Editor and Proprietor.

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When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

When the mists have rolled in splendor, From the beauty of the hills, and the sunshine warm and tenders, Falls in spiender on the rills, We may read love's shining letter In the rainbow of the spray, We shall know each other better

When the mists have cleared away. If we err in human blindness, If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the pain that clouds our way, When the weary watch is over And the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us From the faces of our own, Oft we deemed their love has failed us, And we tread our path alone, We should see them near and truly, We should trust them day by day, Neither love nor blame unduly, it the mists have cleared away.

## IN VINTAGE TIME.

since she was a wee, toddiling babe, Lucette had been a worker in the vineyards. So had her mother and her grandmother b fore her. Once their family had been soble, even great; but one of those mighty convulsions which have so often shaken France robbed their greatest ancestor of everything and love was again triumphant, as it save his wife and children. After that they were peasants, but a remnant of the proud old blood still ran in their to think how correct her surmise had veius, now and then burning in one or another of them as it did in the days of the family's ancient glory. So it was with Lucette. From the days of her childhood, when, beside her mother, the purple fruit had been slowly and wearily stripped from the vines by her little fat brown hands, she was never like the children of the other peasants, and never like her own brothers and

At no time would she gambol, sport and frolic with those who sought her for play or companionship, and there was ever a flash in her eyes and a cr.rl in her lips which forbade familiarity. So, like a hermit or foundling forest bird, she grew up by herself-alone.

Except in the cold months, she always lived out of doors; so her health was perfect. Despite the rough life she lived and all her toiling in the vineyards, she was daintily and exquisitely shaped, and her hands were as tiny and symmetrical as those of any princess. True, they were brown with the sunshine, and so were her arms away above her elbows for that matter, but no artist or sculptor would ever have passed them by unnoticed without paying that fervent tribute which is always the award of genius to elegance and beauty.

Still no one up to her 20th year had said. ever dared to tell her that she had that degree of regality about her every movement, and that gold, quiet firm ness in her voice which prevented pretty

get a husband." No man shall ever call me wife!" she may lead you,"

cried, her eyes glowing like the eyes of "How else shall you live?" rejoined her mother, a coarse woman, in whom the grandson of a king, would she?" there was only plebeian blood, and who he

had only plebeian instincts. "How shall you live without a husband? credit," she answered, quietly. Your father and I cannot keep you "Keep mel" exclaimed Lucette.

wheep me. When my vineyard is not enough to pay you and my father for the little I have from The next week he left Spain. When my father for the little I have from you, tell me so, and I will go away- he reached France it was in the height

mother thought it extremely unreason- ripened grapes, and full of the songs able and ungirl-like in Lucette not to and laughter of the grape-strippers. want a husband. Many a bandsome, The season had been good and the strapping young peasant was madly in vintage was unusually rich; so everylove with her, and she might have body, save the disgrunted few who looked even higher if she wished, for always complain, was quite content the sons of some of the gentlefolk were and happy. The fun and good humor far from blind to her stately charms. which greeted Casaban everywhere was But that same stateliness and her cold accepted by him as an auspicious omen. face, firm mouth and dauntless eyes How glad he was that his mother's kept a wide, impassable distance between Lucette and her admirers.

clatter about her stubbornness, but turous joy and his soul was full of save that once, when the girl's angry ecstacy. He — Casaban — whom all eyes seemed to burn into her mother's Spain adored and all the rest of Europe eyes seemed to burn into her mother's soul, they were careful that none of revered and respected, was about staktheir grumbing reached the ears of ing everything upon the daughter of a

were ever bent upon her, a warm, soft back again among mortals, and, Christ-yearning tenderness would rout all her like, among the humblest. His whole came into his heart.

try and pausing among the vineyards, the proud, regal, bronze woman, and struck with her queenliness, would offering himself at her feet. He thought turn away with a sigh when, in answer that this new emotion was called into to their questions, they were told that being by what was to him Lucette's she was only a common peasant's sublime greatness. Perhaps it was this;

daughter. One of them, however, Casaban, a Spanish sculptor, sighed so deeply that his heart chords never again ceased unknown to her, he had placed his fate vibrating. But he was a great artist and future. He went daily to the and came of a grand old family whose vineyard where he knew she was toiling pulses throbbed with the crimson tide of rovalty, his grandfather having been avoided her. king. So Casaban's pride checked the him, in his heart and in his eyes, through all his wanderings. Italy and a little river which ran past the home even Spain, his own beautiful country, of Lucette. For a time he walked his home seemed to mock him, and the green trees, with only an occasional

bronze woman whom he had met among the merry grape-strippers of France.

She had only deigned to give him one look, and that was such a look as a lion mucht, give to a mount to a saw a figure advancing to the banks of the stream among the trees. At this point the river widened into a small shallow pond, flanked on each side by gleaming yellow sand.

Casaban paused for a moment, and look as a lion back of the saw a figure advancing might give to a mouse. Hoping to make her talk, he asked her some questions as he did so he saw a figure advancing into the opening from the opposite side. tion about the vintage, which she answered briefly and coldly, and then turned away and walked off with firm steps and her round shoulders drawn up proudly—just as some high-born up+n might have gone from her lowest menial. The Woman of Bronze he had the lowest hand her lowest hand her lowest her all her are lower and like the status.

again. The nearer the anniversary of his last glimpse at Lucette approached, the more Casaban's melancholy deep-

"You are in love, my son," said his mother one day after midsummer. But his pride still deterred him from acknowledging the truth even to himself, so he frowned and swore that she was mistaken. Though he was, in a measure, deceiving himself, he falled to deceive her.

"If you are not in love you must be speedily made to fall in love," she con-tinued. "Your friends, your art, everything is now set aside to make way for a sombre depression which no one can fathom, though every one is obliged to suffer because of it. If, as you say, love is not its cause, love can at least be its cure. Some sweet, darkeyed Spanish woman, with her soft spells and resistless enchantments, can bring back the old ring into your voice, restore the smile which used to play upon your mouth, and dispel the black

cloud which now encompasses you. My son, I must find you a wife." Casaban laughed, and merrily, too. His mother's words had aroused and restored him. He was more like his natural self again than he had been before since Lucette's eyes had pierced his heart. Pride wasjvanquished at last always is in the end. His mother saw the change come over him and smiled

Bending over his mother's chair, he kissed her.

"It has been my own stubbornness which has made me so morose," he said, "but it is over now, since your words have shown me my foolish slfishness. It did, indeed, need a sweet Spanish woman's spells to make me as I should be, and, behold, such a one has already woven her soft web about me! You have completely exercised my demon, dearest mother, with your powerful enchantments, and I am quite myself again. You need not seek out a wife for me now, for I should not have time to woo her, I am going abroad again next week."

The color deepened in his face as he finished speaking, and looking down he began picking at a button on his coat. His mother watched him intently, her eyes sparkling with silent amusement, and she laughed quietly under her breath. She was silent for a few minutes, and the dreaminess in his eyes and the warm glow on his cheeks told her that he had entirely forgotten her presence, and that some other woman filled his thoughts. When she spoke again it was half jestingly.

"I have no doubt you will receive much benefit from the journey," she blended together that it would be diffi-Instantly he raised his eyes and re-

"What a peculiar stress you lay upon 'journey'" he exclaimed.

"Your ears are abnormally acute tospeeches even from he, own family. day," she said, with a laugh, arising "You must unbend," said her from her chair. Then stepping forward day," she said, with a laugh, arising mother, one day, "else you will never and kissing him, she continued: "Stil, you must not forget your high station. What do I want with a husband? wherever and to whatever your journey He understood her and attempted no

further concealment. "A princess would do no discredit to asked, putting his arms about her, "No true woman would do him dis-

For a moment he was tempted to tell her all, but something, he could scarcely tell what, restrained him, and, kissing "Keep me! When my work in the her again, he led her back to her chair

of the vintage, and the whole country
After that she was left alone, but her was rich with the heavy odor of the of the vintage, and the whole country

words had broken his foolish pride and stirred him into returning to France! Her parents and sisters made constant His heart was overflowing with rapcommon French peasant. Yet, lowly Sometimes, when she was apart by as was her origin, in her be saw more herself in some shady corner of the womanly grandeur than he had ever vineyard, where the fragrant grapes seen in a woman before. She was to and their broad green leaves hid her him the high priestess of a lost faith or from the curious eyes which otherwise the empress of some dead world come pride and hauteur and leave her face life had been lived among royal and radiantly beautiful. Rarely, very rare-ly, some one saw her thus; and, if it he had never once been awed or emchanced to be a man, ceaseless tumult barrassed by the great. And yet he was now shaken and confused at the Strangers, passing through the counthought of once more facing Lucette,

> perhaps it was love, For three days he hesitated, fearing with the other grape-strippers; still he

One night when the moon was full passionate words he would otherwise and its mellow light softened all the have said to Lucette. He hurried away a fantastic maze of tender and romanfalled to solace him. The splendors of among the shadows cast by the thick light words of his old friends and com- glimpse at the moon, except where it panions, whose jests and ribaldry once was reflected up into his eyes by the amused him, now wounded him like so smooth surface of the sluggish river. Suddenly he advanced upon the edge of sed in his studio with his chisels and marble; he could only think of the theatre on the banks of the stream

hung in a great black mass down her back. Her drapery was mean and bitten Casaban in the throat and he back. Her drapery was mean and bitten Casaban in the throat and he back. Her drapery was mean and bitten Casaban in the throat and he was dying. With a face stamped with pain and anguish she sought him. His exarcely emphasized her strange, impressive beauty, there are she was dying. With a face stamped with pain and anguish she sought him. His exarcely emphasized her arms were bare pressive beauty. Her arms were bare pressive beauty, but royal raiment could have scarcely emphasized her strange, impressive beauty, but royal raiment could have scarcely emphasized her strange, impressive beauty. Her arms were bare pressive beauty, but royal raiment could have scarcely emphasized her strange, impressive beauty, but royal raiment could have scarcely emphasized her strange, impressive beauty, but royal raiment could have scarcely emphasized her strange, impressive beauty, but royal raiment could have scarcely emphasized her strange, impressive beauty. Her arms were bare pressive beauty, but royal raiment could have scarcely emphasized her strange, impressive beauty. Her arms were bare pressive beauty. Her arms were bare pressive beauty had been been distinguished by the pain and anguish she sought him. His eyes brightened as she flung her knews. A vicious horse had bitten Casaban in the throat and between distinguished by the pain and anguish she sought him. His eyes brightened as she flung her knews distinguished her strange, impressive beauty. Her arms were bare pressive beauty had been distinguished him and took his head upon her bosom.

him; and vintage time was coming and her eyes were fixed upon the moon. Had she bidden it pause in its course, and had it obeyed her, Casaban would have felt no surprise. It seemed to him that such a woman might control around them with bare heads. the universe. For several minutes she saw the color of death come into Casa stood there, motionless, in the yellow ban's face, but still his head rested sand by the silent river, in the bright moonlight, within three yards of the man who so madly loved her. She recoiled with a cry of horror. The seemed, more than ever, the Woman of other peasants then pressed forward

> "So Cleopatra might have stood some night on the banks of the Nile," thought Casaban; "only Cleopatra was softer, weaker and less queenly."

> Lucette, all unconscious of Casaban's presence, crossed her bare arms over her brown bosom and sighed. Instantly the coldness went out of her face, a smile came upon her lips and a soft tender light into her eyes. Her whole personality underwent an entire change, and from regal statuesqueness she was transformed and relaxed into all that is indicative of yielding womanly gentleness. Casaban watched her in wrapt amazement; sooner would be have expected one of his marble figures, cut out of the cold stone with his own chisels, to soften and relax.

> Still smiling, and with another sigh, Lucette knelt slowly, and leaning forward seemed to be tracing characters in the sand with her fingers. Then she again looked at the moon, kissed her fingers to it, sprang up and darted away, leaving a melodious ripple of girlish laughter ringing in the air after

she had gone. For a long time after her departure Casaban stool as if in a stupor. He could not believe his senses, and thought at last that he must have been a very beautiful child. dreaming. That haughty woman could never so unbend! Then he hastened forward to the spot where she had knelt, and looked down to see if she really had traced characters in the He read his own name, "Casaban," and he staggered with a resistless and incomprehensible dizziness. What a strange woman she was-more than ever a marvel to him. Still he felt that he must hold some small place in her thoughts, else she would not have writthat she loved him? He dared not hope that. And then-her kneeling and kissing her hands to the moon; was that pure accident, or was it a part of and magnificent a creature must have caprice. A thorough artist, he sets

moods, and so completely were the two Franz Von Reichstadt. cult to decide whether the part she such great things never had any title played in his dreams was more fantastic | or empire or fortune or anything else. played in his waking moments. yard, and she was once more the cold, haughty Woman or Bronze. Gazing

upon her face then, it seemed impossible to Casaban that she had ever smiled or that she ever could smile. Again and again they met, her cold face never blance of a smile; and her voice was always ice itself. At last, when he could restrain himself no longer, he told her that he had loved her ever since the last vintage time, and that he had come back to France to ask her to

He watched her all the while he was peaking, but there was no sign in her face to betoken that she was in any way moved by what he had said.

"You do yourself an injustice, or else you intend me one," she said in that same icy, pitiless voice, "and in either case I can only refuse what you propose. No man in your station should so far humble and forget himself as to offer honorable love to a peasant's daughter, and there is at least one peasant's daughter who will not suffer erself to be made the toy and wanton of even a royal lover. Go back to your family, your friends and your art, and eave me where I am and what I ama peasant's daughter and a grape-strip-

"No other woman shall ever be my wifel" I swear, he exclaimed impetuously. "I offer you honorable mar-riage and the first love of my life. Family, art, everything should be put aside for you, were it necessary, but it is not. My family will receive my wife without criticism, be she peasant or princess, and you will do my race credit. You will be the inspiration which will make me glorify my art, if glorified by me it ever is. Once more I ask you to be my wife."

"And once more must I decline the ionor you offer me. I do not forget my lowliness now, and neither will you forget it in the days to come-when the mention of it would grate harshly upon my ears. Then! too, a woman should love the man whose name and hand she accepts.

"You care nothing for me, then?" "How strangely you ask that ques-tion! I do not understand you." "I saw you write my name in the sand one night and it made me hope

that you at least sometimes thought of For a moment her face softened and her eyes glistened more kindly. But she soon controlled herself and answered as coldly as ever.

"A woman writes the name of the man she loves in her heart-not in the reacherous and ever-shifting sand." "You are willing, then, to blight my life and blast my hopes!" he cried. "Oh, God. If I could only move you

She stopped and faced him. "If you are really so much in earnest," she said, "lower yourself to my level. Put off your gentleman's dress for the peasant's blouse. Toil in the vineyard as I do, and when the vintage is done, if you are still faithful, I will be your wife. That will make me safe, and no one can ever then taunt the wife with doing that which the husband has not also done."
"I will do it," he said, kneeling at her feet and kissing her hand as if she were some great lady.

He kept his word. All through the

vintage he worked as if he had never known any other sphere in life, Lucette never gave him one smile or kiss through all his long period of probation, and the brave Casaban never once murmured against her coldness or the task which she had imposed,

One day they came to her with dreadful news. A vicious horse had bitten Casaban in the throat and he

"Yes!" she cried; and yet I have sacrificed your life!"

"I die happy," he said, with a smile. The peasants, awed and hushed, stood upon Lucette's bosom. After a little and shuddered, for they saw a dead woman with her dead lover clasped in ber arms.

NAPOLEON II. The Melancholy Story of a Great Em peror's Son.

Napoleon the Great, thought if he had only a son to rule after him that he would found a mighty empire that would be ruled over by the Bonaparte family for ages. There would be a Napoleon I, Napoleon II, Napoleon III, Napoleon IV, and so on until perhaps there would be as many as there had been King Louises in France, as many as sixteen and more.

At length in the year 1811, a son was born to the Empress Maria Louisa, Napoleon's wife. Then the soldier emperor thought he was very happy. But suddenly wars broke out again. His empire had been built by war, and by war it fell to pieces. It melted away like fairy frost figures. The little prince was called, for a title, the king of Rome. When he was a year old his father set out with a great army to fight

The beautiful portrait had painted upon it the decorations, ribbons and stars that indicated the titles the great emperor meant for his son. It I odd to see such things upon a baby a year old. The likeness was sent to Napoleon, and he got it just before a battle. He tenderly loved the child, who, indeed, seems to be the only creature he ever did care much for.

But the warrior's star went down. When the king of Rome was 4-years-old ten his name in the sand. Could it be it sank to rise no more. Napoleon became an exile at St. Helena. The empress went back to her father, the emperor of Austria, taking her son with her, and his father never saw him any her religion? He thought so powerful more. In Austria, the boy who was to inherit a great crown, and be the emsome religion unlike that of other mor-tals. Throughout the night his head was full of Lucette and her strange had been called after his father, but the Austrian ruler hated the name about weaving a curious labyrinth of of Napoleon Bonaparte so much that capricious whims and fancies, centering he never allowed it to be mentioned. them all upon Lucette and her varying To the boy was given the name of

So the child who was to have been of his grandfather, and nobody cared The next day they met in the vine- much for him or showed him any particular respect. He who had been so beautiful a cuttl became a pale, serious youth, with not very good health. He was melancholy, rather. He could not into vapor. This is then condensed, forget he was the great Napoleon's son, and the oil is found floating on the and again they met, her cold face never and that he was quite helpless to do once relaxing into the meerest semanneling worthy of the name. He did not know what to do with himself, and that, perhaps, was the reason he did not live long. He said of himself once: "My birth and my death-that is my whole history." One would think, with all the work there is to do in the world, that he might have found some way to be of use, but he did not. He died at Schonbrum, one of the Austrian royal palaces, near Vienna, wher he was 21. Nobody seemed to care.

## Literary Women.

Mrs. Sheerwood is one of the few iterary women of America who really dress well. Olive Thorne Miller is far from tidy.

Miss Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock) dresses very plainly.

Grace King, the new writer to whom Charles Dudley Warner is acting as literary god-father, is both eccentric some parts of Turkey and France, and untidy in her attire. Her hair usually looks as if it had been brushed the wrong way and her hat seems to be chronically defying the laws of gravitation.

Kate Field has exquisite taste in dress. Celia Thaxter is frizzled and banged,

beruched and beribboned, and so are Louise Chandler Moulton and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Mrs. Anagnos, Mrs. Howe's lamented daughter, the gifted founder of the in the market, and worth \$32 an Boston Metaphysical Club, was excess-

ively untidy. Her collar, when she wore one at all, was invariably crooked. George Sand was entirely indifferent to what she summarily dismissed as "the silly vanities of finery," and "souffrir pour etre belie" is what she invariably declined to do. During her expert are deceived by it. retirement at Nahant she frequently adopted a boy's costume for her rough

country walks, donning a "blouse and gaitero. Charlotte Bronte's dress was very simple and quaint. She is said to have been "dainty" as to the fit of

her boots and gloves. Among the literary women of today Mrs. Juha Ward Howe is usu- the best that is on the market, and beally ill-dressed, and her "two scrib-bling daughters," as she calls them, follow their mother's example.
Frances Hodgson Burnett wears

esthetic gowns.

Mand Howe, the novelist, is occasionally resplendent. She adopts the worst forms of dyspepsia. The laven-classic style for evening dress, and ap- der shrub and the jessamine plant are pears in flowing Greek draperies, with an lvy wreath on her beautiful head. Jane Austen, though neat, was quite regardless of the fashionable and becoming, and Maria Edgeworth's dress

was said by one of her contemporaries to be "neither beautiful nor fash-Lucy Larcom affects a quakerish style, and is frequently seen in a little, flat, old-fashioned bonnet, trimmed

with a single bow. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps dresses carelessly and with little regard to fashion. Peril From Lightning.

Dr. Andries estimates that the peril from lightning is now from three to five fold greater than it was fifty years ago, owing to the vastly increased electrical intensity induced by the

erty in Philadelphia subject to city tax lily of the valley produces one of for 1887, according to the statement of the Board of Revision of Taxes, and daffodil are much thought of. amounts to \$628,679,312,

A CULTIVATED NOSE.

What is Necessary in Order to Se-cure a Perfume.

"You haven't a cultivated nose," said a manufacturer of perfumes in a one or more of them will fade away large store down town to a customer. and disappear, baving seemingly been who admitted that he could not remember that his hose had ever been subjected to any particularly invigorating process, but he asserted that he had perfect confidence in his ability to pick out just what he wanted.

"That is the trouble with almost every one," continued the dealer, "who attempts to select a perfume when not used to it. That man who has just left here will not be satisfied with his parchase the next time he takes a smell of it because he will not find it to be what he expected. After a nose that has not been raised in the business smells four or five samples of cologne, the flavor of each will linger in the nostrils and then an inferior and poorer odor, if introduced to these lingering scents, in almost every case will form a pleasing combination that is thought to be satisfactory. For the being it will be, but afterward the compounder of colognes will be called a fraud. The sense of smell is widely different in individuals, and the imag-

ination helps along wonderfully.

As a matter of experiment I have placed the same kind of cologne in twelve bottles labeled differently, and have had people take a smell of all the bottles and detect the resemblance of each one to the flower mentioned on the label. Again I have seen noses so acute that they would put out from a combin ation of odors each ingredient and rarely would any be missed. This is a wonderful thing, but the nose can be trained to do it, and the cologne maker must have the faculty in order to make up any kind of cologne from a given sample. This explains the method by which the famous colognes are imitated and a dealer can hardly start a new brand on the market before every one in the business is making the same

"The best perfumes are made from autumn the roots are taken up, cleaned, flowers. The effort that is being and laid away. The common price of -and the club has served its purmade to extract perfumes from petrolhicory roots in England is about £2 10s pose. eum and other things will prove abortive, as they can never equal the del-icacy of the odor of a genuine flower. per ton. There is a heavy excise duty The amount of cologne made in obnoxious manner. America is enormous, but it does not In all good English grocery stores tioner. approach the quantity manufactured pure coffee can always be bought, as in Europe, where its use is well nigh universal. In this country perfumes are made from the original flowers only on a small scale, and even then it is too expensive to go into general competition on such a basis, The odors are nearly all imported in the shapes of olls and essences, and from these as a base the colognes are made. In many foreign countries whole communities are supported by cultivating and gathering worse than chicory is adulterated chicery. And it is said that most of the over that The cut nowers are chicory in English shops is adulterated placed in large vats, upon which a prowith beans, carrots, parsnips, and beets, desk.
and colored with pigments, especially In o portionate amount of water is poured.
After it has steed for a certain time the an earth known as Venetian red. process of evaporation is hastened by heat, and the oil in the flowers passes The Salt Mountain of Palestine. water. The oil seems to contain the aromatic principle of plants. To make essences from the oil it is usually mixed with alcohol. Some of the oils are so volatile that they cannot be the ridge is six mlies, with an average gathered in this manner. They will width of three-quarters of a mile, and fly off in the process of distillation the height is not far from 600 feet. with water, and the delicate sugges-There are places where the overlying tions of sweetness are lost. To obviearthy deposits are many feet ate this a heavy or mixed oil is emin thickness, but the mass of the mounployed. It is usually the finest grade of beef suct. This by heat is con-

fume is imported. grows like a weed in Smyrna and in The same is true of the salt that is some parts of Turkey and France, contained in solution in the Dead Sea money?"
though the growth is comparatively litself. If Arabs or the natives of "They must profit by their schemes though the growth is comparatively itself. If Arabs or the natives of "They must profit by their schemes small in the latter country. The natheat country were found getting salt or there wouldn't be so many of them. tives of these places collect this oil in a from the shores of the Dead'sea or from Many weak-kneed candidates give up. in the oil floats on the surface and it is absorbed by cotton balls deftly dipped pressure gives up this oil, which is botwill produce only a few drops of oil. government. The genuine is the most expensive oil rhodium, wav and other substances, and the price is arranged to suit the pur-

verted into a liquid state, and the

and be held a prisoner. Some alco-

chaser. The strength of this oil makes it sickening in its natural state. The adulteration has reached such a high state of perfection that even the most

keeping in line with the growth of rebeen invested first with one association "Patchouli is made from a natural and then another, given part and lot in plant growing in great abundance in this custom and that, until it had come to hold a very prominent place in the economy of life. Both at wedding and funerals gloves were offered as gifts so the Malay islands, and is a great favorite as a perfume. There is a growing demand now for lavender water. It is commonly as to be recognized features made by mixing rose and orange waters of the social ceremonial proper to these occasions. Either for peace and in favor, or defiant and in deadly anger, with the oil of lavender, and has a refined and pleasant as well as refreshing odor. The English oil of lavender is it has come to be as binding upon ordinary transactions as a written deed, and as evident of purpose as if the sides being used as a perfume is a favorite article in bakeries as a flavor for presence of its owner had enforced its cakes and fancy products. It is a high stimulant and efficient aid to digestion evident intent. Particularly as a token of love, as though it gave in pledge the until the system becomes used to it, hand and regard of a fair lady, or as a and then it is liable to breed one of the cartel of war, threatening so much of the vengeful punishment as the hand it had covered could inflict, did the glove cultivated to a large extent in England and France for this industry. The play its part in times when both these genuine heliotrope is not as fine an odor sentiments were especially cherished sentiments were especially cherished and avowed. It was made the mgis of as the imitation. The latter is known as the white heliotrope and is made trade, ensuring to chapmen and chafffrom a combination of violet and van- ering purchasers of the wares they ofilla, and has a soporific tendency if fered peace and protection; and breathed for any length of time, Bergamot, which with musk forms the glove was made witness of a promise staple perfume of the colored popula- given and the pledge of its fulfillment, tion, is a comparatively cheap oil. It The donation of land to a church, and is made from a small species of lemon, sometimes even the offer of bodily ser-the best quality of which grows in the vice, was made good by the placing of island of Sicily, and is cultivated specially for this purpose. The fruit is picked while hard and unripe, and it sional instances of kingdoms—a glove akes about 400 to produce a pint of oil | was made a ventable lease by virtue of under pressure. Bergamot is a slight which possession was taken and held, irritant, and it is said will raise pair on As securing safe passage, like a passa bald head. The distinguishing mark of the tube rose it strength, while the violet is light and pure. The verbena were proffered; even as a good bribe. charging of the atmosphere with steam and smoke at all centers of population.

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The real estate a suit favorably, the glove had many a richest perfumes, and the lemon, orange an important negotiation to open or to

"But the best perfumes are combinations of the original odors. There are If every farmer who cuts down a Rye if sown now, will grow, and as it is hardy, will furnish early green about 100 of them, many of them it is hardy, will furnish early green which have had their day. The secret food before the grass makes its appearance in the spring.

WOES OF A CANDIDATE

cologne and the cashmere bouquet. To mix the odors so that they blend perfectly is difficult. One great obstaichemes That are Devised for Making Politicians Come Down With the Cash. cle is that when the odors are mixed

that none is prominent and all are lost,

The best two are the ancient cau de

neutralized and worn out by time,"

MYSTERIES OF ENGLISH COFFEE

General Adulteration of the Cup Which Cheers but not Inebriates,

lish ocean steamers have I found it

a farthing for it, and that it would

crops of wheat were allowed to follow

An average yield of fresh roots is

where the Jordan enters the lake.

Some Uses of Gloves.

The reign of Elizabeth may fatrly be

tory of gloves. Through long years, and

black, hideous chicory.

men and cattle.

Neither on English soil nor on Eng-

A young man wearing a serious air and a bilious-looking straw hat walked briskly into the sheriff's effice. binding of his Prince Albert coat had oosened its hold in many places, and the lapels bore the finger marks of a long struggle with hard times, A frayed black tie had climbed high on an overworked collar, and his shoes looked as if they wanted to breathe tway their wearled spirits on a garbage

possible to get a good cup of coffee unless I purchased my own Java coffee In tones mysterious and deferential, and stood over the coffee pot while it and with a very-important-business ex-pression on his face, he inquired for was being brewed. And even then I had to watch most carefully to prevent Canute R. Matson, the Republican canits being spoiled by the addition or didate for sheriff. Being shown into that gentleman's private office, he took what Englishmen consider a great improver of foreign coffee-namely: a the candidate sside and began: pinch of home or Belgium bitter and

"Mr. Matson, I have the honor to be grand worthy Begum of the Desplaines I very well remember the difficulty Street Scandinavian Incorruptible Po-I had with a kind landlady of an Eng- titical and Social Club. We have on lish country inn in persuading her not our roles the names of 500 of the most to fling a bit of chicory into the pot of induential citizens on the west side. coffee she was making for me out of We are independent in politics, but pure coffee I had brought with mehaving investigated the character of she, the kind old heart, constantly asseverating she should not charge me

"That's all right; how much do you want?" interrupted Mr. Matson.
"We don't ask anything for our supmightily improve my beverage. Less port, but we are-

chicory (succory, genus chicorium) is now grown in England than formerly; "Certainly-I understand-you are but an immense amount of it is imgoing to fit up headquarters for the ported there from Belgium, France and purpose of carrying on an unrelenting Germany, in which countries this perwarfare against corruption in politics. ennial plant is largely used for food for How would a fiver suit you?"

The young man took the proffered There was a time when a thousand bank note and departed. acres of it were under cultivation in a

"That's the hundred and fiftieth coub | San-Hat for the Chinese Emperor. single district between York and Stam- I've been asked to help," the big blonde ford, and those English farmers who candidate sighed. "Every ward has a were given to its cultivation claimed half-dozen. There are Matson clubs. that it was not exhausting to the soil, Davis clubs, clubs with fanc ful names, but rather an improver of it, when and clubs without names. A half-dozen needy gentlemen get together in the back room of a saloon and organize a club. They have letter-heads printed about eight tons per acre. Late in the and let themselves loos on the candidates who are fools enough to be bled

"Are any other schemes worked on upon chicory, and the English growers luckless candidates?"
of it claim that this duty is levied in an Mr. Matson turned Mr. Matson turned an injured, incredulous expression on the ques-

"Look at this," he said, as he pulled tax and only 80 who pay \$500 and well as coffee mixed with chicory. The a drawer from his desk. It contained over. saie in England of coffee adulterated three or four dezen blue, red, yellow, with any mixture is visited with heavy lavender, or rose-colored bits of paste-penalties unless the mixture is duly board. "Ali tickets to benefits that labeled. I have seen in English grocery will never benefit anybody except the shops the packages duly marked "pure committee; for balls which no one will coffee," and "coffee mixed" with a dance, and entertainments that will certain per cent, of chicory. Most entertain only a few fellows in hard

"What else? Well, cast your eye fatal to animals. took a religious weekly paper off his

In one of the columns was a number of cards printed in large display type: "Vote for C. R. Matson for sheriff," was marked with heavy-blue pencil lines. "Vote for George R. Davis for Missouri combined is the Nile, which tressurer," "Vote for Michael Sch. is over 4000 miles in length. Palestine possesses a remarkable weisthal for treasurer," and on through salt mountain situated at the south the list of candidates of both parties the largest of the advertisement ran.

The length of the advertisement ran.

"Nobody escaped, you see, We'll Premier has come to this country to all get the bills before election. I did make arrangements for school text not order the card, and the other can- books, didates were probably not consulted. This is the newest scheme that has have warned his hearers of the speedy been sprung on us, and it looks like a end of all things and then closed his

tain is composed of solid rock salt, good one, some of which is as clear as crystal. "That isn't all, Fifty newspapers have been started since the campaign How far this deposit of salt extends beflowers are put into it. The odor of low the surface of the ground, no one began. Either of them will support the plant will pass into the fixed oil at present knows. At some points, this the candidate who gives it the most ridge, which is on the shore of the money. Each has a large circulation hol is also used in this method, and it is in the shape of beef suct paste water, and at others it recedes until it family paper and reaches every home. Yacht club, at Marblehead was a brilladen with the fragrance of many is fifty or more yards from it. Just in Chicago. Then come the illustrated beautiful flowers that much of our per- here the water of the Dead sea is much papers. They will print your picture more salt than it is at the north end, and a sketch of your life for a considerat on. Then you will be asked to pur-This salt is a government monopoly. chase a thousand or two copies." "Do these fellows make

simple manner. The roses are placed this salt mountain, they would be arin water, and after decomposition sets rested at once. Most of the salt used opposing the election of candidates fers a prize of 1000 frames for the best in Hebron, Jerusalem, and elsewhere in who refuse to come down, and scare series of essays on the effects of tobacco this part of Palestine, comes from these them into buying the schemers off. A on the health of men of letters, and its into the liquid. The cotton under sources, but it is gathered under the candidate's life is an unhappy one, influence on the future of French litedirection of g vernment officers, and There comes a suspicious-looking party. pressure gives up this oil, which is bot- direction of g vernment officers, and there exists a child to bury, or his tied and sealed. A bushel of flowers the revenue is supposed to go to the mother-in-law is dying, or his landlord mark, learn and is wardly digest the is about to turn him into the street. He's a life-long Republican, and can help me in his ward. I'll just step out at the side door. Good-day."

## considered the turning point in the his-Individuality of Dress in Scotland.

There is more individuality of dress in England and Scotland than in America. Every man has his suit cut to please himself, and a favorite costume is a short sack coat, pantaloons rather full above the knee and fastened tight around the leg just above the calf. Then a pair of long thick woolen stockings come up to where the knee breech-es end, and the feet are clad in strong shoes. This makes a very stylish costume, if the wearer is tall and has good legs. It is worn everywhere and even him of his share in a large estate by gentlemen going about with ladies on the street are so clad. Add to this a helmet cap or a Derby, and you have a pretty fair idea of one class of Scotch or English dress. Many of the swells about the watering places wear clothes of colors as bright as those of Dolly Varden's, and I have seen some young men clad in wide red and blue stripes of soft flannel, others in suits as white North Bosque, as snow, and others in jackts of plush and velvet. There seems to be a much larger gentleman of leisure class here than with us, and in the Trossachs and about Loch Lomond, where I went to tar the most delicate of the senses. sail through the region made famous by Sir Walter Scott, I rode for miles able to detect the presence of 1-2,760,and miles without hearing the word | 000,000 of a grain of mercaptan.

are so greatly in the minority that it is surgeons tried to remove the bullet and unfair to take their expressions as rep-failed. Recently it was easily extracresentative.

The rigid economy forced upon sheponce thought they could.

copper. When the birds are kept from promptly swell, and after a short time food containing copper they entirely lose the tint produced by that mineral, mass."

NO. 47.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Between 3000 and 4000 horses are killed annually in Spain in bull fight-

ing. -The great tunnel under the Severn was opened for traffic list week for the

first time. -The annual consumption of eggs in Berlin is 191,107,920, or 145 to each

individual. -A rich vein of gold quartz was re-

cently discovered by a cloud burst at Pine Grove, Nev. -A California apricot tree four years old, this year yielded a crop of 1750

pounds of fruit. -Washington, N. H., has a tame hen-hawk which lives peaceably with a number of chickens.

-Mount Papandayang in Java was split by an earthquake into seven peaks each about 7000 feet high. -Seventy-six persons have committed suicide this year at Mount Carlo on

account of lowes at play,

railroad purposes is said to cure all desire for alcoholic drinks. -Street railways in 233 cities and owns of the United States have in use

-A Dakota artesian well sunk for

84,500 horses and 16,850 cars. -South Bend, Ind., is supplied with water by 16 artesian wells with a capacity of 16,000,000 gallens daily. -Embossed books for the use of blind

persons have been prepared in more than 250 languages and dialects. -Gold bricks are to be used as the foundation of a throne to be built at

-A Georg'a dog tore the burning clothing from a girl and saved her life

burning his mouth and paws badly, -The directors of the mint report a production of \$31,800,000 gold and \$51,-600,000 silver for the calendar year.

-The Connecticut river and its tribstaries furnish power to 2298 mills, which represent 118,026 horse power. -The ancient city of Damascus is in prosperous condition. Its trade with

foreign countries are rapidly increas-The Virginia tax rolls show only 1234 persons paying over \$100 yearly

-During the last year 4009 foreigners have been naturalized in Prussia and 38,788 Prussians emigrated during the same time. -A rattlesnake is a queer pet be-

ionging to a Norwich man who handles

her fearlessly though her bite has proved

on his body and 60 bullets ranging in size from a duck shot to an ounce ball still remain in his flesh.

-The longest river in the world with the exception of the Mississippi and

-An English clergyman is said to discourse with an appeal for a liberal contribution in aid of the new church tower.

-The banquet to General Paine, the owner of the Mavilower, and Edward liant affair. Fireworks and champagne were abundant. -The city of Glasgow owns its four-

bring an annual rental of \$76,000 to its treasury. The fare is a penny a mile with reduced rates morning and even ing for the working people. -The French Society for the Pre-

teen miles of street railway, which

rature. -We trust wage-workers will read, fact that, of 45,500 men, who, last spring; "struck" on the Miss ic railroad system, only 200 have ever again secured their place. New men were found and the work went for-

-The Free Kindergarten department of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is making rapid advancement, one lady having given nearly one million dotlars for the hahment and maintenance of these institutions in the State of Massachu--Two sisters living at Fayette, City,

Pa , with the husband of one of them, have been arrested at the instance of their brother, for conspiracy to deprive -An IS-month-old child in Texas emwled out of its mother's bed the

ing, when it was tracked across several farms, under wire and through rall fences, for four miles, and was ound unharmed in the brakes of the -Professor Fischer and Penzoldt, of Erlangen, have established the curtous fact that the sense of small is by

-Adam Rememund of Garfield was shot in the head on a southern battle-Manufacturers who favor free wool field twenty-three years ago. Many

ted by one of Reinemund's neighbors, Sheep will eat more be more contenta pass- ed and thrive better on a new than on like as an old range. Frequent change of Mr. Eitzer, in the Revue Industrielle, range for them is important at this sea-son of the year.

gives the following simple method for testing leather to be used for belting:

"A small piece is cut off the belt and The rigid economy forced upon shepherds in the last two or three years has convinced a good many that they can produce wool a trifle cheaper than they once thought they could. months, without any other change than The beautiful red plumage of a South | becoming a little darker in color. If, African species of birds has been chem- on the contrary, it is not well impregically examined and found to be due to nated with tannin, the fi res will