## MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1886.

The Round of Life.

Iwo children down by the shining strand, With eyes as blue as the summer sea, hile the sinking sun fills all the land With the glow of a golden mystery, Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,

Gazing with joy on its snowy breast, Fill the first star looks from the evening And the amber bars stretch over the west. A soft green dell by the breezy shore,

A saflor lad and a maiden fair, Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of Is borne again on the listening air,

For love is young though love be old, And love alone the heart can fill; And the dear old tale that has been told In the days gone by is spoken still. A trim-built home on a sheltered bay; A wife looking out on a glistening sea;

A prayer for the loved one far away, And prattling limps 'neath the old root A lifted latch and a radiant face By the open door in the falling night; A welcome home and a warm embrace From ahe love of his youth and children

An aged man in an old arm-chair; An aged man in an old arm-chart,
A golden light from the western aky
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open book of God close by.

Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls, And bright is the glow of the evening But dearer to them are the jasper walls

And the golden streets of the Land altar.

An old churchyard on the green hillside, Two lying still in their peaceful rest The fisherman's boats going out with the In the flery glow of the amber west.

Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to

#### ANTHONY MARSHALL'S DAUGHTER.

At the intersection of an alley and an obscure street, in an outlying portion of one of our great cities, stood a low ded along the alley from the street to the side door of this house, above which hung on a frame, swinging and creakupon which could be read from the

ANTHONY MARSHALL, SHOEMAKER. In smaller letters beneath was anneatly and promptly done. The repairing was really Anthony Marshall's business. He had taken up the trade of a shoemaker late in life, and he had

In one corner of the small room which was his shop, stood a little old-fashioned melodeon. On one side of the mea violencello and a large improvised sized daguerreotype in a home-made frame of cones. representing when you were just in the right light, a young girl of perhaps twelve years, with a broad full brow, great, questioning, velvety eyes, a wide smiling, joyous mouth, and a firm, square little chin, softened by just the suggestion of a dimple, Suspended from the same hook which held this held a large, faded red rose, and a bunch

of withered green leaves. Between where the instrument stood of the door was an open cupboard of shelves, containing piles of newspapers, a strap such as newsboys use in carrying their packages securely from the newspaper offices to their two shoe brushes, and four triangles on a shelf by themselves, ranged along

Near the one window which looked through the small, uncurtained panes of which the sun was streaming, sat Anthony Marshall on the round leathern seat of his shoemaker's bench. "When oth-er lips and oth-er hearts" "-sang Anthony Marshall.

"Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" rang his broad little hammer.

"Their tales-of love" --"Rat-tat!" went the hammer.

The old man laid the hammer on the bench at his side, pushed his spectacles upon his bald head, and Bent over the boy's coarse shoe he was half-soling, with the peculiar close gaze of the near sighted. Taking up his thin, sharp knife, he proceeded to trim off the battered heads of the pegs; while, with his under lip closed tightly over the upper, he hummed through to its close the air which he had begun while he was driving home the pegs.

His voice was a trifle thin, and had the occasional quaver peculiar to old age; but there was in the undertone singing and humming of "And you'll remember me," a fine touch of finish and, turning toward Tim, said, severremember me," a line todated again ely:
and expression; while now and again ely:
"Timothy, this is a strange time." there was a note so pure, so sweet, so thrilling, that the moulting canary in the little cage hanging in the sun, stopped the dainty arrangement of its much as you are always a-need in', ought feathers, and with smoothed plumage to put in his time a-pickin' up what he and swelling throat, gave forth little | could." thrills in emulation.

An irregular, hurrying step turned from the street down the little walk along the alley. The shop door was opened quickly, but quietly, and the old shoemaker raised a surprised, questioning face to greet a lad, who, with an eager, out-of-breath, "Oh, Uncle

The old man raised his finger, with a warning glance toward the inner door, tickets. Knowing that The lad's bright face fell a little, as "Is she very 'particular' to-day Un-

cle Tony?" "Rather 'particular,' Tim," he said,

with a side turn of his head. "But why are you at home?"

"Such luck! such news, Uncle Tony!" A cold, gray color swept over the old man's face. With drawn brow and lips, and anxious eyes, he started up. overturning in his agitation, the clamps with a great crash; and dropping the shoe he was mending, he exclaimed, as he reached both of his poor old hands toward the daguerreotype; "Tim! Tim! have you found-found

her? Heard anything of Sara, Tim?" All of the bright light faded from the boy's face, as he shook his head

slowly, and said, sadly: "Not that, Uncle Tony; not so good as that! But then, Uncle Tony, my news is real good—common good, you

know. And you couldn't guess what

in their place by the bench, picked up the shoe and the stick of blacking with which he was finishing the edge of the sole, and then he sat down. He looked at Tim. The boy's dis-

appointed face touched his sensitive, centle heart, and he at once assumed a look of interested inquiry, though his face was still very pale.

Tim hitched himself into a chair, and began to tell his news,

"Well, you know, Uncle Tony, how we was talkin' yesterday about the op'rer, and about the time whent you

Lane Theatre.

when two awful swell gentlemen came splashed. I said to him:

was just now whistlin' my lad?' heard it at the op'rer last year, and Uncle Tony learned me to play it.' Where does he play?' says he; and I told him you played at home. 'At home!' said the gentleman, raising his eyebrows this way"—and Tim opened his handsome brown eyes, and raised his fine, straight brows as high as pos

"Isn't he a professional musician?"
'I guess he is,' I said, 'but he mends of one of our great cities, stood a low shoes, now, and we play evenin's. I frame house. A narrow walk extenlive with him.' 'Um-m!' said the gentleman. 'So your uncle plays Wagner's music and mends shoes, does he?"
Then he turned to the other gentleman ing in the high March wind, a sign and said: There is another phase of

he put up his other boot, and bending his head with a queer kind of a smile said: 'And do you anticipate going to nounced the fact that repairing was the op'rer this year?' 'If I can get shoemaker late in life, and he. 'Yes; Miss' Marshall won't be never risen in it above mending what he. 'Yes; Miss' Marshall won't be Uncle Tony spend any money for 'em. 'And who might Miss Marshall be?' 'Why, Uncle Tony's wife, of course.'
'Isn't she your aunt?' 'No; nor Uncle lodeon were two violins. On the other Tony ain't my right uncle. He found rack which was full of worn music. ago," 'Well, well, well! here is a combi-On the wall above these was an excel- nation! I suppose you would like to lent old engraving of Beethoven. Be- go to the op'rer, even though this adopted uncle of yours the musical cobble -should stay at home?" 'No, I wouldn't said I. 'It wouldn't be the same without Uncle Tony ""

At this point Uncle Teny brushed his and across his eyes, and blowed his

in to the desk a moment, and we will see what we can do.' We went in, and portrait hung a girl's hat, battered and he wrote on a piece of paper, put it in worn, the broad band of which still an envelope, and told me to go over to Carton's theatre and give it to the man at the ticket office. I did, and here, Uncle Tony, is two-season-tickets! and a door leading into the front part | And Tim took them triumphantly from of the house, was a small bench for his pocket, and handed them to the old light carpentering. On the other side man, who, bringing them close to his

circle, as sure as you livel' several piles of unopened shoe blacking woman, with a broad, round face, small features, and beady, black eyes, came in treading with such weight neatly in the order of their different that the triangles in the cupboard set up a vigorous chiming. Her expres sion plainly told that she believed herout on the alley to the south, and self to be a martyr, and that no one could know what she suffered. She

fetched a heavy sigh.

"Do you feel any better, 'mother'! "Nobody cares whether I do or not!" was "mother's" ungracious response, as she leaned her head on her hand, and swayed back and forth ominously.

"Now, don't 'mother!' Tim and I do

ou keep up when I am trying to get a little rest "I did upset the clamps, but I really did not mean to." "Mother" was unappeased, and con-

his shoe very industriously. er" no further opportunity to say any-

the day for you to come home. I should certainly think that a boy who needs as

Tony, who came to his assistance.

scension on the part of "mother," to have appeared at all interested, but, Tony!" thrust himself with a sidelong jerk into the room. The boy was lame osity, she ceased to be aggressive, and Tim was emboldened to relate, briefly, how he had obtained the season opera one standard of all earthly good was money, Tim, in an evil moment, and to make his story impressive, declared that his tickets were worth forty-eight dollars, and would fetch as much as

thirty dollars, he knew.
"Mother's" interest began to kindle, and in a tone of superior wisdom and

commanding suggestion, she said: "Now, Timothy, you have a chance to make something worth while. You just advertise in the papers that you will sell them tickets. If you can get more than thirty dollars, just do it, and it will be a nice nest-egg for a real little fortune. I will help you take care

of it, Timothy." Tim saw his error too late. He grew ed, and stammered: "But the gentleman gave 'em to me for Uncle Tony and me to use. I guess he is the op'rer boss, and he wouldn't like to have me sell 'em."
"Well," said "mother," bridling, "I

one you told us about, gives Injun pres-ents to take 'em back, do you?"
"No-o," said Tim; "out if he had

a-wanted 'em sold, he'd a sold 'em him-"Timothy, now when you have the

chance to get a chunk of money, it is on night and day, day and night. Your money is a-earnin' for you while you the advertisement.'

Tim, in common with a great many no match for Mrs. Marshall on the subject of selling the tickets, though, aside from his great longing to go to the opera, he felt it would be a mean act to sell them. He twirled his cap round and round, and looked furtively,

anxiously, toward Uncle Tony. Perhaps three times during the fifteen years that Anthony Marshall had lived with his second wite, he had quietly, firmly and successfully asserted elf in direct opposition to her will. On these rare occasions he had done this to vindicate some nice point of ried, Mr. Marshall?" subtle honor, or delicacy of feeling, for Anthony Marshall was a born gentle-

Now he raised his head slowly, and spoke with a shade more precision and

distinctness than usual. "Mi-ran-da! Tim must not sell the tickets. It would not be honorable. Tim and I will go to the opera and use them, as the gentleman who gave them

to him expected we should."

Mrs. Marshall recognized in the tone and manner that this decision was final She was not a stupid woman. therefore arose, and with a look of lofty commisserating disdain remarked: "Some people ought to be born with

two silver spoons in their mouths."

Then she marched out of the shop, her crinoline-distended skirts mowing down a wide swath of small movable as she went.

When the door had slammed behind her, Tim, in silence, hastily ate the lunch of bread and meat which he had taken with him in the morning. Then taking one of the triangles from the cupboard and his box from the floor, he put his hand on the latch and turned with a hesitating:

"Well. Uncle Tony?" "It will take an hour to walk it, Tim. We will start at seven o'clock. Goodby, my boy, and good luck!" said Uncle Tony, wrapping up the shoes he had

The gale which had been blowing all day had fallen with the setting of the sun, to a low, cold, crisp wind. Here and there the dingy white of the halfmelted snow sparkled with the gathering frost, in the light of the large moon Up and down the streets of the great grimy, hurrying, never-silent city, the trailing robes of pale white light and hadow made all things dimly beautiful. now in shadow, Tim and Uncle Tony went silently on their way, Uncle Tony taking a queer little back step at regu-lar intervals, to keep himself in pace

with Tim's halting gait. "Uncle Tony," said Tim, looking up into the old man's face, "wo-would you mind telling me how it all hap-

The old man hesitated a moment, and then said: "Tim. I will tell you; but I must be gin pretty well back, or you wouldn't

inderstand it. "You see, Tim, my father was a musician by profession. He had great musical talent, and a touch of genius, just enough to make him ambitious, and he was never very successful. He wanted me to keep away from the music, but, Tim, I couldn't do it. And I tell you," said the old man, growing quite emphatic, "I could play marvel-lously well in those early days, for one

who was not a genius. "You remember I told you that I played in the orchestra at Drury Lane Theatre. Well, the great folks liked my playing, and some of them sent for ne to come up to West End almost every night, after I was through at the theatre. It was in that way that I be-

came acquainted with Adelaide, Sir William Norton's only daughter." Uncle Tony's tone had been growing lower and lower, and now, with bent head, he walked on in silence until

Tim said, softly: "Ah," said the old man, raising his head, and lifting his rusty silk hat rev-

erently, "she's an angel; an angel with God these many years. A few moments and he went on hus-"After a time, Tim, we stole away and were married. There never was a

lovelier being, Tim, than she was.' The old man sighed heavily and went on in silence until Tim said: "Was she ever in America, Uncle "Yes," said he, rousing hims When Sara was born. Ade laide called her Sara for her dead mother. When her father heard of it he

wrote her This was the letter, Tim. I remember every word of it: 'You have insulted your lady mother's sainted memory by calling Anthony Marshall's daughter by her name. I will never look upon your face again, nor hear from you, if I can avoid itl'

he?" said Tim, his brown eyes flashing indignation. "I don't suppose he meant to be. believe I can understand how it was,

said the old man, in his gentle, direct "After this Adelaide grew more frail every day, and, for the sea voyage and the change, we came to America. She was better at first, and then she failed in that fatally sure but impercep tible way which only victims of consumption do, and growing more radi

The old man dropped his head and did not speak again until some one, going in the opposite direction, shoul-dered roughly against him and roused

"It was then, Tim, that I learned to work on the shoes, I only had what I earned by playing in the orchestra. You see there was no great folks in New York who wanted me to play for them. Ah, Tim, it is a great comfort for me to think that Adelaide never wanted for anything which money could buy, and that she never knew about

The old man spoke no more until "After it was all over," said Uncl

ed only at shoes since." He paused a moment and then con-

unued:
"Mrs. Wicks-- that was mother's to the grand hotel, and know the truth, flying in the face of Providence not to do it. What if you was to be sick? What would you do then? If you get a When Sara was ten years old, mother little money together and just put it came in one morning looking very out to interest, the interest is a-goin' severe. After she had arranged every-

thing she said:
"Mr. Marshall you must get sor are sleepin'. You just go and put in one else to do what I have been doin' ever since your wife died, and before, too, for that matter. Not that I don't people, felt what he found it quite impossible for him to express. He was work, but—' She stopped and I asked work, but—' She stopped and I asked her what she meant. 'Well,' said she 'to tell you the unvarnished truth, Mr. Marshall, you are a widower. I am a widow. The neighbors will talk.

"I didn't know what to do, and I told her so. You see, Tim, I was used tears in his voice as he said: to 'mother.' She took the kindest care of Adelaide, and I always remember that. You know how mother smooths her dress, Tim, when she is saying anything very particular. Well she si ed her dress, stopped a little and then said: 'We can fix it by getting mar-

"So she asked you, Uncle Tony?" said Tim opening his eyes very wide. "Yes, Tim. I should never have thought of but one kind of marriage. Well, Tim, I knew that Sara must have a woman's care. That decided me. You know, Tim, that mother means well enough, but at times is a little

wearing.

"Yes, Uncle Tony, and she's pretty savin' always." "Just so, Tim. Well, she couldn't understand Sara, and as Sara grew older mother wanted her to wash dishes, mend stockings and sew, and, as she said 'be like other girls.' Sara could no more do these things, Tim, than a lark could draw a plough. You should have een her perch herself on my bench, Tim and then heard her sing. How she

uch a throat. The summer Sara was thirteen, an him, and Sara was with them a great She was a born songstress, Tim, She had the genius which her father

could sing! There never was another

missed! "One morning after the singer had moved away, I found Sara gone. In a little note to me, she said she had gone away to study and be a great singer; that she loved me better than all the world; and that she would come back for me, her dear little father-that is what she always called me, Tim-and make us all happy and proud; and that I was to be always sure she was very good and was working hard!" The old man's voice had a sad little tremble in it as he added, "And that was eight

"And it was in New York, wasn't

most a year when we came here "You found me in New York, didn't you, Uncle Tony?"

"Yes, Tim, fast asleep in a packing box with your triangle in your hand. "Do you know, Uncle Tony, that I always like to have my triangle with me. It makes me feel close to my mot'ier. She used to sing to me kinder clear and wailin' like, but so sweet! All about old Ireland; and when I play my triangle it seems as if I was a hearin' her. She bought me the triangle 'cause t was all she could afford, and I liked nusic so. She took care of me real tender. Uncle Tony as long as she

""And when she died your drunken father put you in the street?" "Yes, and I am awful glad he did. If he hadn't you wouldn't have found

"And, Tim, you and the triangle has brought music back to me." So these two, on whom the ills of life had indeed fallen heavily, were thankful and content. It is only misfortune is met with resentment and lament that she is developed into hag-

gard misery or vice. They were now in the central part of the city. As they approached the theatre they found themselves born along by the crowding throng, up to the brilliantly lighted entrance, and on through into the handsome auditorium, which

was already crowded. The usher looked at them doubtfully as he took their tickets, which he ex-

ammed with great care. Anthony Marshall would never have thought of going to the opera in any other but a dress coat. His was of bottle green cloth. The waist-line had been gradually rising with his increasbeen gradually rising with his increas-ing weight and size during the twenty years which had passed since it was made, until now it gave his figure a very peculiar proportion. The half-circle of fine gray hair below his bald crown was brushed carefully from the back, so that it just peeped over each ear. With his glass in his eye, and his self-possessed, gentle bearing, his ap-pearance was most quaint and unusual and as he and the misshapen, roughly clad handsome-faced boy passed down through the brilliant audience of elegantly dressed men and women of fashlon, to the very best seats in the house, they attracted an attention which even the ringing-in of the orches-

tra did not divert from them. The curtain rose, discovering in his lonely studio, a victim of disappointment and despair.

Tim and Uncle Tony followed with bated breath each note. When Mar-querite at her wheel was revealed to Faust, a hesitating, anxious attention came into Anthony Marshall's face, and he took his glass from his eye and wiped it carefully. As the opera ad-vanced and Margurite sang, "How Strange'tis to Me," the old man grasped Tim's arm, and whispered: "Isn't it like her, Tim? Isn't it

the daguerreotype?—eh, Tim?"
Tim looked in a startled way, first at the old man, and then at the stage, and replied softly:
"Why, she is some

"In the 'lewel scene' the old man's suppressed excitement grew inte and he exclaimed in a quivering whis "Tim, if it isn't her, it is cruelly

certainly is her hand! So like her mother's hand!" The act closed with the casement, and the old man rose in an unsteady way with: "Tim, Tim, I must have air!" and then through the gay audience they went, Tim leading now, and the old man fellowing with a

cruelly like her! And, Tim, it certainly,

don't s'pose a gentleman such as the one you told us about, gives Injun presents to take 'em back, do you?"

Tony, in a quiet, weary tone, "I could not play. There is much in us, Tim, which may die out while we live on," several minutes in deep reflection. Then -with a long sigh, -"and I have work- | slowly raising his drawn, white face to Tim, he said: "I believe we have seen Sara, Tim

They stepped inside the theatre as Marguerite was raising from her pallet of straw. Then her voice, full of heart-broken anguish and passion of leve, Curiou rang out in agonized pathos. With his glass, grasped the door for support,

and, in a dazed exultation, tremblingly "Come, Tim, come! It is Sara! It must be her!"

me, Tim." "Now I don't believe that, Uncle

Tony," said Tim, stoutly. "I bet she has looked for you all over. Why, 'But she never wrote, Tim."

etters get lost, you know, Perhaps. Anyway I must be cerain about it all. And then if-" He stopped, and after a moment said, in a resigned and gentle tone, "It will be a comfort, Tim, even if I should never

see her but this once." They had been waiting but a few noments, just inside the door of the that you were driving. ladies entrance of the Grand Hotel, when the carriages began to arrive. Several parties passed in. Then she came, leaning on the arm of her escort,

followed by her maid. The fragrance of the flowers in her hand touched the old man's face. The down on her cloak brushed his down on her cloak brushed hand as he stood in the shadow. Italian singer took apartments in the did not stir until she had swept quite house. Many musicians came to see by him. Then he followed her quickly. Not until she had reached her apartment could be command himself. Then with her doll. She was carrying or stepping forward, pale and trembling, he said softly:

"I-am-Anthony Marshall." She started back, poised an instant on one foot, and then, springing forward with a wild, glad cry, she ed out her beautiful arms, and clasped the old man to her strong, young

breast, exclaiming: "I knew-I knew I should some time find my dear little father! I would rather have you, my little father, than his reading without making any obail of England!-yes, yes, yes!-than servation. all the world!"

Ever after, this great songstress and this little radiant old man were insep-"Yes, Tim; Sara had been gone al- er," less particular, mellowed by opu- said he, with the greatest coolness, ost a year when we came here." like a rock between all the world and

# Terror of Haunted Locomotives.

Locomotive engineers are almost, not altogether, as superstitious in regard to haunted locomotives as sailors in regard to haunted ships. About ten years go the engine Mat Morgan blew up while standing on the track of the Shore Line road near the station in Provi-dence, E. L., killing the engineer. The engine was subsequently rebuilt and put on the road. On the first trip that she made after being rebuilt she went tearing into Providence in the night with the train swinging behind and the sleeping town echoing to the shrill whistle. On approaching the station the engineer leaned forward to shut off the

steam, but to his horror a ghostly form appeared at his side and a ghostly hand grasped his wrist and held his When the station was reached the ghost disappeared and the engineer stopped the train some distance beyond. I promise. At least, this is what the engineer tells. Many people have not forgotten the terrible Richmond switch disaster several years ago on the Providence and Stonington road. A little brook became pected.

swollen by the rain and carried away a railroad bridge. The train came rushing along that night and was hurled into the chasm. Giles, the engineer, when he saw the danger ahead, instead of leaping from the engine as his fireman did, grasped the leyer and reversed the engine. But it was too late. The train was going at such a speed that the locoing the throttle-valve with the grasp of death. Giles, when he came into Providence, was accustomed to give two pewho lived near the railroad where it enters the suburbs of the city, that he was all right and would soon be home. The absence of those whistles was the first intimation which was received at Providence of the disaster. When the engine which made the terrible leap on that stormy night was rebuilt and put on the road again there was at first great trouble in getting engineers for it, with such a superstitious horror was it regarded. To-day there are people ready to swear that they have heard whistles, such as Giles used to blow as signals to his wife, sound through the suburbs of Providence when no train was coming up the road.

### A Plucky Pair.

When the Apaches attacked the Black Rock ranch of William Johnson, near Nogales, N. M., only Johnson and his young bride were on the premises, They took refuge in a chicken house, from which the fight was kept up for an hour, the husband doing the shooting and the wife loading the guns. John son was shot through the body and thigh, and had one arm broken. the Indians gave up the fight and left, Mrs. Johnson nitched up a team, placed her husband in a wagon and twenty miles to Fort Thomas.

A TRAMP was brought before Judge Duffy. The charge was vagrancy and

"I was once mixed up in New York politics and was a candidate for civil justice, and I got into the habit of taking off my hat and stretching out my hand to shake with the voters, and

CHILD-FAITH.

Eastern Line. I arrived at the station at the apinted hour. I entered, or rather was thrown by an attendant, into the car nearest to me. The door was quickly

Month of September, 1870- On the

shut. The whistle was blown and we Curiously enough the car was not rowded. I formed the fifth passenger. hand the old man adjusted Two of the corners were occupied, by an officer and the other by a civilian. Facing me was a woman about 80 years old, neatly and modestly dressed, and beside her sat the most beautiful little child I ever saw-a little girl As they were hurrying along, the old about 6 years old, with a flood of blo man stopped suddently, as if he had curls waving under her immense straw hat. Now and then the child would been dealt a blow. They were in the shadow of a great building, and Tim look through the window in the direction of the engine, and then her eyes. seemed to wander in the infinite space "Tim she has never come for me, that was unrolling itself before her, and perhaps -" His voice failed him We came to a station. The train for a moment, but he cleared his throat bravely, and continued. "Perhaps—she—would—rather—rather not find suddenly her face brightened and her eyes lit with golden hues, shining with indescribable joy, while her lips came down upon two hands that came from the exterior and were placed upon the it's seven years since you came from frame of the open window. Ah, papa New York." Here is papa!33 exclaimed my little neighbor, with the exuberant and inno-

"Maybe the letters got lost. Lots of sent joy of her 6 years. It was the engineer of our train, who had come to speak to his little daughter and his wife, who was seated in front of

"We must make up for lost time, replied the man, "Were you afraid "No," said the child "because I knew

"Well, by-by," said the man, as he left, "Well, by-by, papa," said the child, throwing him a kiss. The train started and gradually

reached an extraordinary speed. I worship little children, and I began to examine the little one in front of me. She was full of life, and good humor She amused herself with everything and nothing, cajoling with her mother, in-quisitive with the window, and severe a thousand different conversations all at once, and with a noise that was almost deafening, when suddenly the gentle

man in the other corner exclaimed: "Decidedly, we are going too fast. The train will surely run off the "Oh, don't be afraid," said the child.

eriously, "papa is driving."
The officer was reading. He looked out of the window, and then resumed

The other gentlemen again began tofficer closed his book and The arable; near them, too, was loyal, lov-ing Tim and his triangle; while "moth-would advise all to do the same," keep seated your legs will be Remember the

accident. "This is certainly, madness," he con tinued, "Yes, madame, he said, ad dressing the lady, "your husband either drunk or crazy."
"Oh, sir,"said the lady,"my husban

never gets drunk. You saw him a little while ago. Certainly the train is going at a furious rate. I don't understand terrifying rate. What in the world

ould the engineer mean by such driv "I am afraid?" said the citizen, white with terror.

Then the officer took me aside. is my name and address," said he. "I I am killed or mortally wounded in th accident to which we are running and ou escape promise me now that you will earry these dispatches without a moment's delay to the general whos

name you will find by opening this en-The woman took the child in her rms and covered her little face with tears and kisses. She seemed to wish to make a rampart of herself to pro-

tect the little one against the frightful smash-up, that was momentarily ex-"I am not afraid," said the child, smilingly; "papa is driving." And she alone among the passengers of the car, and doubtless she alone among al on board the train, had faith and cor fidence. We could hear in the other cars cries of terror and wailings of despair, and, in spite of the mother the child leaned out of the window the back door and shouted out with all the force of her little lungs; "Don't be afraid; papa is driving!" Ah! that swee little girl, in the general terror, was a tower of strength, with that sacred love

of a child for a father—an affection that nothing can break down. Gradually the train slowed and camo a standstill. We were at a station, The engineer came to the door. "We have been going very fast," said he "but at all hazards we must get t Reims before the Prussians. That w must do at the risk of being blown u or smashed to pieces on the way. told we are carrying important patches," and he looked at his little girl

with tears in his eyes, "Give me your hand," said the officer. "You are a brave fellow. It is I who have the dispatches." "En route!" then said the man, and he gave a parting glance at the fairy form of his child, as if to bid her farewell. But leanne was not afraid; and, moreover. nobody in our compartment was afraid any longer. We knew that we were risking our lives for our country, and that satisfied us. As for the train, it recommenced its furious race.

This was in the month of September. 1870, on the Eastern line.

### Mrs. Grant's Big Check.

Mr. Jesse Grant said recently that

his mother had received her first check from the publishers on account of "Gen, Grant's Life." I have not seen the fact mentioned in the newspapers How much do you suppose that che was for? No less than \$250,000-"the largest sum ever paid at one time for literary work," he said. The next largest check he thinks was paid to Macaulay-a hundred and fifty thousand copies of his wonderful history having sold within four weeks. But I think Walter Scott, who was the idol of his generation and who wrote against Time, Death and the Sheriff, is entitled to this second place. If I am not mistaken, received \$200,000 from Constable at one time just before he was made a baronet, and he earned \$100,000 a year nearly a score of years.

# A KENTUCKY COURT SCENE.

flow a Louisville Judge Presided in

a Lawless Region.

The chief trouble attending the con viction of the desperadoes whose acts of violence in some sections of Kentucky have for years produced a reign of terror, a cause which is not understood by those who only read accounts of the crimes committed, has been the failure on the part of the prosecuting attorneys and criminal judges to do their duty. This fallure is to be attributed to what may best be called "local influences." judge belongs to one faction, or owes his election to a particular party his opponents at once declare their in were barricaded, the abandoned, where the extermination of the entire population a matter of very early posforthwith to the scene of bloodshed, trial came on the whole populace ap-peared in the court house with but little exception. The first case, one of murder, was called. All the witnesses responded to their names save one. "We

must have that witness, Mr. Sheriff," said the court, firmly.
"If your honor pleases, I can't get him," said the county sheriff. "That's no excuse, sir; have him here without fail in four hours. Let the court stand adjourned until 2 o'clock." And as Judge Jackson finished speaking he arose from the bench with dignitied case, calmly put on his hat and walked from the court room alone, to the great astonishment of the natives, whose regular judge would have remained until perfectly satisfied that no | lineut. enemy was near. At 2 o'clock court again convened. The bawl of the sheriff, "Oh yes, oh yes, court is now husbands, open," had scarce died ont before Judge Jackson asked sternly: "Mr. Sheriff, have you brought that witness in

The sheriff, answering in the negative, gave as his reasons for failure to obey the court that he found the house of the witness barricaded and full of armed mountaineers, who swore they

"Mr. Sheriff," said the court very sharply, "such an excuse is not to be thought of, and will not be entertained. I want the witness here at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, if you have to les in the cascades. bring him here on a litter. Mark you, sir, a failure to comply on your part will compel rison you to the full extent of the law. Do your duty sir.

To say that natives were astonished does not convey the slightest idea of their true feelings. All that afternoon and next morning there was a universal desire to see the "city Jedge close," and the fellow who got to shake hands with him had all the free drinks he de-

"Mr. Sherlff, have you that witness?"

"Yes, your honor," spoke the sheriff, excitedly; "he's coming."

A curious sight presented itself now. Itali a dozen stalwart men appeared carrying another, who was the missing witness. One arm hung limp at his side, a leg refused to do its duty, blood trickled from all over his head, and an immense bandage concealed one eye. "Stand up, sir," spoke the court, and with the aid of his captors, the fellow

his wounds would permit. "What do you mean by evading the "I didn't know it was your court, I thought they wanted to take me to Louisville for moonshining. I knew

as how there were deputy marshals about sir. " "Mr. Clerk," said the judge, there any United States marshals in this section?" The clerk said there were and that they had warrants for the civil witness,

order soon compiled with. Eight U.S. marchals faced the court. "Gentlemen," began the "have you warrants for any of these "Yes, sir, for nearly all of them, and

previously in the whole life of the county of Breathitt, which is now one of

coal in the world, England not ex-Judge Jackson recently went to

best in Kentucky and where capi-

"Will you need a hundred men?" asked a local friend of justice who well knew the desperate affairs which had marked every previous trial of the accu-"No," thundered the Judge,

court is equal to a hundred men itself?"

This remark went the rounds like

wildfire, and during the long trials conduct its business without the slight-In dealing with Kentucky feuds the portation.

less people than a regiment of soldiers,

NO. 9.

-Suisun, Cal., has a petrified pump-

church.

forian, is dead.

travel is increasing. -Mr. Huxley claims to be the origi-

ator of agnosticism. -High license law is spreading in opularity in Missouri.

-Henry James intends to live pernanently in Europe. -Calfornia has 1,000,000 in habitants,

visited Athens until now.

-A portrait of Sir Moses Monteflore is to be painted by Mr. Millais. -A New England tooth-pick factory

ises 49,000 cords of wood annually. -Mr. Gresham, the Pestmaster-General, is a great sufferer from insomnia. -Judea pitch, which is found float-

society for the protection of street chil-

-The Marquis Tseng acts as if he was afraid to stay in France over night. -New Haven, Conn., has an S-year-

old boy whose waist measures

inches.

ng \$3,330,000.

excessive baggage charges on the Con-

-Mgr. Capel thinks that American omen are better educated than their -Mr. Parnell has subscribed £250

ed in the English mint, after two years without any. - Dakota is third in the list of gold-

oducing States her yield for 1882 be-

-Last year 161,562 Italians emigrated to other countries, as compared with 35,832 in 1881

-Certain large London establishments furnish their lady customers

in deciding one same. ... The Duke of Castlemonte, recently captured by Sicilian brigands, has been ransomed for \$39,000.

the other night in a gale. -The German historian, Von Rank, s eighty-four years old, but is still engrossed in literary work. -Bismarck thinks he knows the day

and hour of his death, which he has predicted by astrology. -A Blitzzug or lightning train is to be run from Paris to St. Petersburg at a rate of 56 miles an hour.

vere in performing their duties. -Dr. Schliemann's health is s broken that be cannot continue his excavations. He is at home in Athens. -The public wealth in the United

-In the last two years there have been 172 enlistments for the signal ser-

-Louisiana, which expected to make

300,000 hogsheads of sugar this season, now looks for only about half that vield.

cian, who has been at pains to collect data on the subject, early risers live

bree generations. -The pioneers of Washington Territory have organized an association. The membership is limited to those who

clist, living in London, has completed 2584 miles in 24 hours, claimed to be the best yet recorded on the wheel. -The marriage of Prince Louis of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Hesse is expected to take place at

ter do not appear to be of the vicious. depredating order. -A department of Agriculture's which followed enabled the court to scientist says our wheat is deficient in albumenoids. It will be now in order

for some foreign power to bar its im -Of the English Ministry, Mr. Gladstone draws £4,929 a year from land,

matches in the bales, which were evicourt in the mountains. He said: "I dently placed there with incendiary would rather send him to try these law- intent. -There is a stream near Helene

dexis." There was not a dry eye in the house, and our readers will regret that they were not present. There are very few of us who know as much as we of the real-ter of the r

should about that rare and interesting of the mother and her off-spring is per-

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The old man slowly set the clamps

"Well, Tim, if I can't guess, tell

used to play in the orchestrer at that Lane Theatre in London?" "Yes, Tim in the orchestra at Drury "That's it! Well, this mornin' after

I had sold out, I was just a-wishin' and a-wishin' that I could get twenty shines to do, as I did last year, so we could go ag'in, for, oh, it was just heavenly and I was a-standin' before the main entrance of the Grand Hotel, and a thinkin' about that op'rer we went to last year, and a-whistlin' the theme you learned me, and we play together,

along, one of 'em with his boots all "'Have a shine, sir? You need it.'
"He put his boot on the box, and said: Where did you learn what you Then he says, 'Is your uncle a musi-cian?' Says I, 'You jest bet he is!'

American life for your book, Patton.'
"Then, do you know, Uncle Tony,

shine's enough for the tickets in the 'loft' for Uncle Tony and me, said I. 'Oh-hol so you furnish your Uncle Tony with op'rer tickets, do you?' said 'Yes; Miss Marshall won't let me asleep in a packin'-box seven years

nose vigorously.
"'Well,' said the gentleman, 'come

near-sighted eyes, exclaimed: "Why, Tim, they are for the dress The door of the inner room opened with an emphatic click, and a large

seated herself in a rocking-chair, and Tim turned his cap round uneasily, Uncle Tony gave an apologetic cough, and then he asked:

Uncle Tony coughed again, and said are a great deal about how you feel."
"I should think you did by the noise

tinued to rock and sigh. Tim shifted uneasily, and Uncle Tony bent over As the continued silence gave "moththing unpleasant, she raised her head,

Tim looked furtively toward Uncle "Tim had great luck, to-day, 'mother,' and came home to let us know about it." It would have been too much conde-

> antly beautiful, Tim, with each succeeding day."

"So you deny begging on the streets?"
Certainly I do, your Honor."
"Why did you hold out your hand and take off your hat."

to receive fair treament at his hands and will fight rather than be tried In one of the counties where scores had been killed who belonged to opposing factions, and where houses woman and children were armed and the governor requested Judge Wm. L. Jackson of the Louisville Circuit. to hold court. Nobody thought the Louisville judge would comply, but in this

they were mistaken, for he proceeded quietly announced his presence and made known his mission. These facts excited the greatest curlosity throughcrtv. out the county, and when the day of

would kill any man who attempted to

Court opened promptly at 10 o'clock. asked the court.

assumed as fair an upright position as law?" asked the judge.

whereupon he directed the sheriff to bring every one of them into court,

four for this chap," answered a mar-shal, indicating the wounded man. "Well, gentlemen, I am holding court here now, and if you interfere with me in any manner whatever, I'll put you all in fail for a year-every one of you. Let this case begin The trial proceeded, and more convictions followed than had happened

Letcher county at Governor Knott's re-

only thing necessary to make peaceable and good citizens out of the lawless men of the mountains has been the need | Lord Hartington £6,000 a year, M. of men like Judge Jackson, whose nerve | Dodson £3,168, Lord Spencer £42,219. and firmness find respect as quickly Kimberly £24,993, Lord Northbroke with desperadoes as with peaceable citi- £11,000, and Lord Derby £180,320. zens. Governor Knott expressed himself as much pleased with the manner ton at Genoa have found quantities of in which Judge Jackson has conducted

AT a recent meeting of the Thursday evening Club in Boston William Ever-ett read a paper en "Hegemonic Dia-

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Copenhagen is to have an English

-The Indians in Alaska are to be -Arnold Schaefer, the German his-

-In Scotland third-class passenger

but only 900 churches,

-Mr. Robert Browning has never -Cabbages command as much as 50 cents per head at Fort Worth.

ng on the Dead Sea, is an excellent

-The Chinese of Portland, O.e., are snessed for \$145,200 worth of real prop--Rome, Italy, has just instituted a

-Agriculture and not the mines is ow the main source of wealth in California.

-Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of Prince Christian, is an excellent cricketer. -Many protests are made against

towards the projected monument to Father Burke. -Gold coinage has just been resum-

-King and Yakiron counties W. T., are agitated over recent gold discover-

-The Japanese game of checkers is intricate that a month is often spent

-The Burlington, Vt., waterworks chimney, 30 feet high, was blown down

-The Paris press complains that the police of that city are excessively se

Kingdom has increased from £127 per head in 1812 to £249 per head in 1882. vice, of which 53 were college gradrates:

-So scarce was water in the South this Fail that it was bought and sold in Vicksburg-40e, per barrel being the price. -According to an English statisti-

the longest. -Cashmere shawls are embroidered ilmost entirely by men, and sometimes a single garment represents the work of

came before 1856. -The first return of the New York tax officers filed with the State Compretter showed the assessment to b about \$978,000,000. tal is now finding the richest cannel -W. F. Sutton, a noted Scotch bicy-

> Windsor Castle when a date is fixed. -Southern papers speak of the appearance of an unprecedented number of tramps in that section, but the lat-

> -Large importers of American cot-

(Mont.) whose waters are so impreg-nated with copper, that any metal articles dropped into it are soon cop