his head that he --Green Cour This gratifies polar bears, no doubt, but could not repress his grouns—the faithcannot be styled impartial behavior. ful horse searched the roadside for his After all, the Esquimaux are human master; if dead, he would die with

And he had been abandoned! Report is liable to be biased in the tran- He remembered every bridge and hill sit or unreliable at the source. So, for and turn. It was miles to the Union ourselves, we ought to speak well of the lines, but he would drag himself to the great orb. That, it does not, as a rule, pickets before death came. With slow take much notice of us, and that when, and painful steps-with the darkness as an exception, it does, we grumble, is rendering his road more gloomy—with practically completed. neither here nor there. Our tempera- a foreboding that the hand which had fed him so long had given him his death have substituted capital punishment for mate second to none, and the seccurity wound at last, the poor beast dragged

of our country from plague, pestilence bimself along, and the night wore on, 'Halt! Who comes there?'

It was the challenge of a picket. His quick ear had detected the sound of feet on the highway. "Here at last! This was the goal the beast had striven for. He stood stock still as the challenge reached his

moning his last remaining life, he rushthe husband of a wife or wives-for a ed down the hill and full at the picket. "Hal! Halt! Turn out the guard!" It was too late to stop the riderless, four years ago, to 315 at the present limping borse outside the lines, but as time, woman; sometimes a nymph, or, as in be passed within them half a dozen car-the case of Shakcontala, the daughter bines blazed forth in the darkness, and heroine is required to be equally impress groan. The men of the picket gather-cently.

"Too bad, isn't it?" whispered the France,

An important painting has been

found in Pompeii, and placed in the

frescoes. It represents the judgment of Solomon, and is the first picture on a sacred subject, the first fragment either of Judaism or Christianity, that has been discovered in the buried cities. The picture is 2; feet long and 19 inches in height, and is surrounded by a black 133 years to get through the cases on adorned with creeping plants and sha-(represented as being about four feet high) sits the King, holding a scepter six soldiers under arms. The King is represented as leaning over the front of robe, who kneels before him with disheveled hair and outstretched hands, legged table, like a butcher's block, upon which lies an infant, who is held in a recumbent position, in spite of his ban. A soldier in armor, and wearing the love affair, heighten the interest of the plot, and contribute not a little to vary its monotony.

A soldier in armor, and wearing the long in the Hudson a few miles below Albany, which boatmen say will seriously obstruct navigation. group of spectators completes the picture, which contains in all nineteen Playing in Boston long ago, the elder figures. The drawing is poor, but the colors are particularly bright, and the preservation is excellent. As a work of art, it is below the average Pompeian standard, but it is full of spirit and drawn with great freedom. bodies of the figures are dwarfed, and their heads (out of all proportion) large, which gives color to the assertion that it was intended for a caricature directed against the Jews and their religion. This may be so, but my own impress is that the artist was anxious to develop the facial expression, and to do this exaggerated the heads. There is nothmeasuring 8 feet 8 inches by 17 feet. king, and the triumph of the second woman who gloats over the division of mind there is no attempt, intentionally,

mprisoned for blackmailing artists. in the vaults of safe deposit companies. If he wasn't paid hush money he knocked their landscape skies into a cocked hat and pointed out the fact and have armed watchmen in the rooms people's children make under the same that their sunsets were in the east and upon which they open, and others in

# NEWS IN BRIEF.

-New York city has 800 rag-pickers. -There are 76,855 idiots in this coun-

-Texas now has 6,239 miles of rail-

-There are 193,000 physicians in this country.

-A serviceable balloon can be bought

-There are 8,000,000 tobacco seeds

in a pound. -Pennsylvania has an editor ninetyone years old.

-Texas has shipped 4,707,976 head

of stock since 1866. -The rage now in Paris is "to be married at midnight.'

-A new town in Alaska is Klat-olkin, "Johnny's Village." -Over \$100,000 is paid annually in sularies to base ball players.

-Three-fourths of the officers in the German army wear corsets. -Boston has more social clubs than any other city in this country.

-Mitchell, Dak., with a population of 3,000 has twenty-three lawyers. -Forty-one counties in West Virginia prohibit the sale of intoxicants.

-Fifteen cigarette factories have been started lately in the City of Mex--Louise Michel, who is still in prison, is at work on a novel as well as a h

-In California, last year, 880,000

-King Ludwig of Bayaria thrashes

the dentist every time he has a tooth -- The government envelope factory

-The cost of the epidemic of small--A California lion was killed by a large dog near Grass Valley, Colorado,

last week -It is estimated that the peanut crop of the South this year will be worth \$3,000,000.

-Texas makes highway robbery punhable by an imprisonment of not less than ten years.

-A young Lowell, Mass., house-keeper claims to feed seven people well on \$25 a month -New York city, it is reported, has

-Green County, Wis., is credited with baying no less than 48 Limburger cheese factories. -The Peninsula peach orchards is said to have yielded about 5,000,000

-There are fifty illicit distilleries and nly three licensed ones in one district n North Carolina -About one-sixteenth of the eight

miles of the Cape Cod ship canal is -Minnesota, Michigan and Maine

-No less a person than William shakespeare is playing a leading role in a new tragedy at Hanover. -Truth is stranger than a "woolly

imprisonment for life.

orse." A Syracuse man has a bul with fleece of curly wool," - One of the curiosities at the White Sulphur Springs is a poet who wears -The number of cotton mills in the

-A leper was found among the Chibines blazed forth in the darkness, and nese passengers that reached Victoria, he fell forward and died without a B. C., on the Queen of the Pacific, re-

southern states has increased from 180.

-A recent report from the Minister -Paper is now used for the manu-

facture of bottles, large numbers of which are made by both Germany and -The fermer estimate of \$250,000 for the Bartholdi pedestal is now known

to have been too low. \$300,000 will be

needed. Naples Museum among the Pompeian -George Eliot's "Adam Bede" is being dramatized, and the adaptation will be produced both in England and America. -At the present rate, it would take

> -The boll worm has made its appearance in the cotton belt of Alabama, and it is said the crops will be cut off at

the Supreme Court of the United States

ieast 25 per cent. -Julio Santos, the American citizen, who has been unjustly imprisoned for months by the authorities of Ecuador, has been set free. -An Ohio Postmaster's name to

Emancipation Proclamation Cogswell. He was born on the day the proclamation was issued. -The lowest death rate ever recorded London was that of the second week September, when it was but 15.6 per

-There is a new island about 300 fe -The Kona coffee of Hawali is said to take a peculiar flavor from the soil, a delicious rich sweetness equaling it

not surpassing the Mocha. -The brokers of Mark Lane, London say that people want 20 per cent, more when it is mild and muggy. -Thomas Moffitt, who was supposed

to have been killed in the war, now turns up a wealthy land owner in Mexico, with 10,000 head of catt e. -The largest and finest piece of plate glass ever made in this country has just

-During the past twelve months

kneeling 650,000 pounds of unwholesome and listening adulterated teas have been seized and condemned at the port of New York. -The "Bolselas" of an encamment of gypsies, near Cleveland, was recently scouring that city for one of its gay youth, with whom the "queen" of

band has eloped. -There are about \$1,000,000,000 A ROMAN editor has been fined and kept in Wall street and vicinity, mostly