MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA.. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1886.

B. F. SCHWEIER

Sea Birds.

Se steel in a garden by the sea, and watched the white gulis flicker by, there were tall, white lilles at her knee, Apl a dull, red sunset in the sky, And the gulls sail by on the wind, Laving the shore behind, One by one they follow the sun On the wings of the salt sea wind.

She leaned on the terrace wall and stave a little while at best, Love like the surely obbing tide, and the gulls sail by on the wind, Leaving the shore behind, One by one they fullow the sun On the wings of the salt sen wind.

Pale grows the sunset sky and gray. ione is the glory of the day; Sais the story of the sea.
And the guils said by on the wind, lasting the shore behind, One by one they follow the sun on the wings of the salt sen wind.

THE DEACON'S DESIRE.

prayer meeting was the well rememred hypen:

"Meg I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of case, While others fought to win the price, And salled through bloody seas

In fact it was the only poetry which he ever indulged. One look, however, at the stern, solemu face of the good, sincere, earnest, old man would have convinced any one present that not with his hips only did he utter these words, but with all the strength of his heart.

Descen Bassett kept the village store things were diffe ent now from then There was no need for him to measure out sugar and molasses, as his parent hal done. There were busy clerks to at now, for the store had grown with the village, and with the exception of the squire there was not a richer man for miles around than Deacon Resett. His fortune had been honestly made, too, for the smallest child could be safely trusted in buying at his store. Yet with all, a harder, sterner man ould not be found. With him if a thing was not right, it was wrong. There were no half-way measures, as every man employed in his establishment distinctly understood.

Perhaps if his fair, gentle wife had lived it might have been different. Sie was the only one who ever understood his ragged nature. But early one March morning, when the snow was melting on the hills and the birds began to chirp a little, she laid her tiny girl in his arms and said, oh! so tenderly, and in such low, faint tones; "Zadok, dear, take care of my little blossom Keep her for me, unspotted from the world," She died that night.

otted from the world," He Sout those words Oger and was he to keep his little girl in the world and yet not of the world?

Everybody thought the deacon would marry again. Toat he would marry some good, sens ble woman, herhaps, who would take care of his little motherles. child; and there were some of the good siters of his church that would gladly have consented to console him and at the same time take charge of his handsome house opposite the store.

But the deacon himself never dreamed of snother wife when before his eyes always was that lonely little grave on the hill-lide, covered in springtime with her and said: violets as blue as her eyes? No one ever guessed that beneath that hard. thois of earth were thrown on the coffin | as 1 love you?"

of his loved one.

He sent for his sister, Miss Priscilla tiess in regard to raising children. She thing she had ever heard. dearly loved the little Prudence, but like her brother, she never allowed her stem had been the religious training of both the deacon and berself. There say so too?" was no compromise with Satan in regard to either dress or deportment. Anything that savored of worldly deare or fleshy vanities was stricken out

"Levity in manners leads to laxity in principles," was a part of her creed. So she sternly glowed at the bad little The possibility that there might be some good ones among them never entered her head. Of course they were all bad. How could they help it, with such raising as they had?

Yet; when the fever raged in the vil and medicine, and tenderly bathed the flushed, burning brows with a cool, steady hand.

Prodence Bassett grew to womanlood, pure and sweet like a fair lonely had a companion except the squire's Foung daughter, and she had died that never again, by word or deed, was when she was fifteen. So from that he to attempt to address his daughter. line Prudence had gone on her way, ionely and quiet, for the deacon was very careful of his daughter's friends. Descon Bassett had one great desire. Unless that was gratified, he could not, be thought, devote his time to anyhing else. Years before he had made up his mind just how many thousands fich woman before he could waste one

"I'm going to take your little girl home with me, Cousin Zadok," she said, emphatically, "Prudence does not look very strong, and certainly

Humdrum life? Deacon Bassett faried in amazement. It was the same ife that he had always lived, and his ather had lived before him, and therefore it was good enough for her.

She is the age of my Alice," coninned Mrs. Wentworth, "and I am sure they will both enjoy the visit," At first the deacon was strenuously posed to the unheard of proceeding thanked his cousin very stiffly, but and he preferred to keep his daughter t home, and away from the follies of

et to be balked.

This last suggestion made him falter. He remembered how her mother, with the same sweet disposition and future. They were quickly brought to gentle ways, had faded before his eyes. In end by the entrance of Mrs. Went-So, after a little more persuasion, it worth. was decided, and when cousin Harriet prayer in her father's heart that she might not be led away by the pomps

and vanities of this wicked world. fused the quiet, shy maiden. Many a time she wished herself back with her silent father and precise Aunt Priscilla. But as days were away things altered. One afternoon her cousin Alice came bustling into the room, exclaiming: Oh, Prue, Tom is waiting down stairs with a friend of his, Owen Rainsford,

who is going to try our new organ in the church; and Tom says he will take us, if we hurry."
In the confusion Prue hardly noticed the dark-eyed stranger who was introduced to her; and in a few minutes, under her cousin Tom's quiek escort,

the party reached the church.
"Let me stay down here?" pleaded Prudence, as they prepared to go up to Descon Bassett's favorite quotation | the organ left. "I will wait in one of the pews for you; indeed, I would much rather."

"Wny. you bashful little Prue," laughed Alice. But they let her have With hands clasped tightly together, Prudence Bassett looked with awe around the beautiful church, so differ-

ent from any to which she had been accustomed. Down through the great stamed wipdow the sun fell in a mellow light at her feet, and glittered on the chancel rails. Suddenly there fell upon her ear such a burst of music that she fairly held

is his father had done before him, but her breath. Louder and grander the notes of the organ pealed forth, and ther sank to low sweet tones, and finally died away into silence. The pink on her cheeks deepened to

a carnation, as she listened, breath-Was it possible there could be sounds like that on earth?

When the music ceased the merry party came down stairs. But Prudence still sat silent in the pew.
"Well, Prue," said Alice, "have

you fallen asleep? How did you like Mr. Rainsford's playing?" Prudence did not answer, but there was a quiver about the sensitive mouth, and the blue eyes had grown dark with his great rough hand, as she said.

emotion. With ready tact Owen Rainsford world." said, "Suppose we go and ask the sexton for a giass of water. The church is too hot."

Something in the look of those sweet had done before. That was the beginning of it.

But, then, he was her son Tom's most intimate friend, and a talented young man of spotiess reputation, so he was

perfectly welcome.

The days and weeks went by, and Prue's visit grew to au end. With a pang she acknowledged to herself that for the vessel, hoping by some means she was not half so eager to return as to restore Prue to health. The day the s e ought to be, when she recollected steamer was expected to arrive he went how patiently her father and lonely aunt Priscilla awaited her return.

"I am going away to-morrow," she said to Owen Runsford as they stood such a thing. How could be think | before the open gate one morning. "Going away," he repeated

Then he turned suddenly to

"Dear little Prue, day by day your face has grown into my heart until stern exterior he carried a heart that every note I play is for you. Only was well-nigh broken when the great promise some day to love me as dearly

A great wave of wonder and hap,ilness swept over the girl, as she listened Bassett, who certainly carried out his to these words, so different from any-"Prue," he said, looking down into

the beautiful eyes, "I am going to ask affection to show itself. Strict and your father if he will some day let me have you. If he says 'yes,' will you

Such a low, faint cry came from Prue. But it satisfied him, Deacon Bassett was dumb with astonishment when Owen Rainsford asked to marry his daughter. It could not be possible! Why, Prue had scarcely been away three months. In vain the young man pleaded that he was willing to wait for boys who sat on the back benches. years, if only he might be permitted to see her in the meantime. The Deacon bitterly reproached himself for having permitted his daughter to fall into the hands of the Philistines, the latter being represented by this scheming fortune hunter. Of course it was her money age, and few were found willing to the young fellow wanted. The possi enter the infected homes, Miss Priscilla bility that Rainsford might really be tame to the front. From house to in love did not enter her father's head. house she went, with nourishing food How could be in that short time? Why, he himself had gone to see her mother for five years before he had

asked her to marry him. It did not matter to him how much his cousin Harriet thought of the young little harebell, clinging with all its gen-tle might to the great stony rocks. A deceived. Nothing she could say on the might to the great stony rocks. A deceived. Nothing she could say on the subject would have any effect. In soft as her dead mother's. She never the most decisive and sweeping terms, had a companion except the squire's therefore, he let Owen Rainsford know

But the young man was one not to be so easily disposed of. Until he heard his fate from Prue's own lips he would not consider it decided, he said. Perhaps if Prue had told her father that with all her heart she loved Rainsford, things might have been different. But she was too timid to acknowledge Here necessary to make Prudence a it in the face of his stern indignation. So with trembling lips she said "goodbye." Her lover took her hand in his for the last time and said: "I will never

> away. Deacon Bassett congratulated himself that he had saved his daughter so promptly, and inwardly resolved that never again should she leave his sight.

> The winter was a hard one that year and it seemed to tell on Prue's delicate constitution. When the spring would come she would be better, she said, But the spring came and still she

beacon Bassett's desire, meantime, had been granted. With a great sigh of relief he closed the account book, tilted back his chair and looked around the room with gratified pride. At last he had achieved the great wish

of his existence. At the end of the year he would leave the store forever and devote all his time to her for the remainder of his ife. He was not a interly man; it was all for her, And now he had accomplished what he had undertaken. Prue need never have a wish ungrati-

so with sense of ease he leaned back and indulged himself in dreams of the

"Why, cousin Harrlet," he went back to town, Prudence went claimed, "when did you come? Have with her; but not without many a silent you been over to the house?" Consin Harriet shook hands with him and answered in the affirmative. At first the bustle of city life conthe wooden chairs, she began abruptly.

Then having seated herself in one of Denmark an equerry called Paul Wenders the wooden chairs, she began abruptly. "Cousin Zadok, what have you been doing with Prue? She looks as if she would not live a year, and I believe it equerry is account.

will be your fault." The deacon sprang to his feet his face ashen with terror, and caught her convulsively by the arm.

"Harriet Wentworth, he gasped, 200 years ago, a youth named Paul "What do you mean?" She was startled by the effect of her words, and answered, soothingly. "It

it is very likely I am mistaken. She may be only a little lonely. But I believe in my heart she is pining for humble content, in a poor and tiny Owen Rainsford," "She has never mentioned his name

Mrs. Wentworth shook her head. Prue is such a shy little thing, and believes so implicitly in you, that I do

Dacon Bassett hurried across the road. Was 't possible that for this he had toiled all his life long? Could it be true that this little blossom would never use the money which he had spent all this time in making?

With trembling hands he pushed back the half-open door, and entered the room where Prudence was sitting. With a pang he noticed how very pale and fragile she looked. "Little Prue," he said, as he

over the pretty brown hair, "did you love Owen Rainsford?" A crimson blush swept over her face. "Oh, father," she answered, softly, "I

could not help." For a moment the stern old man was silent. Then he took her hand in hrs and tried to smile, as he said huskily: "I have changed my mind and am going back to the city to tell him to come and see us. Cousin Harriet tells me he is a very worthy young

man." A surprised happy look came into her eyes. She laid her cheek down on You are the dearest father in all the

Deacon Bassett's visit to the city, however, was all in vain. Owen Rainstord could not be found. He had gone to Europe, his friends said, and they eyes raised to his and brimming with could not give his address just then. tears made his heart beat as it never But the deacon did not abandon his quest. He would have given his life to From that time scarcely a day passed out Owen Rainsford found his way to the Wentworths. Cousin Harriet noticed it. How could she help it? Clicking message: "Will return an out."

From that time scarcely a day passed after week, he went to the city, till at They would draw their swords in some of the great battles that from time to time convulsed that grand, unknown save that little face at home. So week deacon laid the words in the little blue

veined hand. "I am so glad," she said simply. want to see him once again.' Eagerly the anxious father watched

up to the city, saying to Prue, as he bid her good bye, "I will bring him back with me." He never brought him back. There was a message, instead, awaiting him, stating that Owen Rainsford had died on the day before the vessel arrived.

"He is dead," groaned the deacon.
"It is my fault. I have killed my little sinb." For a moment the room seemed to

eel around as Priscilla Bassett's steady nerves deserted her. Then she spoke up bravely:

Zadok, no earthly power could have saved our Prudence, even if she had her lover, for she never was strong. What you did you thought was for the est, and she never will blame you." Somehow there came to the poor broken heart of the deacon a ray of comfort at these words. With trembling steps he followed Priscilla up the

stairs where his darling iay,
As they entered the room, Pruturned her eyes expectantly towards the door. "Is he coming?" she asked softly, "Shall I see him soon?" The deacon could not answer, but with a great sob dropped down on his

knees by the little white bed and buried his face in his hands.

Miss Priscilla looked at the wan. wistful face and a mist came over her

"Yes, dear," she softly answered gently, "you will see him very soon."

A glad, contented look came into the violet eyes. Then Prue slipped her cold little hand like a snowflake into the great brown one of her father.

"Prue," he gasped, "will you forgive me? I thought I was doing it for your But it was all-all a dreadfulnistake." "Why, father," she answered in

tender tones, "you have always been good to me," "Don't, don't, my darling," he groaned in despair. Then he tried to pray, but the prayers that he could deliver so promptly in meetings failed him, and his lips refused to move.

The shadow on the wall grew deeper

The white eyelids fell lower, till the lashes almost swept the cheek. Miss Priscilla looked despairingly at the deacon. But no words came.
Suddenly there rose to Cousin Alice the remembrance of something Owen Rainsford had sung the night before

Prue went home. She softly commence to sing, while her tears were falling: Art thou weary, are thou languid

Art thou sore distress d?
"Come to me," saith one, "and coming—
Be at rest." Such a happy look came over Prue's face and the thin hand clasped more

tightly that of her father.

Then there fell a silence in the room Outside the bees were huming and the birds were twittering in a slow sleepy fashion. Nearer and nearer crept the shadow on the wall as the sun went down. But another had entered the room, a still unseen presence, and quietly, with a smile on her hps, tired little Prue lay at rest.

-Mme. Patti is to begin her Ameri can tour on November 16, in New

Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on tablets of eternity. -The Builder and Wood-Worker recommends the use of manogany as a finish to business offices, as most durable, economical and handsome.

Perfectly clean and dry wool contains about 5 per cent. of sulphur, and a nine-pound fleece about seven ounces of potash, about six of which can be recovered by well washing the wool and evaporating the wash water.

Legend of a Kiss,

There is at the court of King Chistian of Denmark an equerry, high in

favor. delboe, Baron Lenwenenrue. And there has been at the court of delboe, Baron Lenwenenrue, for more

The presence of this perenntal equerry is accounted for in a sweet and simple legend, having for its basis just an innocent little kiss. At the university in Copenhagen there sojourned, something more than

He was the son of a poor clergyman, who, in a Danish province, for forty years had lived and preached the Word and done the work of his master, in

hamlet. It was the hope of this good clergy once since he went away," said the deacon, eagerly. "I think she has almost forgotten him."

It was the nope of this good clergy man that, when in the fulness of time, he should be called to rest from his labors, his son Paul should succeed him.

To this end Paul had been, with much pinching and privation, sent to not wonder she does not speak of him, the university at Copenhagen to com-But she will never forget him." p lete his education. But Master Paul did not desire emulate his father.

He longed to travel. To see the world of whose wonders and beautiss he had read and heard so

This desire had grown and strengthened every hour, having been fed by the talk of his two chosen comrades who, more fortunate than our hero in having fathers rich in this world's goods, intended at the close of their school probation to set out together on their travel to see the world. The academic year had ended.

The day-full of triumphs for Paul who had passed the examinations with honor-had ended. But his triumphs brought him

The morrow would see him bid adjeu to his two young friends, who for a year had been his constant companions, sharing his studies, his sports, his sorrows, his hopes.

To-morrow they would go togetherout into that beautiful, unknown world.

They would look upon the glories o art, of which he had only obtain glimpses through the pages of books. They would be face to face with nature in all her moods-her beauties would be unfolded to them.

They would mingle in the great

which the world was the stage. While he, alone, must turn toward the white face of the north; must take

up his duties with a heart as cold as Must forever close his eyes against beauty, his heart against an He mourned like a boy. But he kept stlence like a man.

As the sun went down and the long sweet twilight of the white land began, the three friends set out for a farewell

walk. They selected their favorite route, the wall surrounding the town.

Occasionally across the gay talk, filled with brightness of youth and hope, there would float a sigh from our poo hero, which would be laughed back into shadow-land by his gay young

comrades. As they sauntered on they spied at the window of a stately old house a face, all framed in by the flowers that can't grew and flourished there.

It was the face of fair young girl. No rose was ever sweeter than those lips and cheeks. No lily was ever fairer than that

cool white brow.

No jasmine ever sweeter than the look of innocence and peace that rested like a halo round that head. In the careless recklessness of happy youth the comrades of our hero said to

m, if he would go and claim a kiss of that fair maiden as she stool among her flowers he should join them on their travels. Go where they went, see what they

saw, enjoy what they enjoyed. Without a word Paul left his wild

His summons was answered by the maid herself, who, in her sweet humility, never dreaming she was the object of his quest, said her father, the professor, was absent from home, would shortly return.

Then our brave young hero told her it was not her father, but herself he

There, standing on the threshold, he told her of his comrade's offer-told her of his wish-his wild, in attable is an essentially shocking weapon. told her of his comrade's offer-told thirst to travel-to see the beautiful. the unknown world.

With eyes cast down and with never a word, the maiden listened. And an electric battery—concealed at his when he bad finished, still without a wast. Insulated wires run from the word, she took him by the hand and led him to the window where the flowers bloomed upon the sill. And there, with eyes uplifted to his, and in the sight of his comrades, she offered him tric charge. her lips all dewy with innocence and

Then with a murmured blessing she led him forth. The next morning three young gentlemen set out to travel and see the They perish neatly and quickly and do After five years again there was a

After five years again there was a summons at the door of the house where dwelt the beauteous malden with a battle-field. No longer could the per father, the old professor.

The other jewelers have tried hard to the mines are, but whiskers, He wasn't even much romancers revel in such phrases as the won't. her father, the old professor. But this time the visitor was a young

Again the maiden answered the sum-mons, and, as before, in sweet humility, she said, "My father is not within, The young gentleman made answer as did the youth five years before. It

officer high in rank.

was not her father, but herself sought. He asked her if she remembered the outh on whom she had bestowed a

With blushes and eyes cast down she nawered, "Yes." Then he led her to the room where He remembered quite well the way, and told her how her pure kiss had been as a seal up in his lips and had

kept them virgin to her through all the years of his absence. How the light from her up-turned

eyes had been his beacon light that had | QUEEN VICTORIA FAVORS OPALS.

led him on to fortune He told her how while traveling with his young friends he had visited Russia, and finding that country involved in a war he had earolled himself under her

He told her in a few modest words that in more than one action he had been so fortunate as to win the notice and good-will of the great Czar himself. who had bestowed upon him rank and

But! He told her his heart often turned with longing to his native land. Olten, by the camp-dre's light, on the locely march, amid the dazzling splendor of the court, he felt again her pure kiss upon his lips, he heard again her murmured blessing. But gratitude to his imperial patron

kept him at his post. At last there came to visit at the court of Russia the king of Denmark. During his visit the Czar mentloned to his royal cousin of Denmark that ong the bravest and most bonored of

The Danish king summoned to his presence this subject who had so plus, and in other ways, all they had in stock, and sent out for more. Thus it land.

He told our young hero that there was always room for such 13 he in the ranks of his own army. And when the king of Denmark returned to his own realm there came in his train Major Paul Wendelboe,

Baron Lenwenenrue, equerry-in-waiting upon his matesty. And Maj. Paul Wendelboe had lost no time in seeking out the maiden, whose name even he did not know, but whose visage had been his guiding star that had led him on to win honor and title, which he brought now, with love and gratitude, to lay at her feet.

The maiden whispered to him her name was "Lugeborg," and then! she whispered-No need to tell what she whispered. 'Tis the same sweet sentence that Don Cupid prompts all maids to whisper since the world began. And this is why there is always at

the court of Denmark an equerry-inwaiting called "Paul Wendelboe, Baron Lenwenenrue, * And why the eldest daughter of the house of Leawenenrue is always christened "Lugeborg."

Could Not Pay His Bill.

"Now that we are engaged come and let see introduce you to papa," said Miss Pottieworth. "I believe I have met him before,"

that of son-in-law." "Yes-er; but I would rather not an opal ring for the girl. And any an-And despite the most violent strug- on the other ancients who were not so gles of the young man, he was drawn fortunate.

into the library, where a large, redlooking over a lot of papers.

up.
"I wish to present you to-" "What!" he exclaimed, looking u and catching sight of young Spickle. Intimated to the senator that it would here? Didn't I tell you that I would see you to-morrow?"

Spickle; do you?"

"I don't know his name, but I would be banished, then, and let the know that he has been to my office country with his opal, all his other three times a day for a week with a goods having been confiscated. The I know him well enough. I ancient Pliny, who saw this opal, rays pay that bill to-night, young that it wasworthin Roman money e puiv-Come to my office to-morrow."

"What! Got another one?" is to acquaint you fellow. "Blamed if I didn't think you fairs went smoothly enough. had a bill. Take the girl, if that's

you to bring the bill to-morrow?" "Yes, sir."

Electric Swords.

One of the most interesting features of modern progress is the influence on modern progress is the influence on modern progress is the influence on c obveries. The bicycle has been utiltzed in Germany for mounting troops, and now we hear of an electric sword. Strangely enough, it was invented in ment rings will contain opals. Shanghal. The warrior using such a have again become fashionable, and sword has a battery—that is, of course, that is the dealers in Hungary have battery to the sword. When the point of the weapon touches an adversary the latter is paralyzed. The wielder of the

There is much that is luxurious and pleasing in the possibilities suggested place, the victims to the weapons are not hewn down in a bloody death. not soil the ground with gore. Of course, such scientific execution would "rivers of blood" fand "gory pools." gentleman bronzed with travel, and at-tired in the gorgeous uniform of an little more than an electric brash or an electric corset as a subject for imaginative writers. But it appeals at once to the lovers of the practical. If warfare is really a necessary adjunct of human existence, let us keep it as strictly

> The electric sword is a great advance on the weapon which has for so many centuries sprung from its scabbard to seek men's vitals. It has one great drawback, however, which may retard its popularity. It is apt to prove fatal. electric swords. Some one would be sure to meet with disaster, and French politeness would be greatly outraged. Shanghai weapon will not be received with favor in Europe. The great armed nations of the continent would feel reluctant to place lightning-rods on their troops, and unless some such precaution were taken the electric sword would be

Her Friends and Made Them Fashionable

Queen Victoria has made the opal fashionable again. All the gifts of jewelry that she has bestowed among her friends for the past year have be opals. Sometimes they have been set alone, sometimes set with diamonds, The queen has always had a penchant for these alleged unlucky stones. She has insisted that they brought no more bad luck to those wearing them than any other jewels, and she has long tried to allay that superstition. Her rather profuse distribution of these stones among her friends, it is said, had for its object the doing away with the superstition altogether.

The queen's own jeweller naturally took the hint, and the other jewellers who were not the queen's own, but who were more than willing to be, were not slow in perceiving that there his young officers there was a Danish was a ready sale for the very gems that had been heretofore looked upon with suspicion. So they made up into rings, wasn't very long before every blooded English lady or gentleman who were jewelry at all, sported many and beau-tiful opals. Then it wouldn't be English, you know, if the blooded Amer- ple icans didn't have a lot of opals, too, and, although President Cleveland didn't have any "own jeweler," to set the opal a rolling, there were lots of jewelers who did. There wasn't a very big stock of opals in these parts, so orders were sent to Hungary, the great opal market, to rush on here the best they had. Then opals went up. To-day they are 100 per cent, higher than they were a year ago. Good ones sell for \$55 a carat, and increase in price in almost the same ratio as diamonds. Of course small and inferior stones can be bought as low as \$5 a carat, but they are not a bit pretty. The big jewelry houses are working them into all sorts of jewelry, and are very sad because they cannot get as

many as they want. The jewelers and precious dealers of the eighteenth century, who had invested largely in opals, were nearly thrown into bankruptcy by Sir Walter Scott, who, in one of his Waverley Novels, pretty nearly ruined the opal's reputation forever, and it is said that many jewelers of the present day cherish resentment against that great novelist, on account of the injury that he did to their forefathers, and will not allow any of his works on their library shelves. The ancients had called the opal the "love stone," and replied young Spickle.

"But in quite another capacity than would have even faintly considered engaging himself in marriage if he hadn't

Indeed, there are strange stories told faced man, with a squint in one eye of these men of old, and their opals. It and an enlargement of the nose, sat is chronicled in the encyclogicalia, which took the facts straight from the "Father," said the girl.
"Hum!" he replied, without looking named Nonius had an opal that made all the other opals in those parts pale. One day Marc Antony happened to see it, and he wanted it for himself. He not be a bad scheme to make him a present of it. But the senator didn't see it in that light. Then Antony said "Why, father do you know Mr, he would have to give him that opal or

alent to \$500,000. "I hope you do not think ill of me," When Sir Walter Scott wrote that said Spickle. "I have not come to collect the bill you have reference to, and told about the Baron Von Arn- R. McGill, State Insurance Commission." heim, who had an opal which occasionally got angry and flashed red fire, the "You persist in misunderstanding opal market dropped at once, That which he is willing to stake his chances lation, me. I did not come to collect a bill. opal worked too much mischief not to for the next Gubernatorial nomination. I can come to-morrow about that. ruin the reputation of its family. Its To-night I proposed to your daughter, first little eccentracities weren't so of the Potomac moved into the fortifi-and have been accepted. Our mission much, but its wind up was very bad cations at Manassas and Centerville, To-night I proposed to your daughter, first little eccentricities weren't so with the fact, and The Baron had wedded a beautiful which had been vacated by the rebels, gain your consent to our marriage."
"Well, is that all?" asked the old while that opal was behaving itself, af-Persian maiden, and for a year or two,

Then the Baron and his wife, along friends. One day a gawky member of what you want. But say, didn't I tell with their relatives and friends, went to church to have their baby chris-tened. It was all right until a drop of ceeded to draw the load before sending companions.

Went to the manion in whose casement gleamed this beauteous jewel of ment gleamed and sounded a summons.

Well, you needn't. Our relations holy water feil on that opal. There it away. He might, if he had had was a sizzle, and a lot of red fire darted brains enough to last him over the door-daughter for every bill collector in out of the opal, which at once became sill, have taken it to an artilleryman as dull and lustreless as a piece of a land had it safely unloaded, but instead as dull and lustreless as a piece of a land had it safely unloaded, but instead dinner plate, and it wasn't long after

After reading that story nobody cared much for opals, and it would have been hard to find a girl who would have consented to have one in her engagement ring. Apparently Queen Victoria doesn't believe the story, or superstition isn't as strong as

been playing it low on the other dealers. The best opals were said to come from Hungary, and everybody sent there for them. Now, the truth is that the best opal mines are in South America, just where, nobody is willing to tell, and the Hungarian merchants have been having them shipped to Hunby the Shanghai sword. In the first gary, where they are sold as a home product. One bright jeweler of New York tumbled to this fact, and sent an agent down to South America, who bought up 2,500 very fine opals, and bargained for several thousand more. The other jewelers have tried hard to

Snowstorm in a Ballroom.

Every one has heard of dancing on the ice, but dancing in a ballroom under a snowstorm is not so familiar. This however, was what a ture invented by Silhouette." foreign paper: "During an extremely cold night but with the sky clear and of the ice was holding it fast shut. So he broke a pane, and the rush of cold air coming from without produced a after the minister is forgotten, fall of snow in the room. The atmosphere had been changed with watery vapor, and this becoming suddenly coned and refrigerated fell, under the

SUPERSTITIONS.

as Distributed a Lot Among The Phases Found in the Country Districts.

> A phase of rustic humor wa'ca is 000 a year on bonquets. destined year by year (and happily so) to shrink further and yet further into obscurity, is that belonging to rural superstitions. It has not disappeared yet. Dwellers in remote country districts are aware how very frequently, in the characters and modes of thought of their provincial-reared neighbors, the sublime. A man or woman entitied on many grounds to a place in the roll of nature's nobility-bold ingenious, intelligent, stout of arm, and strong of will-is nevertheless over and over again proved the victim of some petty delusion, or craven, ignoble terror. There are working men in secluded hamlets who still cling to their ancestors' faith in astrology and in the 'voices of the stars," as translated to mundane comprehension through the medium of the prophetic almanaes. And this not vaguely, tentatively, but with a robust credulity which can shape and govern their every-day ac- next, tions, their buying and selling, their sowing and reaping, their contracts, whether social, commercial, or matri-

monial. We quote a bona fide exam- miller. A skilled country mechanic, a man proved service. He sought another, out at first unsuccessfully. Trade was depressed, and the outlook sombre. An Island, Lake Champlain, the guest of opening offered in a somewhat novel Dr. W. S. Webb. quarter. The inquiry was made if he tated, and lugubriously demurred. "I will come on the Tuesday, without

fail," he said. "Why not on the previous day?" curiously asked the employer.
"It's a bad one, sir."

"A bad one! How? I don't understand." "By the almanac, sir. I wouldn't marry on that day if I were ever so Perkins for lying. deeply smitten by "Cupid's arrow," as and I won't start at a new job on Monday next for any master in the country.

Sorry to disoblige, sir." Remonstrance and ridicule were alike made a very flattering passage from vain. "No, no; I mayn't be able to Havre to New York. explain it -there's a heap o' things in the world we can't tell just the why and the whyfore of-but I've proved, and that's better than explaining it;' "in fact, there's a proof here in this little bit of business. My almanac told me I was to have changes this year, I as guess where they were to come from. But you see that after all the almanae was right, and I've noticed it scores of people of not only that state but of all

other states a valuable service by ex-The same artisan stood sponsor on posing penitentiary rascalities, another occasion for a statement as | - Cranberry picking on the lower curious as to be worthy reproducing, part of Cane Cod will begin in a few as a specimen of the humor not simply of rural, but of technical superstition age, and the fruit is well colored. also. He was descanting on various occult influences of the heavenly bodies body large print can be read, is advertised by large print can be read, is advertised by the second statement of the secon seum-an ex-glass eafer, perhaps,

"The moon's power is very remarka ble," he said; "as is well known and admitted, it rules the tides. And it likewise makes a wonderful difference to timber. You may hardly credit this, but it's a matter of experience again. Timber felled when the moon is waxing planes or cuts up nigh as easy this country. In Europe 1,500,000 again as the very same sort, and age, and growth of timber felled when the moon is on the wane. It's queer, but

Pure Luck.

true."

sioner of Minnesota, and then he proceeds to tell this story, on the truth of "When, in the spring of 1862, the army the boys spent much of their time gathering relics from the battlefield London, was dismasted in rounding of Bull Run, to send home to their the Horn, and proceeded all the way the Fourth New York, brought in an of this, he took it to the blacksmith this that the Baron and the Baroness shop, where, with hammer and cold-died. floor, took the bomb between his legs, placed the chisel on the brass screw at the point, and gave it a smart lick with the hammer. The next instant the atmosphere was dense with disintegrated blacksmith shop. A section of the batting roof had business over in another county, and a chunk of the side wall went down to visit a neighboring camp. Pieces of iron and steel that were once tools took an immediate vacation and the knitting needle, and in his time has

fled to parts unknown. In short, the shop was eemolished.' of Colonel McGilt.

"But what of the man?" we asked ',He's the chap I was coming to. When the boys rushed over to see what was the matter, there he sat, bolt upright in the midst of the debris, with his legs straddled out, a hammer in one hand and a cold-chisel in the other, and trying to spit a hair off the end of his tongue. 'By gosh,' he said, as he slowly crawled to his feet, 'I guess the 't home 'll have to git along folks

'thout that shell.' "The only injury that had been done The narrow thoroughfares and bazaars frightened till the next day."

There is a paragraph going the rounds which speaks of the "the cheap portraiparty of friends found themselves do- ette was neither an artiste, nor an ining not long ago in Sweden. The cir- ventor in portraiture, he was financial in Berlin are always attracted by a cumstance are thus described in a minister for Louis XIV. He instituted curious collection of executioners swords foreign paper: "During an extremely such economies and reforms, in the In old times it was customary for these hopeless effort to place French finances instruments of punishment to bear inthe stars shining, a large assembly was on a healthy basis, that he became an scriptions, and most of the gathered for a ball in Sweden, and in object of ridicule. Coats were made the museum are inscribed, the course of the evening it became so minus collars and all ornamentation hot in the room that several ladies was done away with. This was con- tion of vegetable fibre, such as sawdust, fainted. An officer tried to open the sidered very funny at the time. Then rags or tow. The process is to digest window, but he saw that the pressure portraits were made in black and called for several hours in sulphuric acid; silhouettes, in ridicule of the unpopular then to dilute the mixture with water minister. The name has remained long and to boil for some time, when the

the vessel could only carry passengers. water absorbed during the change.

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NEWS IN BRIEF

-The ballet of the Paris opera costs \$900,000 a year. -The Princess of Wales spends \$50-

-The leading New York restaurants and cafes have undergone renovations for the winter season. -Gen. Booth, the head center of the Salvation Army, is said to have a prom-

ment, massive and very red nose. -The statutes of New Jersey now the ludlerous hovers on the border of forbid the killing, wounding or catching of any song birds at any time.

-Lumber is said to be growing scarce in some parts of Alabama and has to be transported long distances. -Promment members of the Ohio club gave ex-Senator Thurman a rous-

ing reception at Cincinnati recently. -An English angler explains his devotion to the sport by saying that it is "the only amusement fishes ever have." -Of the thirty-four large coffin fac-

tories in the United States, Cincinnati claims the largest and Chicago the -There are thirty-two separate taxes on wheat in Mexico from the time it leaves the field until it reaches the

White ash of fine quality is considered the best for the inside finish of of distinct pretentions to ability, lost cars, being the most durable in reflect-his situation after fifteen years of ap--Senator Edmunds is enjoying dehghtful autumn weather at Butler's

could commence work on the Monday trade in New York are complaining of succeeding his engagement. He hesiup in Maryland.

-The New York Times says of the opening of autumn in the Catskills that the sumacs are aflame and there is an avalanche of giris. -We suppose it had to commence somewhere and at some time, so the

Chicago Inter-Ocean has discharged Eli

-The New York Mull-Express says they call it on the valentines, and if it "the really 'better element' of the rewere a choice between then and never: publican party in that city are rapidly coming to the front," -The new French line steamer La Gascogne, which cost \$1,775,000 has

> -Emperor William has accepted the godfathership in the case of the recently born eleventh son of a well-to-do master butcher in Barmen. -The United States Hotel, at Sara-

toga, made \$100,000 the past season, looked all round, but couldn't so much and the Grand Union, which has no rental to pay, made \$150,000. -Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, is doing the

> days, the crop is fully up to the avertised as on exhibition in a Chicago mu-

-A young woman, named Miss Downer, is the regular pastor of a Methodist church in Kewanee, Ill., and is an earnest, convincing preacher, -Munkacsy's famous picture, Christ Before Pilate, is to be exhibited in

persons have paid admission fees to see -London clubs are becoming thoroughly "Americanized" that, so the rumor goes one is to be started to which only proved Londoners are eli-

-The congressional committee, not the president, will send invitations to French dignitaries and citizens to be present at the Bartholdl statue inaugu--A photograph lately taken in Wil-

liamsport, Md., shows a young couple

and their infant child, surrounded by the latter's two grandfathers and three great-grandfathers. -A British ship, the Melanope, from under jury masts to San Francisco.

where she arrived recently.

erectioe of buildings.

England, has a million of paupers, and of the eight million workingmen more than half, says a member of parliament, -The Charleston News says the demand is ressing in that city for additional bricklayers, carpenters, laborers,

and others whose work goes into the

-The richest country in the world

-Recent discoveries in various remote places of families living like wild beasts indicate that no well regulated museum or circus need be without its wild-family feature this season. -Ben Butler is developing a fancy for yellow ribbons on the backs of all

of his chairs, and he is an expert with worn stockings of his own make. -The Timberman, Chicago, predicts an extensive use of cypress for inside finish, and for doors especially, if the red and white varieties are used in tasteful combinations.

-The Italian Ministry of Public Works is seriously considering the project of making Rome a seaport by connecting the city through a canal of eight meters in depth with the Tyrrhenian Sea. -The ancient city of Damascus is in

a prosperous condition. Its trade with

foreign countries is rapidly increasing.

are disappearing and giving place to wider streets. -It has been discovered in France that nickel can be rolled upon soft steel plates in such a manner as to produce a material from the lamp reflectors of equal brilliancy with those made of

silvered copper, and will not rust. -Visitors to the Markisches Museum scriptions, and most of the swords in Sugar can be made from any descrip-

rags or what not will be found to have undergone a magical change, and to Lowlon engineers say that as a mat- have been converted into sugar. A ter of theory it is possible to make curious fact is that 100 parts of rags steamers run forty knots an hour and will yield 115 parts sugar, the increase form of snow, on the heads of the as- across the Atlantic in three days. But in weight being due to the elements of

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of their lives.

noment in pleasure. So all his energies were directed to that end. that Zadok Bassett was surprised by a forget you, and though it should be to the earth." Then he went visit from his cousin, Harriet West-

lesses a change from the humdrum life the has been leading."

tity life. But Mrs. Wentworth was "Let her come with me, Zadok," she eaded. "Indeed, it is for her good. e grows more like mother every