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THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE EMPORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

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## Pine and Palm.

A lonely tree, the rowan grew Among the boulders; long and lone, The wild moor heaved beneath the blue In heathery swells of turf and stone They'd wandered east, they'd wandered

With dance and muric, song and mirth, That sunburned group who paused to rest On that one spot of shadowy earth.

With heat and travel overcor The bandsman slumbered. On the grass Lay leathern pipes and cymbaled drum And bright peaked hat with bells of brass

With low, soft laughs and whispered fun, Bitthe eyes and lips of loving red. Two girls sat stringing in the sun The rowan berries on a thread.

Against a boulder mossy grown I saw the singing woman lean Her dark, proud head. Upon the stone She had placed her gilded tambourine.

Though not asleep, she did but seem Hall conscious, for the hot sun kissed Her cheek and wrapped her heart in dream Like some glad garden wrapped in mist. Into the tambourine I dropped

The children, threading berries, stopped; The woman wakened with a start. She rose and thanked me, bright and free,

Then added, "God is good to-day! One hour I am in Napoli— And this is Scotland—far away!" And I remembered, as I turned,

How, lone in Norland snows, the pine Dreamed of that lonely palm which yearned On burning crags beneath the line

## LILIAN.

They had been engaged a month. The village had buzzed audibly over the news that Jack Murray had come home from Arizona to marry his old playmate, Janette Prayn, and had furthermore bought an interest in Grayton Mills, and gone into business with all his energy. The wedding was arranged for October, and meanwhile-

Yes. He was bound to Janette. There was no forgetting or ignoring of the fact-but Lilian? His heart tugged at its chain each time she spoke to him or looked his way. The silken bond had become a fetter. Janette was the Janette he had always known-a wopresence, gracious and gentle: but he had come home to find Lilian a beautiful surprise. Bright, audacious, wilful, almost reckless, she darted from gayety to gayety like a hummingbird among roses. A dance here, a ride there, a midnight row, flowers, music, little notes of invitation, boxes of bonbons-from week's end to week's Jack, whom it did not in any way con- me. I understand you. I have only trailing over and nodding their pretty cern kent up his impatient protest.

"Can't you see, Janette, that it is You ought to curb her a little. It is wrong to the child-an injustice .stand in the place of a mother."

"Jack, dear! As if I possibly could curb her?" "Well, her father-some one ought

"But she doesn't do anything wrong. She likes to be gay—that is natural; and these young people about are boys and girls that have grown up with her -neighbors and classmates. I do not

see how she possibly could be harmed. "But she is away from home nearly every day, and all her evenings are taken up with Tom, Dick and Harry. Her own people scarcely get a glimpse

"Well it's vacation now, you know and besides, in a little while, when am gone, Lilian will have to settle down. She will know the weight of care soon enough."

Janette was smiling tenderly, but she could not smile away the gloom from

her lover's face. "I have scarcely patience with you, Janette," he said almost angrily. "Settle down? The girl is utterly spotled for anything like domestic life. you suppose she will ever fill your place to your father and the children? It was very unfortunate for her that she was left without a mother."

Tear's filled Janette's eyes. She bit her lip hard in the effort to restrain Why was Jack always so severe in his censure on Lilian, and through Lilian on her? Why did he alone seem to regard with intolerance this bright young creature whom all the world loved.

This sad questioning had been grow ing daily in Janette's meek, loving heart. Suddenly Jack flung himself down beside her and kissed her cheek. "Don't be sad, dear. I only meant that she-that Lilian seems too-inde-pendent of us all, and for so young a girl-but of course, it is not your fault, Janette-and shall I-shall I reason with her? Do you think it would do any good?"

Not the least bit in the world, dear but you may try."

Jack did try the very next morning

Janette took the children and went down to the village, to give him an opportunity to deliver his lecture in good He found Lilian dawdling over a late breakfast, untidy as usual, but as usual exquisitely clean. Her wrapper had a torn sleeve that showed the ivery of one rounded arm-her hair was tumbling from its silky braids. She looked like a fresh-crushed rose.

Jack had dressed himself with unusual care; but, then, he was going up to the city on business.

Well, Lilian!" "How nice you look?" she said, with a smile, bright and indifferent. "I am so tired. We did not get home till three this morning. I waltzed my feet right through my slippers."

"We?" "George Archer and Harry Chase came home with me. I'm sorry I'm so very tired. We arranged to go up to Eag.e Rock this afternoon, I don't

see how I can." "I don't see how you can," He had walked away to the window, but now came back and seated himself near her,

at the breakfast table. "You are a puzzle to me, Lilian." "A puzzle am I? Will you have some coffee. It isn't very warm, Wby

am I a puzzle, Jack?" "Well, not a puzzle, either; only, it seems strange you are so different from Janette. Should you wish me to be more like

ber?" she asked, with a curious halfsmile, balancing a spoon carefully on the edge of her empty cup.

"In one respect yes. Janette would not spend her time romping about with every one, to forgive me. I will surely every one, to forgive me. a crowd of insignificant young men, for

"You will let yourself become insig-

wasting your thought and time on peo- know that, wherever I am, I must alple who are no way worthy—"
Lilian's spoon fell with a clatter into her cup. She rose and crossed the

room quickly.

listen to your lecture with some comfort. This is Harry Chase's glove.' She had begun to mend the torn finger. 'Is he one of the insignificant people? Surely," she looked at him archly, "you can't say that of a millionaire's

thought he was really dear to you."
"Harry? Oh, no. He's a good boyhe's devoted to me; but I should never think of marrying him." "The other, I suppose, is the favor-

"Which other? George Archer, He's lovely, isn't he?" Yes, I like George, but I like him so much that I can't ove him. Don't you see? Well, then, -they certainly go into the list-and-

shall I name any more?" "It isn't necessary." Jack was to keep back the angry flush that he felt rising to his cheek. "I see you have no use for my advice. You resent refrain rung in his ears: "It was all

my interference." "I dont resent anything. Come here and sit by me. I am willing to hear all you may have to say about my friends. Of course you won't be just to them;

that's not to be expected." "Not to be expected? I should very much like to know why I have any motive to be unjust to your friends!" "Oh, well," she said, resignedly, "the trouble is, Jack, you're in love with me

ourself. With a startled air he looked at her an instant. Then a smile broke slowly

"Well, that is a singular assertion," he remarked, after a rather long si-"Yes; but the most singular thing about it is, that it's true," she retorted,

where the singularity come in." He bit his lip, still regarding her with a sort of puzzled yet tolerant look. Suddenly his whole expression changed. "Lilian," he said, abruptly crossing to where she sat, "I wish to God you were more of a woman or-more of a

you try to bewilder me-to make yourself a mystery?" "I don't try to make myself anything," she retorted, raising her free, calm glance to his troubled face. "I end the bright routine went on; and don't see why you can't understand

> stand you, too." -surely you might have some thought for me, some consideration! Why do you delight to make me suffer?"

Jack. Because, if I met you half way, you would throw Janette aside without one qualm of conscience-Janette, who is worth a dozen such women as I am. I may be frivolous and trifing, Jack; but I have my own ideas of honor,

"You are a miserable flirt!" he said, slowly and bitterly. "That's not true, Jack!" but her

young face wore a strange, hard smile. "Talk of honor-you talk of honor? You have neither heart nor con-"Jack!"

Her voice stopped him half-way in the senterce. A burning flush had spread over her face, and the next instant she burst into a wild passion of tears, and rushed out of the room sobbing like a hurt child. That was the end of Jack's reasoning with Lilian -When they met at dinner she was her bright, pleasant self again, smiling and talking gayly; but Jack felt that the distance between them had widened to a deep, impassable gulf, that neither

word nor smile could cross. Lilian's terrible frankness had defined his position and placed it openly before his eyes. And it had only shown him an undreamed of force and courage in her character. With the restless passion her mere beauty had inspired, there began to mingle a higher form of admiration, and for the first time the thought of breaking the engagement of Janette took form in his mind. This, too, might be done with her full consent, if he could make up his mind to throw himself entirely on her generosity and tenderness. She had been so good to him always-a friend, a sister, since he could remember, almost. Would she be less good to him now, if he came to demand from her the willing sacrifice of her dearest joys and hopes? He knew she loved—had loved him always, and man's logic, by degrees, made it very clear in his mind that this love should flow to make his happiness, and to the total renunciation, if need be, of her own. Why else were women made compassionate as angels and heroic as martyrs? Kind, happy Janette, little dreaming that she was expected to pose to either or both of these difficult positions, wondering at Jack's strange,

restless manner, went on smiling securely above her lace ruffles and embroideries and her happy dreams. It is not to be wondered at that Jack put off from day to day Janette's disillusionment-But a time came, after one of Lilian's rare evenings at home, when she had been more lovely, more gracious, more tender, subdued, thoughtful and loving than he had ever known her, that Jack made up his mind, with mesculine vigor, to a final and determined effort for his freedom before another sun should set. He kad seen of late an unmistakable sadness in Lillan's eyes, a wistful anxiety that not all her pretty smiles could cover; and on this especial evening her hand had ingered long in his, and her glance had met his own with responsive kindness. He left her, thrilled and restless, his heart beating wildly at the thought that to-morrow would bring him at

least the right to throw himself at her But to-morrow brought him some thing widely different. By breakfast-time the whole household was in a wild consternation; Lillan had disappeared. Her pretty white bed was unrufiled; but on its pillow lay this little note,

addressed to Janette: "Don't be troubled or unhappy. have gone away, of my own free, glad will, to be married. Tell papa—tell return in time for your wedding, dear, dear, precious darling Janette! You will not miss me much. You have n," she retorted, caimly.
"You will let yourself become insiglicant," he said, gravely. You are

ways be your own true, loving "LILIAN." And this was the end of Jack's fever-"Ah, now you are angry," Jack said, leaning back and looking after her.
"You are offended."
"Not a bit offended. I only thought and havoc in his life! Janette hung and havoc in his life! Janette hung and havoc in his life! Janette hung and havoc in his life! ish dreaming, of his plans and hopes would get some work. Then I could sobbing on his shoulder. He shuddered as he kissed her, thinking how closely she had passed to a keener and more lasting sorrow. He could not comfort her, he was too deeply hurt himself.

The excited talk, the conjectures of "I should not say it in any case if I the subject; but what could it matter whom she had married?-George Archer, young Whittaker, little Harry Chase—she was lost, gone beyond his reach forever, beyond the passionate following of his thoughts. Of what avail had been his manhood, his strength and ardor, and determination? Fate had cast them aside like straws in the wind-and to another man had been tossed the treasure he would have there is Louis Best, the two Whittaker's struggled and have died to win. It was all over. It was all over. These words kept repeating themselves through his brain. Whether he discussed the matooking straight across the table, trying ter gravely with Dr. Prayn, or talked soothingly to Janette, or answered the children's thousand questions, this sad

over.' As the days went on the fact of Lilian's flight was followed by the dis-covery of another fact—that George Archer and Harry Chase were both missing. This established at once the personality of the bridegroom. Archer had always been a favored admirer of Lilian's, and as Harry, though an admirer also, was Archer's bosom friend, the sequence, of course, seemed very plain. Harry, who was exceedingly wealthy, and the soul of generosity besides, must have placed money at the disposal of the young couple, for Archer was not known to have any

visible means of support. "But what a rash step it was for Lillan—so young, too—to leave her com-fortable home and go off with one who might be a worthless adventurer for with a perfectly unmoved air. That's anything that was known of him in Gravton.

And so the tongues wagged, until Lilian came back and stopped them. It was the day before the one ap-pointed for her sister's wedding. Yet child. I can't understand you. Do beyond her little farewell note, until was nearly twilight. Tea was just over. The children were dawdling at the table, Janette was talking to the father near his desk, Jack was smoking, and the roses from the porch were

been afraid that Janette would under- red faces through the window. No one heard the gate click, nor the "But if this that you say is true-if footsteps, but they all heard Lilian's wrong for you to allow Lilian to go on in this way? A girl of sixteen should I have been so unfortunate as to give list word. "Homel home!" she called I have been so unfortunate as to give list word. "Homel home!" she called

Wicked, heartless girl! Unfeeling daughter! The tempest that met her "Why? Because you ought to suffer, was a storm of kisses-and embracesapologetically, in the background, with his usual little mild air of wonder? He until Lilian drew him forward with both her pretty hands, and said, "My husband," when he proceeded to kiss, shake hands and even embrace his new relatives with prompt enthusiasm. "Harry Chase," cried Janette, in utter amagement. "You don't really

mean that you've married Harry Chase? Is it a joke, Lilian?"

think it is an excellent joke for me," said Harry, radiant,
"Of course I've married Harry. You didn't suppose I'd marry any one

else?" Lilian asked reproachfully. 'Certainly not," said Janette, still "But you were always bewildered. playing off little pranks on Harry. You know you were.'

"She has played the final one," said Harry, with an air of fond ownership; there are no more prank's to be laid Mrs. Chase's door.' "Mrs. Chase! Mrs. Chase!" The

children seized on the name instantly and began a wild dance of delight around its owner. It was altogether such a wonderful idea that Lilian should be Mrs. Anything.

Jack had kissed her heartily with the rest; had shaken hands and congratulated the smiling Harry, and then stood apart, looking on tike one in a dream, He noticed the large, beautiful diamonds that glittered from the bride's fair neck and ears.

"Poor, empty, worthless heart," he thought, bitterly, "you have brought your price!" Though all the years of his life he never knew why Lilian had

matried Harry Chase. But Janette knew in time. Jack was dead, and she had lived through her widowhood, and her children and Lilian's were courting and being courted, she learned the unwritten romance of her sister's life. They were talking, as gray-haired women will, of love and marriage, and the heart's deep joys and sorrows, when

Lilian said, earnestly: "You have wondered often, Janette, about my marriage, because you know me too well to believe, as many did, that I married Harry for his wealth:' "Oh, never for that, dear," Janette said .- "I know you never did-but I have wondered sometimes-if-you married him for love."

"No," said Lilian, simply; "I married him because I loved some one else because I loved Jack." "Jack!" said Janette, blushing as she looked at her. "My Jack?" "Your Jack." She smiled softly as

she said the words. "Oh. Lilian!" "Yes, I loved him dearly; so dearly, lanette! I can tell you now-it is all so long ago! Janette, 1 suppose a quiet nature like yours could never realize all my poor, wild, foolish heart endured through those weeks after Jack came back from Arizona and before I went away with Harry, I went, because I could bear it no longer. I was so glad when he asked me to be his wife." "Oh, my poor Lilian!" Janette's tears are flowing fast as she holds her

sister's hands. And I never dreamed "No one dreamed of it, dear-Jack, east of all," said Lilian, calmly. I good Harry, in our comfortable, commonplace way. Yet, you see I've had my romance too, like other people." She smiled, but her eyes were full of

"Lilian dear! And you loved Jack, and-you knew he loved me. Oh, that "I am glad that I loved him," Lillan said. Every couple is not a pair.

THE MOUNTAIN LION.

The Terror of the Ranchers of

Southern California.

"Of all the sly cats that can be found, the mountain lion beats them all," said an old hunter in the San Bernardino "Some months ago," he continued, "I went into the hog business on a small scale, bought two dozen shoats, and for a week I lost a shoat every night and could not for the life the assembled household maddened the first three nights after I missed one of me find out who was the thief. For him. No one had any definite ideas on I hung around the pen until nearly morning, but it seemed as if the mo ment I stepped out one of the shoats stepped off, so I got a friend to watch me, and we fixed up a big dry goods box and got into it, and we sat there alongside of the pcn. I reckon we kept awake until four o'clock, when we fell asleep. I was awakened by hearing a shoat squealing, and out I rushed and my friend after me; but the shoat was gone, and just as we were about starting for the house I happened to cast my eye toward a big log that ran into the hog pen, and there were two of the greenest eyes you ever saw. I didn't wait to find out what it was, but let fly with my rifle, and the next second out came the biggest mountain lion I ever saw. I wasn't ten feet from him, and as he went I took him over the head with the butt of the gun and my friend, carried away with excitement, was finishing him with his knife. He was six feet long, the biggest one 1 have ever seen here. And how do you suppose he worked it? You'd never guess. You see, there was an old hol-low log that I had fixed up as a drain, but had used it for some time back to run water into the pen, and through this that cat would creep until he got well in, and then he would reach out a claw and grab the shoat, as they slept around the entrance, and it would be dragged into the log, and, of course, nothing

would be seen. It was a cute piece of business. "The mountain lions are not as common as they were once, but you can find them around if you are inclined to hunt. I'll never forget the first one I ever saw. I had been in the mountains prospecting-you know every body prospects here-and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon it began to snow, and I was certainly ten miles from home and they had received no word from her, had to make it, so I began the down trail. It got dark about 6, so that they heard her voice on the porch. It I had to almost feel my way, and the snow was flying thick and fast and nearly six inches deep. I reckon I had gone along about two miles when I thought I heard a low, soft step behind me. I pulled up and listened, and the noise stopped so quick that I thought It was an echo, and started on again;

but the moment I moved I heard the soft step coming on, and as I hauled up a second time I heard a twig break, and ntire freedom. my heart one way and my word another out in a gay voice that broke into a then was sure that I was being followed. A friend of mine was dogged in that way once by a Mexican and shot at, and it occurred to me that perhaps some one was after me, thinking of sobs and laughter. But what was had something valuable about me. At Harry Chase doing, holding his hat first I didn't know what to do, as when I stopped the thing behind me did the same. I must confess it made me was doing nothing, quite contentedly, nervous. You know if you can see a thing it's all right-you know what to do; but when something is following you in the dark it's a different thing. So I waited a moment and then ran ahead for a hundred yards as fast as I could go and made a rush for a tree and stood behind it. It was a good scheme, as I completely fooled my follower, and in a second or so I saw a long, black figure, like a man crawling along on hands and knees, going so carefully I could hardly hear it from where I stood. I had my ride ready, and just as it got opposite me I fired The animal leaped ten feet, I should say, into the air, and fell back with a snarl-a dead mountain lion. I don't know whether it would have touched me or not, but it looked very suspicious. I didn't take any chances,

"I never saw or heard of one tackling a man, but I can tell you what they will do: They will whip a grizzly bear every time, and the grizzly is king on this coast. I had it straight from an old partner of mine in the mining business. He was over in the Rockies, and well up one time, and on this particular occasion, on an elk hunt. They had been after the game half a day, when all at once they heard a fearful roar in the brush, and rushing in they looked through and saw a big grizzly and a mountain lion having a regular roughand-tumble of it. They were jumping about so and rolling over and over so fast that they could not tell who was getting the best of it for some time, and they didn't want to shoot for fear of spoiling what they called the fun; so they stood by and watched the fight. The grizzly was evidently trying to squeeze the lion, which was so slender that it wiggled and squirmed out of the way, but all the time scratching and tearing just as you see a cat when she is fighting. With such tactics as this it didn't take long to finish the business; the hair was flying from the grizzly, and both animals were covered with blood and screaming and roaring so that you could have heard them a mile or more. All at once the bear made a break and tried to run, but he was that weak he fell over, and as the two brutes lay on their sides the man shot them both. Yes, the bear was done for. The hide was completely torn in pieces and good for nothing. I believe the mountain lion would have got away all right; the only thing the matter with it was some of its ribs were broken and it was well tern up. You see the great hold of a grizzly is to knock an animal over with its claws or paw, and throw its arms about a man and squeeze; but a mountain lion will tear and scratch so quick that there isn't much chance to come out alive.'

Sweet and dainty as the wise-eyed daises pluned against her breast; slender and graceful as the tall nodding grasses that brush against her skirts; sweet and fair and lovely as the June morning itself—that is Jean.

Big, solemn, blue eyes like a bit of the summer sky above her sunny head; a curved tender mouth where dimples gipsy hat set above the blushes and the imples-that is Jean. And the sweet sammer morning seems sweater for her resence and the field flowers nod in a friendly way and the small brown birds along the path sing httle confidential songs to her whom they both know and

broad, white turn-pike sweeps and leaves the shorter road to quiet and repose; the grass is soft across it and the ground sparrow has her nest in the

The grass is studded with daisies white and yellow, and sweet-williams blossom gayly among the purple this-tles. Beyond, in the fields, the corn waves, a dark, green, shimmering sea, over the slope and out of sight. A clear green sea, broken only now and then by a stately muliein stalk which rears its yellow head above the shining corn and seems to look, with an air of

possession, over the broad fields.

In the shadow of the fence the dew is not yet dried, and glistens bravely as sunbeams find their way to it. The birds sing their merriest, the sun shines its brightest and through it all walks Jean with downcast, happy eyes. "While you are away, you will not forget—you know what?" her compan-ion says holding closer her warm right "You will not forget, Jean?" "As if I could, you foolish boy," she

says with a happy laugh. "But you may "Yes, when I forget to live," he says, "Oh, Jean! what would the world be to me without you?"

"A very lovely world still," she says, but he shakes his head and they walk on in silence. They walk on, down the hill and through the village streets and up the rickety platform where, once a day, a roaring express train stops and brings,

nent, some of the city's smoke and din to the quiet country. The station master, in flapping straw hat and patched corduroy trousers, lounges on a truck in the morning sunshine. A good-natured old couple sit close together in startled anticipa of departure, and a blase young fellow, whose satchel hangs by a strap from his shoulder, smothers a yawn and opens his dull eyes further to take in ore of Jean's fresh loveliness, as she

comes forward. "It is the last time, Jean," her lover whispers. "You will never go away from me again. Think of it, my sweetheart! The very last 'good-bye' that we need ever say,

The sweet, red blushes chase each guards so jealously.
"The very last," she repeats softly. "Let me pin this daisy on your coat, Don. Now! You will think of me "No, really, I couldn't." Don. Now! You will think of me when it is withered and you throw it away. And I will keep these in my hand until they fade and think of you

every minute and know that you are thinking of me." And so they talk and laugh, and his fond eyes watch her flower-like face that smiles and blushes under his tender gaze.

And, at last, he holds tight her slim, soft hands, as if he would never let them go and say. I can hardly let you go, but it is the last time, dear. Our last good-bye; are you not glad?"

"For she whispers. just a little time. I shall keep the flowers, Don." His lips touch hers and the train speeds away. He catches a last glimpse of the fair, flushed face, a last smile and a last wave of the hand; then the gipsy

hat has vanished and fair-haired little Jean has gone. It is strangely dark and dreary as he walks away. He walks slowly back the way they came, but the sun is hot and glaring; the dew has dried away; the birds sing harshly and the color and the beauty has faded from the flowers. It is a very dull and prosaic world much unlike the fairy land that he

passed through a little while ago. Noise, confusion and excitement. Cries, sobs and eager questions. "How did it happen?" "Who was to dame?" "A broken rail?" "An open switch?"

A crowd of swaying, jostling and orrowful people. Elbowing his way through them omes a white-faced man, with a droopdaisy in his buttonhole. He strides straight to the door of the waitingcoom from which come moans and sobs;

thrusts aside the official who would bar his way and who shrinks back from his drawn, desperate face. A soiled white dress, a crushed gipsy at and a white, upturned face. He takes her in his arms and, o word, bears her out from the noise and crowd. People make way for him and turn their eyes away, and eyes are

dim and lips quiver. Out of the crowd he goes and lay he cently down on the soft grass. There is blood on her white forehead

he wipes it tenderly away and smoothes back the fair, tangled hair. Her limp hands still hold the flowers that hav hardly withered. He kisses her small, cold hands, her still white lips and calls her by the old, fond, tender names-and there is no

Holding fast her flowers, with the happy smile that still lingers on her lips, Jean has gone swiftly-terribly-out of all possible harm and misery. Her head is heavy on his arm and to his passionate cries there is no answer, and he buries his gray, haggard face in the cool grass and holds fast her dear

"The last good-bye that we need ever say," he moans. "Oh, Jean, my darling, it was. But take me with you-come

But her lips do not answer or move though he watches them with his breath. Then he folds her hands upon her breast and clasps her fingers about the faded daisies and bows his head, while the shadow, that never will be lifted, comes down and takes him into its embrace.

Skins of a Thousand Horses.

The interesting fact was learned by a

reporter that the hides of about 1,000 horses and the skins of at least ten times as many sheep are cut up into coverings for base balls every season. By one manufacturer alone three tons of yarn are used a year for the insides of base balls. The hide and skin used is perfectly white, being alum tanned, and comes from Philadelphia. Out of one horse's hide the coverings for twelve dozen balls are cut, and out of one sheep skin three dozen. Two strips of the leather are required for each lived it down, years and years ago.

lived it down, years and years ago.

lurk and lovely little smiles creep in ball cut wide, and rounding at each and out; soft muslin draperies and a end so that they fit into each other and out; soft muslin draperies and a end so that they fit into each other gipsy hat set above the blushes and the when put around the yarn ball. Each piece, for a League ball, is seven inches long by two inches wide at the rounded ends. The pieces are cut with a die. Old-fashioned blue Shaker yarn is used for the inside of a League ball, which is wound tightly around a small rubbe The country road is grass-grewn and improved League ball has now double deserted. It is a "short cut" to the coverings of horse hide, which is re-village beyond the hill, to which a garded as a great improvement,

THE COUNTRY STORE. How They Do Business Where They Have Time to Do It That Way.

An elderly woman, with keen gray eyes looking sharply through steelbowed spectacles, enters and casually examines several bolts of lawn lying "Ah, good day, Mrs. H-

the proprietor, coming briskly forward, anticipating a sale, "looking for lawns." "No, I dono as I was," says the possible customer, guardedly. "I was just noticing these.' "They're pretty patterns. I just got them in."

"They're all so light." "Light colors are all the rage this summer, But here's a black and white piece that's just the thing for you. Now, isn't that neat?" "Yes, rather; but it ain't just what

I like. How much is it?" 'Fifteen cents a vard.' "Ain't that dreadful high for lawns?" "Not for lawns of that quality. Just see how fine it is?" "Yes, but they're selling lawns ev'ry mite and grain as good as that in the

city for eight and nine cents." "Impossible, Mrs. H---!" "Indeed, they are! And one of my neighbors got a good piece for seven

cents. 11 "They are not such goods as this." "It's pretty nigh the very same thing. hadn't calculated on giving more than ten cents,"

"Why, Mrs. H-, this cost more than that at wholesale!"
"Oh, I guess not. Anyhow, I can't give but ten cents a yard. "I can't take it." "I won't give any more."

"Well, just examine that lawn close "It looks well enough, but I ain't at all sure that it won't fade." "I'll warrant it not to fade. It's standard make and fast colors."

"Well, how many yards are there in the piece?" "Thirteen; just a good full pattern." "Eleven would be a great plenty for

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll ther over her rose-leaf face and soft let you have the piece for fourteen white neck, which the linen collar cents a yard, seeing as it's all I've got "Can't you say an even twelve cents

> "Fourteen cents is too much for lawns that's selling ev'rywhere for ten cents,' "Oh, I think you are mistaken." "Well, see here, I'll give you twelve

> and one-half cents a yard for it. "No, couldn't go below thirteen cents, and wouldn't let anybody but you have it for that." "Well, I'll give you thirteen cents if

you'll call it twelve yards." "But there's full thirteen yards in the plece." 'Can't do it.'

"I reckon you'll throw in thread, and onttons and waist-lin nos?" "Couldn't do it for that money. Well, say thread and buttons, then? "I'll throw in a spool of thread." 'And a card of hooks and eve-?"

"Well, I don't know-yes, I will." "Now, why can't you say buttons, "I really cannot; I'm losing money

"And you can't make it 121 cents a vard?" "No."

"Well, I guess I won't take it. ain't needing a lawn dress this summer, a clerk in a hardware store, recently.

anyhow."

Neat Replies. Andrew Jackson, it is related, was at one time entertained at dinner by a gentleman, and among those present was one of those people who often find their way into story books, etc., as the type of that offensive class of Americans who are always trailing their nationality in the dust in the effort to exalt their individual independence. This particular gentleman, over the wine and walnuts after dinner, in order to emphasize his own independence of disposition, of which he was loudly boastful, remarked with a rare exhibition of self-complacence to General

"I always vote against you, sir." The company was naturally rendered speechless by this unexpected disclosure, and the scene actually looked equally; but General Jackson put a stopper on the boastful individual and avoided further trouble by smilingly

"And I, sir, have always fought the battles of my country that you might enjoy that privilege." Another instance of a happy reponse is that of an old southern judge -but whether judge by courtesy or in fact, the writer can not state-who must have had the faculty of quick and appropriate reply pretty well developed, it the story related of him is true. He had been a flerce secessionist, and the

surprised at the number we sell." fact was not forgotten when, after the war, he re-entered the political arena of his native state. Speaking at a certain place one evening in the interest of his own candidacy for Congress home brimful of news. some one in the audience, who evidently had a good memory, inquired: "Didn't you speak here just before his wife, "th' Silver Crik Smiths, them as got rich on the'r gran'feyther's

the war? "I did," promptly responded the judge. "And didn't you say we would whip the durned Yankees with pop-guns?" "I did," replied the unabashedjudge. but, confound 'em, they wouldn't kerriage and have no end of money. fight that way!"

Triads. Three things to love-Courage, gentleness, affection. Three things to admire-Intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.

Three things to hate-Cruelty, arro-

gance, ingratitude. Three things to reverence-Religion, ustice, self denial. Three things to wish for-Health, a heerful spirit, friends. Three things to hke-Cordiality, goo humor, mirthfulness.

Three things to suspect—Flattery, verscrupulousness, sudden affection. overscrupulou Three things to avoid-Idleness, flippant jesting, loquacity.

Three things to govern—Temper, impulse, the tongue.

Three things to be prepared for—Decay, change, death.

-Colored velvet mantillas with beaded sleeves will be worn this summer. They are in subdued tints,

An Agreeable Hour, How It Is Spent --- Various Customs After the ladies leave the room the

AFTER DINNER IN ENGLAND.

host invariably changes his place, and -Crawford peaches make the best port, sherry, and clgars are placed before him. The servants now disappear, the guests draw up their chairs and pass the bottle themselves, always to the left, and many take this opportunity to select a companion for after dinner talk. It may be ungal-lant, but I confess that I often found boys is forbidden. this hour the most agreeable of the day. The English men of position are generally well bred when they are by them—The Providence selves; more of them are more highly penny evening paper. educated than is common with Ameri--Bancroft has 4 000 rose bushes in cans of importance; they have passed his Newport garden. their lives among works of art and in the atmosphere of high politics. They know pictures and china as well as

game and wine. They have not only seen the famous places, but met the famous people of other countries, will buy a villa there. and they make, on the whole, the most improve their beach. agreeable after-dinner company in the world. To a stranger they are espe- found near Albany, Or. cially amiable. If he is interested in —Sketching without a bidden in Central Park. -Sketching without a permit is forto know; they invite his criticisms, and

ager was commonly at fault.

played a brilliant part.

away.

Tricks in All Trades, You Know.

"Boarding-house thermometers.

thought a reporter, who was present at the time. "What on earth are they,"

and he asked the clerk if he would ex-

plain the characteristics of a boarding-

"That lady whom you saw in here

a hot day comes in the city everyone

be so cool, and one of the first things

they do is to look at the thermometer.

which they find registering about 86.

They know that in the city it was about

"How are these thermometers con-

A Fashionable Mistake

"You 'member the Smiths?" he asked

She said she s'posed as much. "But, dumb sakes! 'Mandy, you

She said she'd like to know why:

Yes, she remembered them.

hev the heart to speak t'her."

"No, she ain't, Mandy,

dust. She's as blind as a bat,"

Blind! She guessed not.

stuck up thing!

structed i"

house thermometer.

paraging of his own countrymen or of a vein of Blue Lick water, he institutions under which he was Gregor cottage every week. born, it is not in an offensive way. As -There are sixteen thousand colored men of the world they offer an opinion. school teachers in the south which you may accept or dispute as you choose, and they are not affronted if you censure mildly in return. They lng at his first manguration.

are genial over their wine, but not quarrelsome nor indecorous. children outlasts the leather. After dinner conversation and cards -The Tallahassee, Fla., rink will form the principal amusement. Somebenceforth be a market house. times there is music, but not often, for the English are not artists in temperament or taste; they do not make good at 10 o'clock at Long Branch. music, nor, as a rule, do they keenly appreciate it. They have a higher of expressing impoverishment. relish for painting and sculpture and architecture—something that they can York, used to be thrown away. -Butterfish, now prized in New

see and handle. Music is too imaginable for the burly British nature to ing out the sheep-raisers in Maine. grasp. But whist or a round game is invariably proposed. The stakes are registered cattle brands in Montana. usually small, but no one plays without some wager. At times the players become very intent, and I can recall instances of gross ill-breeding over the

-Thousands of jack rabbits in eastcards; a testy old peer or a stingy dow- ern Nevada are dying of tape-worms. A company has been formed to build In many houses the hostess rises at a hundred room hotel at Bartow, Fia. 11, and this the ladies know is their -Of the 4,030 works published in signal. Good nights are exchanged, everybody shakes hands, seltzer and this country last year 934 were novels. -Krupp, the Essen gun manufacbrandy and sherry are brought in for

-A school for training nurses is to moves out to the foot of the great stair- be es ablished in Japan under charge case, and the procession of ladies of a lady from Boston,

-An East Jordan, Mish., man is acthe portraits of vanished ancestors look down on the scene where they, too, once "Knew Syder for saile."

-Details of inventions prior to 1617 only a few wore smoking jackets, but are not known, as no records of patents

were kept before that date. latterly in many houses the men came -In one British regiment one hun-

> is given to a newspaper reporter he can collect damages or its author. -It has been demonstrated at Pittsburg that for broiling meats natural

-A beautiful white black snake has "Certainly, madam," replied the been captured near Jawell, Md. clerk, and he produced the article resix feet long and as white as nulk, been captured near Jawell, Md. It is quested, which the lady took and went -The New York state capitol has already cost \$17,501,993, and nobody

collar. No man with so small a neck was ever elected President of the Uni-

has a small country house a few miles from New York, where she has board-to educational matters, 7 medical pa-

etc. This, of course, she has to prove, this year, the society's meeting nights so she procures one of these boarding- being stamped in red. house thermometers that are warranted -Manchester, Va., has produced the not to register higher than 90 degrees largest diamond ever found in this on the hottest day. This she hangs in country, weighing twenty-three and

one of the many country houses said to silks and muslins which the most expensive apparatus cannot equal, -A number of the Indian girls at the Carlisle school have been placed with private families during the summer months to be instructed in domes

tie work. -A gold mine has been discovered one and a half miles from Union Point, Ga., the ore from the vein of which "Just the same as the others are, but assays forty dollars per ton, and the what should really be 90 degrees is only surface ore assaying sixteen dollars made to be 80 degrees. You would be per ton.

covered on Grand river, near Cisco, Utab. It covers a territory three miles He had been to the city and went square. The stones are large enough to saw into slabs for mantels and table -Further discoveries of gold are being reported in the northern part of Western Australia. Several men are

-A deposit of blood agate resemb-

ling Scotch bland stone, has been dis-

said to have made their way into Syd-"I seen 'em. They're way up; live ney from the supposed gold fields. They in a gran' house on a street they call report the new field as likely to be the 'thavenoo." They ride in a double largest in Australia. L. I., is the largest in the United States, covering over forty acres of wouldn't want ter change places with land, and giving employment to 140 her. I see her a minnit an' I didn't

000,000 brick for the New York city reservoir. She's bin humbled rite down to the to a turkey. Then, Mandy, tho' her

> -A lady who had entered suit against the Illinois Central railroad for the recovery of \$10,000 for personal injuries and loss of baggage sustained

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Florida is getting canneries. -Sandusky's got the yacht fever,

peach pie. -Summer would not be half without

-Gold has been discovered in the south of France. -In France the sale of cigarettes to

-The Germantown Telegraph says it -The Providence Star is to issue a

-Parnell's brother in Alabama has 400 acres of peaches. -Newport "expects" that Mr. Childs

-Newport people are taking steps to -A bed of meurscheem has been

-A Richmond, Ind., well has struck -Thousands visit Grant's Mt. Me-

-Washington were Hartford cloth--For country, the canvas shoes for

-Everybody, it is said, goes to bed -"Out of wealth," is a softer way

-Chean prices for wool are crowd--There are about eight thousand -Sign at Atlantic City; "Bring

those who wish them, and the gentle-men light the bedroom candles for the many. Then the whole company

ascends to the upper galleries, the -Vice Chancellor Bacon is the oldest graceful girls in pink and white and the judge on the bench in England. He is sumptuous maidens in velvet and dia eighty-eight years old, monds, each carrying her candle, while the portraits of vanished ancestors look

The men linger for a while, but are soon invited to the smoking room, should burn was answered after his For this they usually change their death at Carthage, Tenn. dress. When I first went to England

down toward midnight in gorgeous satin suits, with variegated trousers dred and six men have died in the past and caps, and the effect is very pic- two months in the Soudan. -In Germany if false information

"Do you keep boarding-house thermometers?" said a young lady to gas has not proved a success.

> pretends to set the day when it will be -Mr. Evarts wears a No. 14 shirt

ers during the summer. She, of pers, 9 sanitary journals, 2 on forestry course, puts advertisements in the and 2 on pharmacy, daily papers saying that her house -The Pennsylvania Horticultural is cool; that there are no mosquitoes, Society go by a calendar of their own

a prominent place in her house, When three-quarter carats uncut. -A Hindoo loom complete is warth wants to get out of town. They visit sixty-eight cents, and weaves shawls,

92 or 94, and are satisfied that this is a cool house. If people would not look at the thermometer on a hot day they would not feel half so warm."

-The brick yard on Fisher's Island men. Four miles of railroad track run from the yard to the clay pits. The company has contracted to supply 250.

-The Charleston News says that increased attention has lately been given "But she is. Fust, she didn't kno in South Carolina to the cultivation of me -me that's rid down hill and playe i fruit and the vine, Thousands of tag with her when she warn't knee-high | acres are planted each year with watermelons. During the past four years eyes were wide open, she went rite more than 100,000 peach trees have along the streets all dressed up in fine been planted in Barnwell and Aiken close, and a leetle mite of a dog was counties, and it is estimated that at leading her along. He was tied to a least 70,000 of these trees are now in streeng, and she had hold tother end of bearing condition,

the streeng, Now, Mandy, how'd you like to be her?" rears have shown that the River Rhone in an accident on the road, has just has cut for itself a channel in the bot-Surveys made during the past two tom of Lake Geneva, through which it edged that she was riding on a pass at flows, between parallel banks, like an the time of the accident, and the court are employed for mourning dresses for The Rhine makes a similar passage transportation she could not collect informal occasions.