# VOL. XLI.

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### Fancy Free

Let fancy sport, In a fairy court
And revel in sprightly play;
Twill dance in the light
Of a sunbeam bright,
And flirt with the fountain apray.

From flower to flower, In a reseate bower, 'I will flit on its gossamer wing, And in perfect bl leaves 'twill kiss, Bright leaves twin king.
And love-laden melodies sing.

And then it will cull A nos-gay full Of the blossoms it hath seen, And with whispered word, To bear it to beauty's queen,

Will it gambo! free, By the side of a tiny stream; Or recitie at ease, In the shade of tree And delight in a golden dream

Anon 'twill arise With glad surprise And fly from the world afar; Twill speed with grace, Through boundless space,

il it reaches some distant star. the virgin crest, tain crowned with snow;

And fondly guze, On the nymphs and fays, In their wanton play below. Soon will it ffy. From its throne on high; Rejoicing wherever It goes, And when daylight dies, In western skies, "Twill sleep in the heart of a rose.

POOR PILUQUESNE.

Chesterfield is the little sleepy town in the Midlands, with the erooked spire, which lies amidst a congeries of colliers and coal pits, and which you may see from the raliway, inidway between Der-

lor and Sheffleld. Many ye is ago, in the midst of the peninsular war, a numb r of French risoners were interred there.

Many years ago a famous company of players was acting there in the dingy ittle theater down a back yard. One night, when "The Magpie, or the Maid of Paliseau," wa act d, it was noted that some half dozen of the exiles, in whom the name of the play doubtless evoked some memory of their na'ive land, came and paid their hardly hoarded pence to the gallery. Poor fellows! they took their pleasures as sadiy as if just as well that he didn't witness that

they had been Englishmen of the Fen The performer who interested them most was the magpie. When she fled amoss the stage with the spoon in ter was unobserved. Then he undid the mouth they applieded inco tumently. At her next aria flight she truck mid way on the wire, and the curtain had to descend in order to extricate her from | in his sleep, this perplexing predicament. The manahis time, stood at the back of the gallery (sever rant one), and wrathfully objuranes the property man, adding generation. Up went the curtain again, and once more the magpie tried her Derby; but unseen and unsuspected fight, but in vain, and the play hal to | Larry contrived to smuggle his precious

end as best it could without the aid of charge into the theater, where "the boys so important a performer, At this moment a fair, fragile boy of eventeen, with flaxen hair and great enough money to enable them to send bine eyes with black lashes and eve brows, timidly approached the irate impressario. The lad was in a much- driver. worn and stained French naval uniform. There was a hectic flush on his cheek, smooth and the coast clear, "Poor Pil" and he coughed slightly, as, taking, off

Directeur, la pauvre magpie no fly nately fact and fate refuse to be straight. I make her skim along like a eetle butterfly.

"Ah! be off wid your broken down English, boy," said the manager. Spake to me in the language of La lished, said to me at the Haymarket the Be la France. Sure, I'm a native, and other night the night of the Bancrofts' to the manner born, for I got my twopennorth at Donay lel en parle Franaiz, Icil'i he exclaimed, with a furious fellow die. I declare it makes me quite Irish accent, as he placed his h nd on unhappy to think of his lying out there his capacious chest.
Thus urged, the boy explained volubly

in his native tongue that he would undertake to make the magpie fly across die." So "Poor Pil"-but I am anticithe stage without difficulty.

The next minute they were behind the scenes. As they appreached the guiled the time by making little toys for property room the manager roared:

squeezed the lad's hand to a pulp.

a, but still intelligibly enough.

son of his mother, and she was a wid-

ow," and that he had been a midship-

boy put the magpie r glit.

the ladies, with whom lie was an especial pet, and by assisting Larry, who "Larry! Larry! Come out 'o that, became more and more attached to him. you thief of the world. I wonder you're The poor lad had been ailing a long not ashamed to lak me in the face!" "I am that same, your honor," re sponded the man, "but sure it was n', with a torturing and suffocating cough. The night before his departure-Miss arry's fault that some blackguard was Vere and the girls had prepared an omether sticking a tinpenny nail in the

ould magnie's gizzard. Bad luck to her lette with sweet herbs and some chicken broth, while the manager and the boys for a baste of a bird anyhowP1 "Well here's a young gentleman all brought him a posset made with whey the way from France who's gofn' to set the crayture r ght," said the manager.

The girls tucked him up in his comhe crayture r ght," said the manager.

farewell

pating.

The French had bowed ingratiatingly; fortably-improvised bed in the green room, kissed him, and bade him good and glanced wistfully at the property man, who at first looked daggers; then | night.

The lads remained to cheer him up; some of them even talked of running Young gintleman! Shure if it wasn't for the trousers, it's a young lady he'd over to see him at his home in Norhe afther makin', and a beauty, too.

Ah, welli P'raps his father was in Banmandy.

He brightened up wonderfully, sang try Bay in '98 wid Gineral Hoche and the Shan van Voght and the rest of the bloss of the bloss of the bloss of the standard the rest of the standard bhors. Anyhow, he's a sthranger row.

Larry was the last to leave him. among these murthering Sassanachs, so

leen bawn!" With that he nearly squeezed the last! "Embrassez-moi, mon eher Larrie!" The Irishman understood him well Whatever pain he endured he only chough then, and he gently gathered looked up and smiled. The smile went him up in his strong arms and kissed

straight to Larry's heart, and from that him; then honest Larry broke down. "Don't you cry for me; mon cher Larrie," said the boy. "I shall soon be they were brothers. In five minutes the From that time forth he was scarcely strong enough when I get home, and ver out of the theater. He soon made you will come and see the in I a Balle blimself useful in a hundred ways to bonest Larry, who although he couldn't speak a word of French, was a capital bankers. He soon made you will come and so the first come and will you not?"

"Some day," said Larry; "yes, some day; but there, there, to to sleep, jewel day; but there wish or you'll never be

pantomimist, and succeeded in making dimself understood. Whenever he came able to get up to-morrow."

diss Vere, the trading lady, who had been educated in a convent in the lower countries and who spak French, German, Italian, Lutch and Walloon as mently as her mother to get. Then the manager who had taken to ted. It was a lovely morning in the the stranger, was always on hand with his atrocio's Hibernian French; besides which the stranger who had taken to be used the stranger, was always on hand with young spring and the young birds outside made alive the dismal place with which the stranger. which poor Piluquesne (that was the music. The sun shone through the lad's name) spoke many English words, window on the bed. The fair young and the youngsters of the theater sp k

in French ones—very hadly, it is of blood had trickled down the side of true backsture. his mouth. It, was quite dry now and They generally called him 'Poor Pil,' glittered like a ruby in the sunshine.

or Pil for shortness.

The great blue eyes open and staring The great blue eyes open and staring

He told them that he was "the only wide, looked far away beyond even France he loved so well. The players laid the poor French boy han is the kreich cavy. He was at herty most of the day, but had to report hums if the day, but had to re-

port lamself every night at quarters that which has returned to the resolving

elements from whence he came, rests At last, when the end of the season still. came, "Poor Pil" sought Miss Vere at Miss Vere wrote the sad news to the

her lodgings, and breaking down in a poor mother at her home in far away Normandy. leclared that if left behind in that

paroxysm of grief terrible to behold,

On the last night the p'ay was "Ham-

let," which was finished by 10:30. That

but Miss Vere, Larry and the manager.

Fitz Edmund, who played Hamlet, said he thought it strange that Pilu-

quesne had not turned up to say "Good

is a gentleman, and knows what he is

the door, and Larry and the men were

wardrobe for the next town, when

Lieutenant Carte, a grim, lanky officer,

who had charge of the depot that night,

came down with a file of men and de-

manded to know in the most peremptory

manner what had become of Pilu-

Larry. "Afther al! I done for him he

might have been afther lukkin' round

to give wan a leg up the last night; but

it's just the way with them ungrateful

thieves of foreigners. Bad luck to them;

they're all alike, every mother's son of

While the subject was being thus

hotly discussed between the lieutenant

and Larry, Ophelia's coffin was brought

out and carefully deposited on the cart

beside Yorick's skull, the pickax, the

"That's a rum rig out to travel with,

"Why, shure, captain," said Larry,

you wouldn't have us go borrowing

the blessed paraphernalia in every town

we go to. Suppose, now, the mistress happened to be stretched out wid her

toes turned upward, what would you

think if we were to come and ax your

honor's butler for the lean of a coffin,"

"None of your lip, you impudent, bog trotting paddy!" roared the enraged

officer as he ordered his men to the

As the gallant lieutenant turned the

ways at once, he might have seen the

like "the baby of a girl," and smiling

viously "squared" the guard

Now, of course, all things being

ought to have got safely to London,

mother, or to have become an admiral

or a post captain at least; but unfortu-

madam, I didn't make him die-he did

He had soft pleasant ways, and be-

"Right about face; quick march."

interesting performance,

arry ...

spade and the shrouding sheet, &c.

growled the lientenant.

"Divil a wan of me knows," replied

The manager replied "M. Piluquesne

Some months after there came a letdreadful place he must die. Miss Vere ter from the village cure, which I have was a young lady of resources. She had a man's heart in a woman's body, and My dear Madam—Thanks, and yet having given her word that he should again thanks for your esteemed favor, ertson the dramatist, who strangely not be left behind, she there and then Alas! It is my painful duty to inform enough turned out to be one of the you that my sister, Mme. Piluquesne, actors in the foregoing events, and from whose grief for the expatriati n of my his lips this little memento mori was nephew and her only on was incessant evening "Phi" was conspicious by his absence. Everybody was astonished and inconsolable, is no more. It was to her the last rites of our holy church and a time-worn fragment of a shatteron the very day on which our little Pau!

left us for a better inheritance. "She was sleeping, and I staid to were all that remained to remind one of watch and pray by her to the last. That "Poor Piluquesne." morning at the fifth hour she awoke and started as if she had seen something in the sunlight, which had just peeped The performance was over altogether

in to give us good morrow. about 11. The carts were waiting at "'My boy! my boy!' she cried, 'I am coming! Stay but a little and we will occupied in packing the properties and journey together to t'e promised land.

"And so she passed away. "I feel, I know that she had seen and heard something which my eyes and ears. 'of the earth, earthy,' could not see or hear. "I think it is your great poet (surely

his masterpiece) who says: Such harmony is in immortal souls But whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

care for our I ttle Paul.

sideration with which he vent res to subscribe himself, mademoiselle's grateful humble servant, PAUL PILUQUESNE, D. D. "Mlle, Helene Vere,"

After "Poor Pil's" death all kinds of wild rumors obtained currency in the theater. Larry swore that during the performance of "The maid of Paliseau" he saw Pil in the property room arranging the bird's wings. Mrs. Cassidy leclared that one Saturday night, when she was rather late in clearing the thea- of a dose of senna.' Here is a graphic ter, as Sunday morning dawned she saw | description of a certain ailment in a him, nay, more, she heard him singing request for a 'plaster for a man kilt ''Adeste, Fideles;'' and the poor old with stitches.'' Perhaps the one who oul fainted away with terror.

manager, who was a skeptic, to Larry's knew. Here is an order for 'something corner had he been able to look two deligat withdrew the Magpie piece from | for a heavy pain in the bones that is the repertory, and that Mrs. Cassidy for coming out through the eyes." property man executing an Assyrian the future did her cleaning the first person who wrote for 'something to take hieroglyph in the rear. Perhaps it was thing on Saturday morning. As for a man's breath away' did ot intend actors-well, they are more or less su- murder or suicide, but merely wished perstitious, and for many a year after for cardemom seed or something of that Half an hour later Larry made a start for Derby. When they were well out in the Derby theater after midnight.

of town he looked round to see that he screws of Ophelia's coffin. There in the the war, and afflicted with a plethora of moonlight lay poor Piluquesne, sleeping prize money, took a party of chums to This child who had an impression of "Aha!" Mishter Longlegs," cried he fell fast asleep.

now that the horse has bolted, but you're not so cute as you think you are, for all you wear an epaulette on the one shoulder of you that's up to your ear." left him to his slumbers.

When honest Jack awoke in "the Day was breaking when they got to dead waste and middle of the night" he hadn't the faintest idea where he was. As soon as he pulled himself together he growled; "Where are those land lucture he name, but its for a cure." Our own and girls" kept him concealed for a week or two, till they had clubbed me at the mast-he d while they've a case. But what should we send for him to London by mail, having precrawled down below through lubber's 'a swelled woman's foot,' 'a man with a At this moment he heard, or thought

he heard a soft voice speaking in an unknown tongue. Looking down on the stage, he saw his cap, he bowed politely to the mana-ger. Then in the prettiest broken Eng-lived happy ever after" with his through a circular opening at the back writers. Here are orders for penny of the gallery, a fair young boy in a garrick, pary garic and paddy garrick, frayed and worn foreign naval umform. He had bright hair, great blue eyes and These orders for barnaget, vergmunt "squared" by fiction, however guards and drivers of mail coaches may be.

trickling from his pale lips.
"Hold hard, young powder monkey," A distinguished authoress, referring cried Jack. "I'm coming down on deck to a little book of mine recently pubto have a jaw with you." With that, with the agility of a cat he scrambled down the side of the gal- barmatug meant vermituge, of course; "You shouln't have made that young lery and boxes and leaped upon the

As he did so the figure faded into the air. Wild with terror the sailor shrieked and shouted until he alarmed the neighin the snow on her grave. "
Whereupon I replied: "My dear

borhood. When they took him out swooning, folks said that he was drunk. Perhaps he was; but then-perhaps he wasn't. At any rate he swore to his dying day that he was sober; and all the king's horses and all the king's men could

never induce Jack Holmes to cross the killer; I knew that bubben whiskey threshold of the theater again. As regularly as the players came to meant arrow-root, and that bitter Alice Derby in the spring time, so regularly the 1 oor French boy's grave was bedecked daily with fresh flowers.

I sent Arabian balsam instead of raving balsam to this man, corrosive sublimate instead of a

The years passe1 by, the good old manager died, the actors grew old and were scattered half over the globe. Soon after the "Three Days in Paris," he who writes these lines, then a and sirrip of swill, sent Epsom salts to wretched child, who had just lost one the one who wrote for lapsom salt, and nearer and dearer to him than all the world, was casting some flowers on a new-made sepulchre; when he caught sight of a venerable and beautiful world, it he make a sight of a venerable and beautiful world in the make of sight of the one who wrote for lapsom sair, and nearer and dearer to him than all the some cubets instead of cupids to the world was casting some flowers on a hand, I took the liberty of filling this order with chloroform; and being out man clad in the garb of a sister of the of flax ceed and flax sed, I sent flax-seed Scarce Cour engaged the same pious office at an adjecent grave. The lady was attended by a tall, thin, whiteheaded old man, who, from his peculiar dress and demeanor, appeared to be a foreigner. The grave at the foot of which they stood had been neglected the seeds, but I gave cardamom seeds to sexton said, for years. It had, however, each. Many orders come in where one that very morning been covered with fresh green turf and flowers, and a shurrup and quill, for syrup of squills, small mural cross with an inscription check and berry for checkerberry; gold

in that one.

Mary attle acid."

yesterday, Mildred?" asked Amy.

"When I got those orders for ox s'ed

acid and horrid lime I sent oxalic acid

syllable is taken for a conjunction, as

now stood at its head.

As the lady returned the basket which had contained the flowers to her attendant she said in a singularly sweet and distinct voice: "Ah! mon ami! How bright and heautiful it seemed when the statement of this poor boy was taken from us, thirty years ago. But now, how sordid and squalid and miserably provincial it all is. Even the little theater in which we strutted and fretted our fiery hours love itch. Those who desire licorice away in the spring time of our lives— write for luckrich, logrish, lickrish, and the theater, which we thought a verita-ble palace of enchantment—what is it

"Faix madame," replied the man in a strangely mixed accent, compounded of French and Irish, "if you ax me the truth, it's like a blue mouldy, rotten the other asks for ten cents worth of orange-box, that's what it is,' "Perhaps it was always thus, Larry,

and 'tis only we who are changed; all things are beautiful to the young." "Thin all things are beautiful to you. miss; for you never grow owld.

The lady entered the coach, her attendant mounted the box beside the coachman and the carriage drove away.

Ten years later the writer happened to mention this occurrence to the late William Robertson, father of Tom Rob-

When last I was in Derby a neglected my melancholy privilege to administer grave, overgrown with dark rank weeds, ed cross, on which is inscribed two words, without date, comment or text,

### DRUGGISTS' ORDERS.

Ridiculous Mistakes in Names Made

by Applicants for Medicines. A Cambridgeport druggist has made a practice for some years of saving in a scrap-book some of the most peculiar orders which he receives. "We are asked for some rather strange things,' but we can generally guess what is wanted. Many people expect a druggist to prescribe for their ailments, as it saves physicians' charges, and the diag-noses of complaints which come to us "Agai 1, and yet a thousand times are often amusing. Look at these: send me some of the essence you put "Permit a poor priest who admires the divine art of which mademoiselle is the divine art of which mademoiselle is odistinguished an ornament, to pre-bacco out of my mouth." Of course, people to sleep with when you cut their sent the assurances of the profound connursing bottle top. 'An ounce of smelling stuff that goes through your brain' describes very well the effect of inhaling ammonia, 'Something for a baby's sore eye' is not easy to mistake, though stated rather oddly. Here is a startling order for 'enough epecae to throw up a girl four years old.' I can not help sympathizing with this person, who asks for enough anise seed to 'tr ke the twist out wrote this order for 'something for a Certain it is that even Manly, the caustic women' built better than he

that no actor could be induced to stay | nature. I sent a linament to this lady, who asked for 'something to rub my old Once, indeed, Jack Holmes, a satior, man with,' Not a bad description of a ust returned to his native place after poultice is the order for enough flaxseed to make a pudding for a sore toe.' the gallery to see "The Stranger," his heart and a cough that is choking which impressed him so powerfully that him in the neck,' ought to have been taken to a doctor, as well as this other ing up and down and every way.' Here is a request for something to knock a cold out of an old woman. The next one seems to be in hard condition. She desires 'something for a woman who has a bad cough and can not cough.' No druggist would he sitate for a minute

bers? They've all sheered off and left preparation' will just fill the bill in such berited, shrugged her shoulders. dry spit on him,' and a woman whose "We get used to phonetic spelling,"

pursued the druggist, "and very seldom unable to arrive at a fair conclusion of er mother's words? which procured paregoric in each case an angel face, and a drop of blood and bugmint were filled with bergamot; these requests for come earback, gum mare back, garmariback, comearaback and ram bam back called for gum arabic; those asking for camfier and campfire meant camphor; worm me fuge and where our customers have called for epicot, metik, epicack, apricot and eptcat we have delivered epicacuanha; the persons who wrote for honey quintom, blew oint, Annie Quintom and Ann Grintom got unguentem, otherwise called blue ointment, orders for lodnom, lad num and lard warm we filled with laudanum; for balm of city we sent spermaceti; those who wanted high stir-

rups got hive sirup; this fellow who wrote for paint killer received painmeant Bourbon whiskey; that air root never tired out, neither grew weary, for the might of love upheld him! And at last she opened her eyes, pale, emaciated and weak as an infant, but with the burning fever gone. gross of supplements to that one and "Mamma!" she murmured faintly, cherry pectoral instead of cherry pick-"I have had such a sweet dream! erel to this other. I substituted syrup of squills in these orders for sharp squil

Hyde! my husband!" Elfrie!"

He was bending over her, his dark, sad eyes looking into hers.

## How the Fairies Got Their Names.

stickrish. Here is a woman who wants five cents worth of cologne to smell a esting to trace. There was a great the graceful, floating movements of the Italian feud in the twelfth century betrunk. Another asks for a mixture which shall be two-thirds alchohol and tween the German Emperor and the part in it had butterflies embroidered on Pope, whose separate partisans were their long robes. Their large flowing known as the Guelfs and the Ghibels sleeves are about a foot and a half too lines. As time went on and the memory of that long strife was still fresh, a descendant of the Guelfs would put upon anybody he disliked the odious name of Ghibeline, and the latter, generation after generation, would return beautiful. After this there was a grand "WHAT made Susie go off on her ear "Amy," raplied the school girl, "please do not say, 'go off on her ear,' but, 'retirg on her auricular appendthe compliment ardently in his own fashion. Both terms finally came to be more catchwords for abuse and reproach. said "Good night," and with a guard of

THE BUTTERFLY BRIDE. Elfrie Saybrooke is Taught that she

has a Heart. The grand chords of the Imperial anthem announces the arrival of the Emperor and Empress, and after the "I don't like you! I wish I had never married you!" cried Elfrie Saybrooke passionately. "Let go of my hand! don't want you to come near me!" She was only sixteen, this beautiful, passionate young creature with the

blue, glittering eyes and red lips and hair like golden mist—and Colonel Saybrooke looked down upon her with grave astonishment. Elfrie had often been in a "temper" with him, but never "Elfrie!" "Don't call me Elfrie! don't look at me," she sobbed. "You don't love me —you wont let me go to the opera with Ralph Eytinge!"
"No, Elfrie, but"—

"I want to go home to mamma. I wish I had never left mamma. You are too old and cross and sour for me!" Elfrie raved on in her ecstacy childish anger, never for an instant noticing the stern, settled pallor that had come over her husband's face. He

rang the bell.
"Send the close carriage round to the door, Hammond, Your mistress wishes to go to her mother's," He sat silent and sorrowful after she

had gone. "She is right," he suddenly exclaim-"I ought never to have married her. I am too old, too grave, too dreamy. She is a thing of light and air and sunshine—and if I have done her injustice in forcing her into an un-

equal match may God pardon me. Elfrie was sitting ready shawled and wrapped up, waiting for the carriage o bring her home that evening, when Mr. Fortescue, the old family lawyer, dropped in. Elfrie started up, pale and trembling, for there was a nameless something in Mr. Fortescue's face. "Oh, Mr. Fortescue, what is

Something has happenen to Hyde? He is ill-perhaps dead?" "Neither one nor the other, my dear child," said the old man. "I am merely the bearer of a note from your hus-

band. And breaking open the sealed missive of the perpetual commotion of his domestic circle, and painfully conscious that there existed a disparity between himself and his beautiful young bride,

in other and more serious respects than that of age, had decided to leave her. And Elfrie sank white and senseles to the floor. She had had her way, She was back once more in the home of her girlhood, freed from every shackle except that of a name, while Hyde Say-prooke's money made a sort of golden the inconsistency of woman-she was

"Elfrie," said her mother, gravely, ome time later. "I hope I never shall be, mamma,

old self, as you call it, broke a noble heart and darkened my nature-let me now study for a new self." Mys. Percy, who was a gay widow with a certain shallowness of nature which Elfrie fortunately had not in

sald Elfrie, with a slight shudder. "My

"It's a pity you hadn't found it out Elfrie burst into passionate tears and hid her face in her hands. Alas! was she not daily and hourly becoming nore cognizant of the fact embodied in

Young Mrs. Saybrooke attended no more parties, went to no more balls, operas nor concerts, but moved like a gentle young Sister of Mercy through cenes of trial, woe and suffering. Her soul was daily becoming refined in the alchemic fires of self-denial and charity have known his butterfly bride now. "I told her how it would be!" cried Mrs. Percy, fretfully, "Poking about and the missionaries, and now she's down with the fever."

A film came over Mr. Fortescue's ter's footsteps," he said solemnly, "and if it leads her to the very gates of the grave who shall dare to murmur?"
But there came a time when the he threshold and then there was a new watcher at Elfrie's bedside; one who

seemed to me that Hyde was beside me, pressing my hand, whispering to me! Oh, if I could have died then! Oh,

"I meant only to see you once and then to go-but, Elfrie, I could not leave until I knew that you were safe!" "Dearest, you must never leave me," she uttered: "I have learned to value and love you at last. Oh, my husband, it is like welcoming you back from the

these swarthy warriors used, has no let-ter P, and therefore they called their their dancing for them.

GARDEN PARTIES IN JAPAN. A Royal Reception Under the Trees
'Mid Luxuriant Flowers.

presentation of the Diplomatic Corps the imperial party passes around the garden to admire the chrysanthemums a their purple and red silk tents. The princesses and court ladies follow the Empress in a brilliant file, and as Shugo and Kogo pass by every one bows low. The Emperor is dark and his features are heavy and irregular, but there is such dignity and majesty in his carriage and manner that he gives every one a little feeling of awe. His uniform is a showy and handsome one, the white cloth trousers having broad stripes of gold chrysanthemums down each side and the black coat almost covered with embroidery in chrysanthemums. Heavy gold epaulettes, a white-plumed chapeau and a gold-mounted sword complete the

Emperor's full dress uniform. The last time the Empress or the Kogo, as the Japanese call the sovereign's wife, appeared at a garden party in the old court dress, her loose robe, with long square sleeves, was of heavy amethyst-colored silk, brocaded in circles of white, within which was the mythical ktria in gold. This long outer robe fell loosely without the broad sash, or obt, of the ordinary dress. It was crossed in a surplice at the neck, and falling open from the waist disclosed a full petticoat or divided skirt of bright scarlet silk. Red slippers were worn with this dress, and in the surplice neck of the robe fold after fold of fine white silk was laid until it was closed high up under the chin. Her blue-black hair was brushed from the forehead, and stiffened out like a balo around the face, fell in a long plait, tied at intervals with strips of white paper. Except for a jeweled ornament on the forehead, the Empress' toilette did not differ in kind from that worn by the princess and court ladies. The fine brocades of their robes have been made for generations by one family of silk weavers in Kioto, and the rich and delicate tints and the glitter of gold and silver threads tell best in such a garden background. Each woman was an ideal figure and seemed Elfrie read that Hyde Saybrooke, weary to have stepped from some old embroid-

ery picture or Satsuma jar; and when they gathered about the central figure of the Empress the coloring effect was dazzling and kaleidoscopic. The refreshment tent was decorated with chrysanthemums everywhere, and the long central table was set with many ornamental dishes and trophies. The guests sat at little tables along its side, and at the head the imperial couple sat at a table alone, with the princes and court ladies ranged in a semi-circle alo about her footsteps. Yet-such is back of them. The palace porcelain is decorated with chrysanthemums and the crystal engraved with the same imflower. At the breakfast given each guest carries away with him the thin egg-shell sake cup in which he drank the sovereign's health, These

are the souvenirs that are prized in cermic collections, When the Emperorand Empress rose, the band again played the imperial an-them, and all followed in order of rank back to the palace. That procession, descending the slopes and winding past the mirror lakes, brightened by sunset

light, was a picture and dream. That was when the Empress were the old court dress. This year the revolution had come, and the French dressmakers tricked out the Kogo and her adies in the latest abominations, and the last bit of the old poetry and picturesqueness of court life vanquished. In-stead of the quaint Oriental figure of other chrysanthemum seasons, there was a little woman in a ruby velvet waiking dress, with a gray velvet bonnet, long gloves and a lace parasol. Behind her walked her ladies in black and Hyde Saybrooke would scarcely and dark silk gowns, with uncomfortable bonnet strings under their chins, and the misery of high necks, whalebones, and heavy skirts written pathetin those hasty tenement-houses where ically on their faces. A stffness and nobody ever goes but the tax-collectors and the missionaries, and now she's ways took away the joyous character of

the day. The person of the Empress "She has followed in her Mas- sacred the corps of tailors and dressmakers in court employ fit her gowns to the wife of one of the higher nobles whose figure is the same. Dozens of dresses have been imported and dozens angel Azrael folded his pinions across made to take the places of the beautiful old robes. A tiara and a necklace of diamonds have been purchased and a new master of ceremonies brought from Berlin to introduce the etiquette of the German court, and now progress and the Philistines, the stereotyped and conventional, reign, and the last of old Japan fades into tradition.

## Dancing in Korea. A correspondent, writing about

things seen in Korea, says: After dinner we sat on the balcony and enjoyed the soft twilight as it crept down from the top of the overhanging mountains to the brink of the lotus pond which slept so peacefully under its royal cover of fragrant pink lotuses and immense green leaves, which are often two feet in diameter. These lotus blossoms are fit to deck the palace of any king. They are like pond lillies, only that they are much larger than a dinner plate. They do not lie on the water as pond lilies do, but stand up on stems, grand and tall, above their leaves. As A widely spread notion is that when we sat there the Korean band disour crusading forefathers went to the coursed strange, weird music, and Holy Land they heard the Paynim soltrained dancers gave us their two most diers, whom they fought, speaking much of the Peri, the loveliest beings imaginable, who dwelt in the East.

Now, the Arabian language, which higher class would think of dancing:

spirits Feri, as did the Crusaders after | These two dances were very beautiful. them; and the word went back with The sword dance represents wariors them to Europe and slipped into general fighting to the music, in perfect time e. and in the most graceful and animated "Elf" and "goblin," too, are inter-Miss Vere!"
"Larry!"
"I humbly beg your pardon, Madame
"I humbly beg your pardon, Madame
"I humbly beg your pardon, Madame
"I result is provided in the process of the poor boy lying here in the cowld,"

The humming or elegraph and telegraph HINDOO WOMEN.

Their Existence One of Wretchedness and Misery. "During the 10 years of my residence

among the Hindoos," said a female missionary just returned from India, in a lecture delivered before a Brooklyn udience, the other night, "I never saw a Hindoo child receive a caress from its mother. Scarcely clothed, beaten and lespised, it knows hardly where to lay its head or to get its meals. If it is a girl, the mother cannot be fond of it, for it may be the means of disgrace to her. If a wife has no male child, her husband may divorce her. This is changed somewhat when the child becomes old enough to be engaged. This is six years. The affair is settled without consulting the poor girl herself. And who do you think finds the girl a husband? The barber. He knows the circumstances of the family, and rank n life, as he has to visit the house every day to shave the male members of the family before they can pray. He travels sometimes, weeks and months through the country before he can find a young

marriageable man of the same station in life as the girl. For in India there is no intermarriage between castes. "Now for an idea of a Hindoo woman's home life. She lives in a small room almost destitute. The floor and walls are of clay, with no ornamentation of any sort and the least furniture possible. Every morning she has to praynot for herself as she is taught that she has no soul-but for her husband, for rain and general blessings. Then she spends two or three hours preparing the breakfast. She doesn't eat with her husband, but, perhaps, fans him at his request. During the daytime she either sleeps, gossips with the other woman, or sometimes a reader reads to them from the lives of the gods. These stories are unfit for human ears, they are vile from beginning to end. The children and women are taught them. At night they prepare their husband's meal in the same manner. They are not protected against the weather and dampn are they properly fed and clothed. rich live the same as the poor. If sick they are deemed cursed by the gods and are taken to the stable and left alone, The only food they can get is left by stealth. Thousands die of neglect. The first day that a Hindoo boy abuses his mother is a festive occasion with his father, who boasts of it to his friends. To be a widow is the sun of unhappiness. She is especially cursed by the gods. As the husband dies, half a dozen barber's wives rush upon her and tear the jewelry from her ears and nose. Behind the funeral cortege she follows, surrounded by those fiends, who throw her into the water. If she drowns, they say she was a good wife after all. has gone to meet her husband,' She is At the end of this time her husband's ashes are taken to the river, and, after

## The Mother-in-Law.

body of a woman."

a peculiar ceremony of prayers, the soul

is supposed to be free. It may enter an

insect or an animal. The worst punish-

ment the soul can sustain is to enter the

It is a mystery which no one has yet solved why so many sad jokes are constantly being perpetrated about a man's mother-in-law. What dreadful crime has the unfortunate woman committed in providing the man with his wife that he should bear such an undying grudge against her?

Now if it was a woman's mother-inlaw who was made the butt of these jokes there might be a grain of sense in them; for it is the man's mother who has it in her power to make life a burden to the young wife and not half

As a matter of fact, a woman is usua'ly proud and fond of her son-in-law if he only gives her the ghost of a

chance. When the young couple first go to icusekeeping who is it that comes in and with her good sense and practical experience tides them over the rough places?

A man's mother-in-law. It is the woman's mother-in-law who is most apt to criticise and who exasperates the young wife by quoting, all too frequently: "My son is used having things thus and so." "My s must have this or that for his meals." "My son, with his small income, should have married a prudent, economical woman," etc.
When the first baby makes its ap-

pearance, as well as the successive ones, who is it that steps in and relieves husband of his weary vigils and takes the load of care and worry off the wife's feeble shoulders and keeps the household machinery running smoothly?

The man's mother-in-law. When he and his wife plan to take a little trip together, who is it comes in and takes charge of the house and the children, so that they can peacefully enjoy their holiday, with the restful thought, "Mother is there and it will be all right?"

The man's mother-in-law. When there is sickness or trouble in the family, who is the faithful nurse, the wise counsellor, the sympathizing

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 all By making heartless jokes at her expense and publishing them for other

on to snicker over! Ingratitude, thy name is man! Beautiful Montreal.

The present city of Montreal covers in area of about eight square miles, its leading streets running parallel with the river. A magnificent tract of country, watered by the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers stretches away from the river on either thie, making a panorama from the mountain summit whose beauty is unrivaled. The city is really on an island some thirty miles long and ten wide, justly called the Garden of Canada. Its situation gives it great commercial opportunity. Situated at the head of ocean navigation, its harbor floats not only the limited commerce of rivers, but ships whose flags tell of sailing on all the waters on

If you would know what is said of yoù in your absence, consider what is

# NEWS IN BRIEF.

-An Ionia (Mich.) man owns & turkey which has been trained to draw

a sled. -An Icelander is in Washington Territory looking for a place to locate a colony.

-The old court house at Woodbury, N. J., which is just 100 years old, is to be demolished.

-Governor Hill, is suffering from malaria, with which the capitol at Albany is said to be reeking.

-General Beate, of Washington, is said to possess a cattle ranch of 250,-000 acres near Los Angeles, Cal.

-There are fifty-one active volcanoes in Japan. This accounts for the multitude of hot springs in that country. -A woman, Lucy Stone predicts, will be President of the United States

at the beginning of the coming century. -Dr. Mouritz recently sounded the crater of the Molokai velcano to the

depth of 3500 feet, without finding bot--Portland, Me., shipped last year to England 87,000 barrels of apples, and

expects to send over 100,000 barrels this year. -The ordinary tariff for slaves, in

Morocco, varies from £4 to £6 for an adult male siave to £15 or £16 for a young girl.

-One of Cincinnatti's chief industries is the manufacturing of lead, fifteen million pounds of which are

made every year. -A gambler cannot be indicted for vagrancy in Texas, it is stated, if he can prove that he makes a fair living at his profession.

-Hugh Barnett, of Edwardsport, Ind., was so amused at a pun made by a neighbor that he laughed immoderately and fell dead.

-Near Toronto is being constructed the first steel steamer ever built in Canada. The engines, however, are being made in Scotland. -Charlemagne at a very advanced

age acquired the art of writing, an unusual accomplishment, except among churchmen in those days. -The Northern Pacific Rallroad is

building a car which is intended to supply heat, illumination and pure water to the rest of the train. -There are over four hundred saloons in Cairo, Egypt, where a few years ago not one was open. Most of

them are owned by Englishmen. -A rat hunt that lasted 60 days terminated recently in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, Ohio, with a stated total of 11,232 rats and mice killed. -A new industry recently developed

in Hancock County, Maine, is the kept in a darkened room for 14 days, gathering of white pine and spruce cones for French and German markets. fined a fisherman \$7 for contending in open court that the moon had anything to do with the ebb and flow of the

-The fastest vessel in the world is said to be the French torpedo boat Ouragan, which is credited with a record of about twenty-nine miles an

-A large, tame white rat, a great favorite of the "Guvner," accompanied Mr. Lester Wallack and his son Harold on their trip to Enterprise,

-A subordinate branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York has refused to admit a young man to membership solely on account of his color.

-The task of eating ninety ples in as many days has been undertaken by a Racine (Wis.) man. At last accounts he had disposed of his twenty-sixth pie and wasn't feeling altogether well.

-In Germany the microphone is now used for tracing leak in water pipes, the slightest trickling of the water being made distinctly audible when the aparratus is brought nearest. -In the United States every hunddreth man takes a college course; in

England, every five hundreth, Scot-land, every six hundredth, and in Germany, every two hundred and thir--Mrs. J. W. Smith, of Orange, N. J., during the past year, rode 2643 miles upon a tricycle, 2228 of which were made upon a tandem tricycle with

her husband, and 415 miles alone upon a single tricycle. -Gossipers in Catlin, Ill., have been given food for talk by the approaching marriage of a young lady resident to a school teacher who whipped her so severely a few days ago that he was arrested and fined. -The damages secured by a Wash-

ington man, who sued the District of Columbia to recover for injuries resalting from a defective sidewalk, were quite disproportionate to his claims. He was awarded one cent and sued for -Condensed think is made principally in Switzerland. There are 1,100,000 head of cattle in the Republic, rather

These yield 223,000,000 gallous of milk per annum, which is worth on estimate \$27,000,000. -Fright caused the death of a mar near Highland, Mich., the other day, who imagined he contracted hydrophobia while skinning sheep (killed at the instance of the owner) bitten by a dog

more than one-half of which are cows.

thought to have been suffering from the dreaded malady. -A great wolf hunt occurred recently in Illinois, nearly 2000 hunters taking part in the drive. Fifteen wolves were killed, while 25 are known to have escaped. The hunters formed a cordon 20 miles in diameter, and gradually contracted the area, beating

the ground carefully as they advanced. -Some time ago a large clock in an Elizabeth (N. J.) factory unaccount-ably ceased running. The other day an examination was made when, to the amazement of the repairer, a garter snake a foot long was found coiled up in the works. How did his snakeship get there is a puzzle that's now bother-

ing the town's people. IMPROVING ON NATURE, - You can't improve on nature," said old Hardhead, "Oh yes, you can," said young Hyson; "a man may be born a natural fool, but if he keeps on like some men I know, by the time he's fifty he's a bigger fool than all the babies in the world. Nature can't make a fool equal to the man who makes a fool of himself." And then old Hardhead growled that he wasn't talking politics.

The outlook for Wheat is a healthy one, but gives no occasion for any ex-travagant prices,