he does blush."

all so true.

cheerfully.

blushed.

"That is just it," I ground. "It is

all her life with deference by fond

him. You poor, poor Cicely!"

Yes, Saturday was coming.

conceptions. We were to go to him

"He is not so shy to-day," reported

Or, perhaps, he was under the impres-

sion that we were learned girls; after

our papers and our chatter he knows us

better and thinks very little of us. He

is solemn-horribly solemn! And no

Nell had reported truly. He was

quite at his ease. He was sitting wait-

"Miss Chrystal?" he said.

"Yes." I said, meekly.

exercise toward him.

I think so, Mr. Tudor."

did not see his face.

Chrystal?

quite at his ease."

The thought was terrible.

NO. 51

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1886.

Aurora.

B. F. SCHWEIER

What airy form is this, all grace, t loitersdown the walk A plucking in the garden place The resebud from its stalk?

Unlifted in her finger tips She holds a baby rose Close to her bow-shaped, scarlet lips, and in the pink leaves blows

How soon it wakes, as if it knew A rephyr from the south, Or felt a drop of morning dew,

breath-a kiss-her n

How vain to hold, O foolish bud, Your rivals in such scorn Because her kiss has stirred your blood My sweetheart, and your Morni

A CRITICAL MAID.

The lecture was just over. We four girls, the lectured, were standing notebook in hand, in a little group in the corridor, talking in subdued tones, consulting one another on a knotty point in the history of grand jury. The ecturer came out of the lecture-room and passed us. He bowed gravely as he passed, and went hastily down stairs, his college cap in his hand, his long gown falling limply about his tall, thin We were silent until he was out of sight; then our tongues were loosened, and we no longer spoke in subdued tones.

"Poor young man!" said Lottie, feel-"He is as grave as a judge," said

"That," said Claudia weightily, "is nervousness. He is nervous girls-nervous of us."

But it was I who had the most to say. I leant against the balusters, with | evil moment, and Claude, Nell and face towards the open door of the Lottie all went in before me. lecture-room, and gave the girls the tenefit of my observations.

"Yes, he is nervous," I said. "Poor young man, he is shy! When I asked him if the grand jury still existed he blushed, girls-oh, he is copper-colored to start with, I know, but he blushed through the copper color-"

"For your ignorance, perhaps," suggested Claudia, 'He is very shy," said I. "He is not

used, I expect, to teaching girls. He can not forget that we are girls. He waited-did you notice?-until we had left the room; the other lecturers stalk out before us, I think he wanted to open the door for us and to bow us out. Oh, poor young man, he is shy!-sky

The other girls were frowning at me. Claudia was touching my elbow, with mysterious meaning, on one side; Nell pulling my sleeve imperatively on the Lottie formed her lips into a silent "hush "

"Shy and young-very young!-what grave, his manner, as Nell had said, Nobody answered me. No answer, indeed, was needed. At that moment our lecturer passed us again and went come up the stairs behind me—he must have heard me. He seemed to glance ny way as he passed. There seemed to be a twinkle in his gray-blue eyes.

The girls moved slowly away; but I turned precipitately and fled. Past the lecture room door, along the corridor, upstairs I fied, to my own gravely. I sat looking down at my little room, (study, bed chamber and reception room.) near the sky. I meant to work and took my Stubbs and turned over its leaves, and found my place turriedly, with an unusual energy. But work would not drive speeches, and sentences bore no mean

away the remembrance of my unlucky ing to me; I could not fix my attention smile. on the history of early Germanic instructions. I shut up my Stubbs in despair; the girls were playing tennis slowly, "you confuse-or seem to conin the courts below, I seized my racket and ran swiftly down to join them. Tennis would make me forget. But if my thoughts were distracted again when the game was over. I my life I felt small and young and myself as well as the girls.

back. I had said that he had blushed that he was shy-I had implied that he |-quite new to me." was shy of me because I was a girl. 1 should never dare to speak to him or look at him again! I had called him His very gravity and quietness copper-colored-at least I might have spared him that reproach. I looked in he did not grasp my theory here-did the glass at my own little face; it was not follow my argument there. And I as brown as a berry—brown by nature had had no theory—I could not felin the first place and made more brown low my own argument. He grew by the summer sun and the breeze from more grave and quiet and slow. The the sea at home. His eyes were blue lump in my throat grew larger every and his hair was fair. It was altogether moment. If I had been brought up in brown—hair, eyes, skin, all brown a family of girls I should have burst into tears before him. I sat still and headed!—I had called him young! what | looked at my own brown fingers claspelse had I called him? I brushed back ing one another and answered briefly: my brown hair tightly and severely, tied my soft silk sash with a jerk and ran down to dinner with a rush, hoping

to escape from my thoughts again.

Perhaps, after all, I thought, trying to comfort myself he had not heard me. My voice, alas! was clear as a bell's. I was an only girl in a family of boys-a spoilt gin who had never been taught to be meek and silent in the presence of her brothers-a talkative girl who had learnt to make herself heard in any Babel of louder and gruffer voices. But perhaps he had been thinking-not listening-meditating on the Mark system, trial by jury, or the disruptive tendency of feudal government. But Tudor conceded something to my girlno, said the girls, he must have heard; there was no doubt whatever that he

The girls were as happy as usual, They could contemplate the situation tranquilly: it even afforded them amusement; they found something humorous in my discomfiture. It was I, not they, whom he had overheard.

We sat in a half circle on the floor before the fire that night, in our pretty bright dressing gowns, and drank cocoa had been less humiliating than this is and ate sweet biscuits before going to praise. He held open the door for me bed. I was hostess. The study, the little tin kettle singing on the hob, the smile. blue and white china, the cocoa, the sweet bisquits were all mine. We four friend gave cocoa parties in tucn. Tomorrow Clandia would provide the feast. Yesterday Nell had been hostess. Cocoa was the chief dissipation of a college. We gave "cocoas" as our brothers gave "wines"—it was a drink

was on Saturday afternoon when I went alone to him, and sat by his side while he spread out that week's history paper Wednesday and Thursday and Friday of mine before him and commented on I went about with a constant con-sciousness of Saturday's inevitable ad-of its ambiguities, and waited patiently vance. Our lecturer had stated that with the most courteous attention for my answers. Now and then, glancing pleased to go through our papers with up at him quickly, I caught a gleam of

It was Saturday afternoon in the singly. I was to go alone to the man who, I had said, was shy of me and middle of the term I sat beside him at the table, listening meekly to his thought of me as a girl and could not

> Chrystal. "Yes, Mr. Tudor,"

"Yes, Mr. Tudor." "That is a somewhat grave mistake." Nell on her return. "I think, Cis, that form of answer that came to me. perhaps we were mistaken about him. "And here, I think, you we

"No-I am afraid-I am afraid not."

old man could be severer. Oh; he is "You mistook the question, possi-He was looking gravely at me, waiting at a table which had pen and ink ing. My spoken answer, like my writ-

and papers on it; there was no expectten answer, was not very much to the ancy in his attitude; he seemed a little point. I spoke desperately. "What is the good of it all?" I said. bored, indeed; he sat with his back "What does it matter about the juditoward the door, one elbow on the table, his hand propping his chin. He rose when he heard me and looked at cial system, and who has the control of taxation? What does it matter about

me calmly enough as he shook hands. the dull old laws? One can't really care for the constitution.' I had time while he sat surveying me He touched a chair that stood beside his at the table, and I sat down with a to feel ashamed of my babyish, pasfeeling of obedience. His face was sionate speech. . What made you think of devoting

thought him nervous; he looked as though he had never blushed; he seemed His gentleness seemed like satire. My quite unaffected by the consciousness eyes, in spite of myself, suddenly filled that his pupil was a girl. He seated with tears. Suddenly he looked away himself beside me, and drew a corrected from me. He asked me no more questions. "This, I think, is your paper, Miss

rapidly, without a pause. When I resolutely blinked my tears and gazed "Yes," I said in a small voice-"!think so, Mr. Tudor."

He was turning the pages slowly and my history paper with crooked circles, and his face was less brown than ruddy.

After that day his eyes ceased to ands folded meekly on the table and twinkle when he looked at me; passed me over in class and put the puzzling questions to Nell and Claudis, "Your first answer is-is inade-"The first part of Stubbs is-is very and was almost gentle when I went difficult," I said, venturing to look up. alone to him. He gave up asking me There was a strange, quick little to expound this theory and that argutwinkle for a moment in his eyes, as he ment which he had failed to follow; glanced at me; but his lips did not and, when he was forced to condemn my work he worded his blame mildly

and looked away as he spoke. "In the next question," he said fuse-two things, the constitutions and girls. "He completely ignores you now the Assize of Clarendon-a slip, per- |-for which you are thankful, Cis, are

you not?"
"Very thankful," I said. I said it He was looking steadily and calmiy for an hour or two they attacked me at me, waiting. For the first time in impressively, for I needed to convince stood bef re my glass and changed my dress for dinner and grew rosy red as the resemblance of my words came overwhelmed with a sense of my own again, and to feel pangs of disappointignorance. "No-it was not a slip," I ment in class when he passed me over, back. I had said that he had blushed because I had spoken to him—I said because I had spoken to him had because I had "So I had gathered from your paper,"

class, he was graver still on Saturday's. He gazed steadily at my paper as he discussed it, and discussed it as though in a dream. He no longer thought me flippant, and conceited, and foolish, and tried to cure me. He no longer thought of me at all.

It was only at the end of the term that he set aside his perfunctory tutor

"Are you going home, Miss Chrystal?" he asked me hesitatingly. At last he pushed back his chair a "Yes. Not at once though. For a she will come home with me."

each other." "The rest of the class are far anead

> my hand. not?" he said.

hood. He stood when I stood, and remained standing as he continued to speak to me. He threw out a crumb "Your style is clear," he said,

"When you deal with subjects within your grasp-when you do not get out of your depth-your style is clear decidedly. Not an altogether historical style, but lucid." I felt that, on the whole, his blame

little and gave me my paper, folded.

"Yes," I said in a small voice.

"Yes-yes-I know," I said,

turers nodded at us and sat still.

"For some months."

"Yes," I said again.

Miss Chrystal."

"You will have to read very steadily,

He seemed to have nothing more

wholesomely humiliating to say to me,

and I understood that the interview

might end, and rose to go. He rose,

too, immediately. Most of our lec-

had been less humiliating than this is

"Good afternoon," he said.
"Good afternoon," I replied and fled. The girls had invaded my study and were lazily stretched on the bed and window-seat and rug waiting for me,

"Well?" they said.
I sat down beside Claudia on the

is shy. You said he blushed-well, he forting me.

As the weeks went on I grew more sympathy. and more convinced that I had hated It was a and always should hate Mr. Tudor-"He will think you observant," said
Nelly, nibbling the sugar from her biscuit with slow epicurean enjoyment.

"He will think, at all events, that
you are interested in him," said Lottle
observant, said
that he thought me young, ignorant,
stupid, flippant, spoilt and conceited;
that he despised my intellect, remembered my foolish speeches, and always
would remember them. His eyes had a way of twinkling when he looked at "In him-a man!" I groaned, for a me and looked away again; all the pergirl who was tyrannized over eight plexing questions seemed to fall to me, admiring brothers and had been treated and his lips twitched when I spoke of gavelkind as a custom of duty, and fathers and uncles has an ungrateful found Wolsey guilty under the statute scorn for men. I had no meek mother of purveyance. He seemed to enjoy my mility as a becoming womanly virtue.

"Poor Cis—poor Cicely!" said the
"And Saturday"

But the bad half hour in my week
"But the bad half hour in my week

en Saturday afternoon he would be us, to discuss points of interest, explain laughter deep down in his eyes. Yet difficulties, and remove possible mis- when he spoke his voice was slow and

forget that I was a gfrl, whom I had criticisms, called copper-colored, who I had said "You re "You miss the point here, Miss

Saturday came. The girls were cheerful. "Go first, Cis," they said—"go first and get it over," "And here you speak of impeachment as though it was a procedure by "Yes, I will go first," I said. But when he came I faltered and put off the

I could not acquiesce again, And the monosyllable "yes" was the only "And here, I think, you were re quired to discuss the constitutional importance of these events?" "Yes, Mr. Tudor,"

"You have not done so, Miss Chrys-

the parliament and the courts, and all

yourself to the study of constitutional For the next five minutes he talked

"He has forgiven you, Cis," said the

again, even if his eyes should have he said quietly.

His very gravity and quietness seemed like bitterest satire. He said further away. And if he was grave in

> week or two I am going to stay with Claudia-Miss Harrison, I mean. Then

"I may be spending my holidays near you. Perhaps-possibly-we may meet

"Oh, yes, very possibly," I said.

And suddenly I felt light-hearted at
the thought of holidays. There was a little pause, and I rose and held out "It is somewhere in Devonshire, is it

"What?" "Your home." "Yes, Axetown East. Quite a lit-tle place on the coast. Have you friends there, Mr. Tudor?"

"No," he said doubtefully. lieve—I believe the fishing is good?" And it did not strike me as strange that he should be going to a place in which he had no friends, and of which he did not know the name and county. But I did not tell the girls what he had told me. It was only at the end of my visit to Claudia that I broke the news to her. I broke it easually. "He came for the fishing," I said,

"And father and the boys seem-accidentally-to have come across him." "Never mind," said Claudin. "No, it does not matter," I said re-

signedly. But Claudia was sympathetic next day when we arrived at Axetown, East. In a short fortnight Mr. Tudor made great strides toward friendship into small atoms and burnt them. "I with all at home. He had found favor hate him," I said, poking the fire vigortalking and laughing, holding our teacups and stirring our cocoa slowly and absent-mindedly as we talked. My guests were merry, but I to-night was unusually silent and depressed.

"After all read (North as a small)" is all all read to be satisfied to be with father and the boys; his note! was are delivered by express, and I have comfortless and he deserted it frequent-known a number of Back Bay ladies to absent-mindedly as we talked. My guests were merry, but I to-night was unusually silent and depressed.

"After all," said Claudia, sensibly, trying to comfort me—"after all, what id you say, Cis? Nothing—nothing at all events that mattered. You said the was young; well, that is true. How cld, girls, do you imagine he is?"

"Twenty-four," said Nell.

"Twenty-four," said Nell.

"Twenty-four," said Nell.

"And there I forgot that I belonged in the mames—I hate him! I had been and went at all hours, laughed and smoked with the boys and laughed and smoked with salk

"Very young," said Ciaudia, conclu- to a family of boys where no one ever and walking. He haunted our house Bits HATS AND LONG HAIR.

wely. welt, and burst into sudden tears; and and seemed to be always where I was.

Claudia, Nell, and Lottie fell to com
Claudia was sympathetic and somehow for the Cowhers Beed to Make I felt traitorous when I received her now the Cowboys Used to Make

It was a still, warm summer evening, a day or two after our arrival. We were in the drawing room down stairs and the French windows were open wide. Father was showing Mr. Tudor some views of places abroad where he had been stationed at different times. Suddenly on the still air came a voice from the garden. Claudia was coming up the path with my brother George.

"And that is the story," she said. "It doesn't seem quite a modest thing to say a man blushes when you speak to him. Poor Cisi she has never been happy in his presence since. He will spoil her holidays. We try to praise

was engrossed in photographs of China, groundby constant patting of the hands I did not venture to look at Mr. Tudor, ill around it. do not think that he looked at me. But an anecdote which father was relating was new to us when he told it was taken to a place where smoke and again next day

found ourselves alone together. But with strings and straps and was ready It was an hour or two later that we brain still. It seemed natural, now that we were alone that he should go back at once straight to those words. "It is true," he said gently. "I did wild cattle and horses in the direction

I did not speak. He was standing near me by the open window, and he took my hand and let it rest in his. "Do I spoil your holidays?" he asked that in our faces we would suffer gravely, "Are you unhappy, as your freatly but for the protection afforded friend says, because I am here?"

think that Claudia knows," I auswered. "Cicely, I am bold," he said eagerly -"very bold to speak to you now so If I make you unhappy I will go. If I have no chance-no chance at all-tell me, Cicely, and send me away,' But I said nothing.

"Send me away now," he said plead-I looked up at him. I could think of no proper answer. "I do not want to send you away," I said.

A Man's Mother-In-Law.

in providing the man with his wife ger from hest le Indians and Mormods that he should bear such an undying These fur hats have taken the place of

law who was made the butt of these a burden to the young wife and not from experience that the greatest prohalf try.

places? A man's mother-in-law.

It is a woman's mother-in-law who perates the young wife by quoting all heyring and eyesight are of the greatest too frequently, "My son is used to importance to a scout, hunter or having things thus and so." "My son herdsman. When we see an object at must have this or that for his meals." a distance we want to know whether it "My son, with his small income, should is a cloud-burst coming upon us, a have married a prudent, sconomical prairie fire, an enemy in the neighborwoman," etc.
When the first baby makes its ap-

pearance, as well as the successive ones, who is it that steps in and relieves the husband of his weary vigils, and takes the load of care and worry of long hair not only preserves, but off the wife's feeble shoulders, and strengthens our sight, and makes our keeps the household machinery running hearing more acute, we let nature have smoothly?

The man's mother-in-law. When he and his wife plan to take a litso that they can peacefully enjoy their holiday, with the restful thought, 'Mother is th re and it will be all right?"

The man's mother-in-law. When there is sickness or trouble in the house, who is the faithful nurse, the wise counselor, the sympahizing friend?

The man's mother-in-law.

And if, in the course of events, the wife dies, who is it that usually comes in and takes care of the children, and keeps up the home till the bereaved husband has time to look around and find another wife? A man's mother-in-law.

And how does he reward her for a this devotion? By making heartless jokes at her expense, and publishing them for other men to snicker over! Ingratitude, thy name is Man!

But occasionally, in dealings with their own sex, women are not only worsted, but—a woman seldom stops on the discreet side of triumph—their conduct is held up to them for inspection under the full glare of contempt and satire. An instance of this kind occurred the other day in one of our small establishments where women's garments are made.

Some clothing had been ordered. made and sent home by express. The purchaser called in a few days to request that some slight changes be made. The woman in attendance, who happened to be the proprietor, asked if she had brought the articles with her. Ind nurse their right purchaser replied that she had not, with back garrets?" that she could not carry a bundle, adding in a supercilious tone that the ladies at the Back Bay never carried bundles. The tone and bearing of this litting on the other bench just beyond. The tone and bearing of this litting on the other bench just beyond. The tone and bearing of this litting on the other bench just beyond. The tone and bearing of this litting on the other bench just beyond. The tone and bearing of this litting on the other bench just beyond. Back Bay lady so incensed the woman of busines, who felt that her ignorance of Back Bay habits had received a correction, that she sharply answered; "I have no errand boy, because I have not enough for him to do, as all our parcels

Their Own Hats.

spoil her holidays. We try to praise in the ground. A large circular piece him sometimes, but as for Ciz, she will never say anything good of him. She ipread over the hole. With a bunch of really dislikes him now." really dislikes him now."

"That's a pitty," said George, for tawhide was pressed down into the hole tawhide was pressed to tawhide was pressed down into the hole tawhide was pressed down into the hole tawhide was pressed to tawhide was pressed down into the hole tawhide was pressed to I do not think father had heard. He was to be the rim was kept flat on the

When the hat was molded it was left antil it was dried by the sun. Then it leat scorched it so that it was perfectly rater-proof. Then it was trimmed for use, and that use is often to throw a pulckly spreading prairie fire back on the burned ground before it has a thance to gain headway; often to turn not mean to tell you yet. I meant to we want them to go. When the sun is win your love first." every puff of wind, this great hat is nuch cooler than a straw hat. When the wind is blowing the sand like hot

I hesitated for a moment. "I do not the mud is flying from the heels of the tampeding cattle, or the terrible halltorms of the plains are pelting upon is, these hats are the best friends tave. We wear leather bands on all our hats, because cotton, woolen, or ilk won't wear and won't keep the lats on. "Nowadays our hats are made in the

sast, and made of the best fur of the test water animals. We can wash them in water for that matter, after they have been exposed to all kinds of weather, and they hold their shape as f they were just out of the factory. They will do service for many years. The Stetson hat is the most commonly used in the west. They cost from \$3 to \$30. If made to order they cost a at is a mystery which no man has yet great deal more. I have seen hats that solved, why so many sad jokes are constantly being perpetrated about a man's lats of that kind presented to him mother-in-law. What dreadful crime from people that he has guided safely has the unfortunate woman committed across the great plains in times of dan-

Now if it was a woman's mother-in-they answer every purpose. "As to our long hair, there are good jokes there might be a grain of sense reasons why we wear it. Our business who has it in her power to make life changes of climate, and we have found tection to the eyes and ears is long As a matter of fact, a woman is hair. Old miners and prospectors know usually proud and fond of her son-inlaw if he only gives her the ghost of a guides let their pair grow as a rule. Those who have been prejudiced against When the young couple first goes to it have suffered the consequences of housekeeping who is it that comes in sore eyes, pains in the head, and loud and with her good sense and practical ringing in the ears. A peculiar result experience tides them over the rough of exposure without the protection of long hair is loss of hearing in one ear, caused by one or the other of the ears being exposed more when the plainsmost apt to criticise, and who exas- man is lying old the ground. Healthy

hood, or what it is. The longer we look at it the more distinct it becomes, if our eyes are good. It won't do for them to be weak and watery, and, having found that the growth and wearing of long hair not only preserves, but her way, and profit by it. There are some white men whose interests call them to live among the Indians, and it tle trip together, who is it comes in and is a fact that by letting their hair grow takes charge of the house and children, long they gain favor with the people they live among, and get along

better." The Luckiest Girl.

"Engaged to be married!" slowly uttered Theresa Middleton, And to think that little Blanche Follett should have been the first of the graduating class to

wear an engagement ring!" The three girls sat side by side on the broad veranda of the Acapulco Hotel. Long Branch-Theresa Middleton, tall, handsome, and stylish, with jetty hair, large, dark eyes, and yellow roses in her hair; Sophie Dean, slight and grace-ful, a type of the most exquisite blonde loveliness, and Blanche Follett, the fiancee of the group, an insignificant, chestnut-haired lassle, pretty enough when one came to examine her features, but nothing beyond the average. "How soon are you to be married, Blanche?" asked Sophie. "I don't know. As soon as Guy's

pose."
"What a funny old man, all in snuff color, that was that sat next to us that "And how he stared at us, I shouldn't wonder if he were some rich widower."

old creatures want at a place like Lonz Branch. Why don't they stay at home violent storm passed over the encampand nurse their rheumatism in their

sure I don't know what such wretched

"Who cares if he does?" said Miss Middleton, insolent in the pride and Josh of her young beauty. "I suppose, young lady," said he, 'you think that the old have no busitess to exist. Perhaps when half a tentury or so more has rolled over your tead you may think diffeaently on the

Theresa colored and tossed her head. ind Sophie Dean tittered as she rose ind shook out her flounced muslin obes preparatory to going up stairs, but Blanche Follett lingered behind afer the other two had swept away, and clancing pleadingly up in the old man's

mean no harm, only they are young and

"No, my dear, no," said the old man, kindly. "You, at all events, have gentler nature and more womanly temperament."

"What do you think?" exclaimed Sophie, coming in the next morning, dripping and radiant from her bath, 'Old Snuff Color is sick! The doctor was there half an bour ago, and I just saw the waiters carrying in ice for his

"Some horrid fever!" cried Theresa turning pale. "I mean to change to some other hotel at once. Blanchewhere is Blanche? Why, she's gone, I declare! How provoking when we are in a hurry to decide upon the matter!" It was more than an hour before Blanche Follett returned, and when at ength she entered the room. Theresa and Sophie were half through the task

of packing their trunks. "Blanche?" cried the former, petuantly, "where have you been?" "In the next room, with the sick old gentleman, doing my best to nurse

"Blanche!" shrieked Theresa. "Well?" was the calm response, "Are you mad?" cried both the cirls n chorus.

"No-only human. If it was my father," added Bianche, courageously, 'do you think I should want him to lie done and unattended in a hotel like

"Let him send for his friends," said Theresa, sullenly. "Who can tell who or where they

"Search his trunk-that's the way. You all act like so many fools!" said Sophie, sharply,
"I suppose they will do so if he does not get better soon. In the meantime he needs a daughter's care-and the

memory of my own dear, dead father prompts me to the mission. 'Blanche, you are crazy!" cried out liss Dean. "What do you suppose Miss Dean. "What do you suppose Mr. Archileld would say to your risking your life thus?"

"I do not think there is any risk,

said Bianche, calmly. "Moreover, I believe Guy would bid me do my duty at any and all hazards." "I'm glad my sense of duty isn't quite so superfine," said Theresa scorn-"You can do as you please, but Sophie and I intend removing at once to the 'Mermald House."

"And if you are sensible you will do the same," added Miss Dean But Blanche shook her head. "No," she said, quietly; "I have made up my mind." "Well, then," said Sophie, "I wish old Snuff Color would die and be done

with it. For it won't be half so pleasant without you, Blanche."
"Old Snuff Color," however, as Sophie irreverently termed him, did not die. On the contrary, after that one day of peril the scales of chances seemed to turn in his favor and permanent recovery set in.

"My dear," said he to Blanche Follett, "I have much to thank you for. Before yesterday I never knew the soft touch of a daughter's hand upon my brow, the music of a daughter's footsteps around my bedside. Nor shall I consent to part with them now. I mean to keep you always, my child,' Blanche colored and started at these ncomprehensible words.

"Does he mean to adopt me?" she asked herself. "Or-no, surely, that cannot be possible-he is going to pro-But the old gentleman's next sentence completely solved the riddle. "For I do not think you have once suspected, he added, with a quiet smile, that all your secret cnaritable offices

have been rendered to-Guy Archfield's father!" Blanche was more frightened than ever. Surely the old man was insane. "Mr. Archfield, senior, is in Europe,

she said, hesisatingly.
"He was, my dear," the old man answered, dryly, "but he returned on the Ariadne, and is here by your saie. I telegraphed to Guy this morning; he will be here in half an hour to confirm my words. Little Blanche, will you give me a daughter's kiss now?" "My own Blanche, you have won his heart," said Archfield. "The only doubt I ever enter-ained about our

marriage—his consent—is solved at last. He honors you as you deserve." And the prettiest of all Blanche Follett's wedding gifts was the parure of diamonds given by her wealthy and ec-

centric old father-in-law.

And Theresa Middleton and Sophle Dean cried out in chorus, as they had before many a time: "Blanche is the luckiest girll"

An Indian Legend.

The Passamaquoddies still cling t

their old and poetic notion of the nature of thunder. They believe that the rumble of the thunderstorm and the flashes of the lightning are the demonstrations of thunder spirits who are playing ball and shooting their arrows in the heavens. There is a tradition that a Passamaquoddy Indian one day expressed a desire that he might become "a thunderer." All at once his companions saw him mounting to the father returns from Europe, I sup- sky in the smoke of the camp fire. He was taken up to the abode of the thunders, placed in a long box, and by some mysterious process invested with the afternoon at dinner!" laughed Sophie. properties and existence of a thunder spirit-or, as Louis Mitchell puts it, he was "thunderfled," He lived for seven "Horrid old foggy!" said Theresa.
"Do you know, girls, he has taken the with them in the sky, shot his gleam-"Do you know, girls, he has taken the toom next to ours? I saw him carry-ing arrows with them at the bird they ing an antediluvian trunk in there a are always chasing toward the south little while ago. Depend upon it, he's married a female thunder spirit, and the first cousin of Methusaleh! I'm pursued an active and contented life of thunder and lightning, Seven years after his translation

ment of the Passamaquoddies; there was an unusual and frightful contenwith red and yellow flames; the clouds opened and great forks of fire shot out of them, the rain fell in sheets; peal answered peal; one tongue of lightning spat out fire to another; the affrighted Passamaquoddies, who never had beheld such a storm, believed that the legions of the thunder spirits were waging their most awful war. They fell down and crossed themselves. In the midst of their alarm they saw a human form slide down into their camp on a beam of light. It was their old friend, who had made his escape from pursuing thunders, shaken off his thunderfied" existence and returned o them. He had changed somewhat, but all all his friends knew him. He ngs, sir." said she, wistfully. "They lived with the tribe till be died.

BELIGIOUS FEUES IN INDIA.

Clashes of Rival Superstitions,

At this moment, when serious riots are taking place in northern India between Hindoos and Mohammedans through the clashing of their festivals,

the following facts may be interesting: It so happens that in this year the greatest religious festivals of the two races have taken place at the same time; and the simultaneous proces which form a very important part of them, by the antagonistic communities have given rise to the present disturbances, in which the Mussul-mans are said to be the aggressors. The just one steam kettle for a brewery. concurrence of the rival festivals is not very unusual. For the Moham- \$75,000 to the University of Jena to medan festivals are fixed according to the Muslim system of reckoning by unar months, their year constding of lunar months, their year consisting of 354 days and a few hours; so that the Mohammedan New Year's day hap pairs of stockings that cost all told \$360. pens every year about eleven days earlier than in the preceding year, thus shifting the feast days continually.

Whereas the Hindoos follow the luniolar system, their months being pretty well fixed and their year consisting of about 365 days; and so their festivals troduced so extensively in Vienna, take place at nearly regular intervals, some time ago, it is claimed are a com Hence once in every few years the Mohammedans —Frezen m clashes with the Dusserah of the Hindoos, which is celebrated in the au- is retained when all other substances

tumn after the rains. Mohurrum, or more properly Muharran-meaning "that which is forbid-den," "anything sacred"—is the first month of the Mohammedan year; during the first ten days of which the Shiah Muslims lament the martyrdom tenth day only being observed by the hospital for sick animals, Sunni Muslims, in commemoration of Olla Washington, a colored woman its having been the day on which Adam 115 years old, died recently near Marenlife and death were created. The cere- youngest being 56 years old. montes of the Mohurrum differ much the procession forms the most striking ment iron washers are made to do duty part of them in India. For two or for that much abused article of circuthree days the bows and arrows, the lation. sword and spear, the standards and soned horses, fuzias borne over men's ing and violently beating their chests, Husain! wah Husain!" The Dusserah of the Hindoos, on the other hand, is a an edition of the sacred book of Sikhs. crying in a most piteous voice, "Wah emoration of the victory of Ram postage stamp. and Rayan, the ten-headed monster and king of Ceylon, who abducted the beau-tiful and virtuous wife, Sita, of the used both for the College Young Men's former. This festival lasts also for Christian Association and the Gymnaeight or ten days, processions forming sium Club's quarters. a prominent part of it. Both com- - The dogs in Constantinople, it is

dering antagonism between the two creads. But not merely are the festivals of the girl, has been granted a pension of each an offense to the other; from the \$10,426 and \$72 per month. It is one very nature of the Mohammedan and of the largest pensions ever granted. Hindoo falths there is a standing fend between the Hindoo and Mohammedan races in India. To the Hindoo the Mohammedans not only kill cows, but in the spirit of their image-breaking forefathers do so sublished the spirit of their image-breaking forefathers do so sublished the spirit of their image-breaking forefathers do so sublished the spirit of their image-breaking forefathers do so sublished the spirit of the s forefathers, do so publicly, and sometimes in the very street. And the Army in Jackson, Miss. They address stand, not only because their religion an address, forblds it, but for humanitarian reasons. And, as in the present riots, the a believer of clairvoyants, has spent Mohammedans, from the very nature thirty thousand dollars during the past of their radigion, have always been aggressive and fanatical, while the Hinloos, unless grossly offended in their in the village.

religions of other people. The celebrated Kooka trials of 1870 sent out from the pumpkin to a basin in the Punjab arose from this cruel and of milk, and it consumed a pint of the obtrusive method of cow-killing adopted fluid each day.

by the Mohammedans. In the middle of that year several Mohammedan cow-ted for the last five months on raw butchers were murdered in the Punjak prunes, with a cup of tea three times a almost simultaneously, and the crimes appeared to be induced by a new Sikh sect known as the Kookas, who were special champions of the cow. A num-ber of the Kookas were executed. But several suspicious circumstances, and the fact that a judge of Lahore who a barber, John Brown a policeman, gave judgment against a Kooka was Casar a truck driver, and Brutus a murdered as he was proceeding home, gave rise at the time to the impression that a general rising on the part of the Kookas was intended. A Mohammedan fakir murdered the English secre noticed that Philadelphians generally the same time. Thus a concerted plot of Sikhs and Mussulmans was apprehended. But the real cause of the Kooka outbreaks was the cruel conduct

of the Mohammedan butchers.

Here is an instance of the combustible nature of the Islamite faith. In 1874 a Parsee published in Gujratee a translation of Washington Irvings's "Life of Mohammed." This was construed into an attack on their prophet by the Mohammedans of Bombay and papers in London—big men, little bovs, the regions generally where Gujratee is old women and young girls. A wholespoken. Becoming greatly excited, the sale dealer says that the majority of Mussulman fanatics rushed out to the retailers are in the preliminary conwreak vengeance on the Parsee com- dition of paper i. e., rags, and he munity. On the 13th of February the houses of the Parsees were sacked, the —A citizen of Min property destroyed, and the people ing a genuine log house right in the cruelly abused and ill-treated. For fully city. It will be a big, rambling dweltwo hours in the middle of the day the ling, with queer corners and quaint rioters worked their will, without any windows, but it will have all the modpolice interference. Elegant houses ern improvements and will cost \$20, were reduced to dust and many people 000. killed. For several days the riots continued, the Parsees retaliating, though finally outnumbered. The government was apparently at its wits' end. A number of Arabs who landed from the sea at that time were supposed for the moment to have come by invitation. The Mussulman Mohurrum festival, too, was beginning. Altogether there were reasons to fear the worst. At last Ill., was offered a new silk dress to troops arrived and the rioters rapidly walk through a graveyard at midnight disappeared.

As a curiosity the following examples may be cited to show how the antago-nism of the rival communities is car-and fainted dead away. ried to minute details in some parts of India, especially where there is a large | Chicago building recently fell out of its number of low-caste Hindoo converts. position without any apparent effort, The Mohammedans button their chapkan, the upper garment, on the right, the Hindoos on the left. The latter at was found it be rotten. The climate dinner parties sit in rows, the former of Chicago seems to be a little hard on in circles. The poorer Hindoos put stones. plantain-leaf which they use for plate, the Mohammedans place them on the other side.

A ton of sorghum cane will produce

NEWS IN BRIFF.

-Fully one hundred babies have

been named Grover Cleveland. -The fails about Atlanta are rapidly

being filled with moonshiners. -Outside of Charleston there are no 100 saloons in all South Carolina. -Voluntary attendance at prayer at

Harvard has so far proved a great suc--No arrests have been made in Meamora, Ill., in two years, so the police

force has been dispensed with, -In St. Louis seven thousand pounds

found a chair of Darwinian philosophy. -There is a young married woman

-An Orange county farmer took six barrels of apples to Newburg, and none of them weighed less than a pound

-The paper gas and water pipes in-

-Frezen milk is now given to patients suffering with irritable stomachs, and

are thrown off. -A London lady utilizes the parcel post to obtain poultry from Ireland at much less cost than she could buy it

for in the home market.

-A rich merchant at Calcutta, who of Husain, the second son of Fatimah, is evidently a believer in metempsythe prophet's daughter, by Ali; the chosis, has established and endowed a -Olla Washington, a colored woman

and Eve, heaven and hell, the pen, fate, go, Ala. She had sixteen children, the -Nickels are so scarce in Slour in different places and countries; but Falls, Dak., that by a mutual agree

-A correspondent of the New York banners of Husain are carried through the streets, followed by richly capari. Catharine Rood, of Hinesburg, Vt., soned horses, forces borne over men's shoulders, and worshipers loudly wall aged 103, as the oldest Methodist in America. -The Earl of Dufferin has probably

Joyful celebration; it being observed in and is said to be only half the size of a -Hamilton College students are con

ment during these festivals, and the with a haughty air." That is the disslightest contact of the rival parties tinction Colorado folks make when sets fire to the perpetual, though smol- dealing with the tenderfoots. -A veteran who is often seen in the streets of Columbus, Ind., led by a lit-

-People who have presence of mind enough when in danger of drowning to lock the hands behind the back, fully cow is a sacred animal—the "milk-giv. inflate the lungs and close the mouth,

Mohammedan butchers are too often dreadfully cruel in their mode of kill. Speak no English. One of the Arabs ing cows. This the Hindoos can not used a city directory for a Bible during -A citizen of Brandon, Vt., who is

which he believes are buried somewhere time-honored sacred notions, do not -One of the peculiarities of a 250care in the least to interfere with the pound pumpkin grown at Newburg is that it was fed on milk. A root was

> day. He has not only maintained his excelent health, but has gained three pounds in weight, -Victor Hugo Is an engraver, George

laborer. At all events that is what the Chicago directory says, -George W. Childs, the editor of the Ledger, said a short time ago: "I have tary to the municipality of Lahore at succeed in business when they more over to New York, while New Yorkers coming here are rarely very successful.

> cent of that of the tiger, and the strength of the hind limbs only 65,9 per cent. Five men can easily hold down a lion, but nine men are required to control a tiger. -There are 7,000 hawkers of news

-It has been shown that the strength

of the lion in the fore limbs is 69.9 per

-A citizen of Minneapolis is build

-The following which appeared to the published report of a New York benevolent society, seems paradoxical: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicines and medical atterdance, very few deaths occurred during the year. -Miss Lucy Green, of Davenpor

alone. She started out with the greatest kind of nerve, walked half-way -The keystone of a large arch in a

and came down on the adewalk w. 1 a

dull thud. On examination the sone

There are 250,000 load pencils, according to some unknown s'atistician, The Chicago Tribune feel ngly observes

used each day 'n t' . United States. that "if every woman who uses a leapencil were to sharpen her own the from ten to fitteen gallons of syrup on consump me it is estimated, would the average.