VUPTOUS OF CATARRIE

B. F. SCHWEIER.

ser long shafts of shadow; the ask for her likeness before,"

and drops his nut-shells from the snag-

is at I sounds of nature, doubly on delds and waves of aretic

sweet day yields; and, not disconsoand blosssom when God gives us

## VERY PRECIOUS.

of did not give it to him! He stole asked. it of the mother's album. He did! did be did!" The speaker's voice shower, I think. It always makes that beeks got redder and redder. "I must now better than you, Rosie!"

of course; you do not call it givols of, I wonder? A dozen?" arer was beginning to cry. The girls | sealed. ced with all her heart when the In a man's writing were the words: righton, who came into the clous,"

rhood to take possession of an ptation came in alluring guise. direford was a garrison town, and the packet in her pocket, and wrote rkly succumbed to the fascination of | right to keep against her will," nger of the two daughters of

was in vain that Rosalind warned beedless young coquette that she as treating poor young Hamilton disacefully. But in good truth the is he?" ing man was very well able to take strted and desperately jealous. was, however, sufficiently in love lady tell you I was here?" able to put a fair amount of s into his reproaches; and gasped. he flatly refused to give up the

to him, and a glove he had drawer. mickly laughed Letty out of her "I have to go to the station for my at when the girl solemnly as- luggage"-("What dreadful stories i e meant to have his revenge, the come back he will be here." e elder sister forgot that she was she quite overlooked the fact | be drenched!" Hamilton being a gentleman, it

the hole, things were looking Resalind tried to make her Gerard for me," she said, turning to ess whether she had given him with the sweetest smile. There She had her own opinion on s-question the naughty litgirl, who was anxious to keep the between the old love and the

k you are very unkind. Roste, " said at last; "and if you do not beto how can I expect Tom to do

alk as if believing in you were a gym- was my sister. She asked me to go and I know what I should do 's place, if another man told me hotograph of the girl I meant arry, and gloves and thingshas only one glove and no nterrupted Letty, whimperon't exaggerate; and I gave o photographs—one sitting and

o funny.

flamilton is away just now, is Resalind asked presently. Yes. He went to his sister's wed-I wish it was his own," He does not live in the barracks, I with triumph, was speeding homeward.

"He is the woman-hating person who is reading for something and never goes at? . . . And new I suppose you letters and your photograph, and all the

Imiata Sentinel La and Republican.

THE CONSTITUTION—THE WHICH—AND THE REPORTEMENT OF THE LAWS.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1887.

ashamed of yourself."

"Did he give them up? He is a dar-"No," answered Rosalind calmly; "I

k for her likeness before."
"Poor fellow! But he must give it
p. Now go and write your letter."
sweet of you! Poor boy, how sorry he
will be! But what fun! What is this
written outside? 'L's. likeness and letters. Very precious.' Poor dear Geoff, how fond he is of mel' And with a mackintosh on her arm knocked she gave a little sentimental sigh. "Had you not better open the thing

No sooner said than done. A cabias she heard steps approaching the door | net photograph fell out, then a piece of the dark green hemlecks whisper on the inside, A civil-looking woman deep crimson ribbon, a few faded flowers, and two or three notes. "This is such a good likeness Tom the visitor asked. "I mean-is Mr. had better have it," said Letty, as she

> face downward on the bed, "Look, Rosie looked, and behold, it was a coming until to-morrow; he is out just likeness of a tall, handsome girl, who winsome little Letty. Beneath was The sisters looked at one another

> there. No, thank you; no tea. Is this notes revealed the same dashing hand. "So you are not the only one, and I "Yes, ma'am. The gentlemen has made a fool of myself and robbed the lind, "O, if I had but known."
> "Never mind, dear," said Letty; "I talk of the regiment leaving at once," am sure I don't. But I wish I knew "What is that noise?" the visitor what he sees to admire in that black

woman. Just pack her up and send "Rain, ma'am. It's a thunder A tap at the door interrupted them It was a maid to announce that Mr. Townsend was in the drawing-room. He wanted to see Miss Maitland for a few minutes on business. He had a message and a little packet to deliver. "Tell Mr. Townsend I am coming

rectly," said Rosalind. "O, Rosie! do you mind?" cried Letty as the maid went out. "He has sent black woman back. Tell him we think her frightful. Are you sure you do not "Not in the least," said Rosalind.

"I saw his likeness in their sitting-room and he is plain and elderly. Give me those things, and trust to my ingenuity She presently came upon a packet to get myself out of the scrape. They cannot say much when they know i was another girl's photograph I carried And just as she was-in her muddy

little boots and with the wind blown, sailed, had plenty of brains, surely those were withered flowers that untidy hair—she went downstairs; and scarcely experience enough to en- crackled as she pressed them, and the it still is, and it ever will remain, a mystery what those two said to one an-But Geoff got back his precious packet and Letty got her photograph; she gave it to Tom forthwith and he

was delighted. She is now Mrs. Crichton. Hamilton was finally captured by a pretty young widow. I do not know what became Gerard Townsend, and he still thinks

As the Listener walked along Tre-most street in front of the Granary Burying Ground, Boston, recently he was met and stopped by a tall, spare, State-of-Maine looking man, who had a wild look in his eyes and was swinging his arms in a rather excited man ner. His face could not have gleamed with a more interested excitement if he had just discovered a pot of gold.

"I wan' you," he said "t' tell me how to get into this burin' ground Got to get in there, sure. Eight gov-'nors and Mother Goose buried in that metery. How shall I get in? Ever been in there, eh?"

The Listener said he had not been in there for at least a good many years and ventured the weak remark that, as a general principle, he believed in keeping out of the burying ground as long as possible.

This melancholy pleasantry, which may be said to belong to archeology rather than to wit, seemed to have a isastrous effect upon the Maine man. He looked the Listener as full in the face as he could, with an expression of mingled sorrow and despair. Finally he ventured-"I can't help it. Got to go in. Eight

gov'nors 'n Mother Goose! Got to go "How would it do to try the sexton of the church?"

His face lighted up again with all its former excitement. "St., I will!" he exclaimed. "Find

the Sexton right off 'n' get in." The Listener heard him still mur uring as he rushed unsteadily away: "Eight gov'ners 'n' Mother Goose To have the tall and hysterical Maine man weeping over the grave of Mrs. Elizabeth Goose, otherwise Negoose, the alleged compiler of the nursery rhymes which bear a portion of her name, would have been a sight scarcely equaled by the figure, now a part o classics and tradition, of Mark Twain at the tomb of Adam.

Gazing Into Shop Windows, One young man was walking reflectively along, and the class of articles that seemed to interest him were very peculiar indeed. He stopped in front of a large display of laces and read with great satisfaction the sign, "Prices completely wrecked. Only five cents a yard," "Cheap enough," he muttured, and passed on by window after window of smokers' articles, beautiful paintings, gentlemen's canes and hats, till he came to a display of ladies gloves. Here he tarried a long time. "I suspect you know all about that, you rascal! She's one of your army of martyrs, I take it."

A wante after he was standing in front of a display of wall paper. What was he thinking about and why was he alone? Was he on the variety of the paper. "Rubbish! I am the martyr! What's mental Rubicon, the crossing of which "Rubbish! I am the martyr; What's the fler himself."

"Rubbish! I am the martyr; What's the fler himself."

"Rubbish! I am the martyr; What's the fler himself."

He had picked up Rosalind's note from the writing-table. "G. Hamilton, Esq.' Now for the heart respectively. "He opened the note of the mystery." He opened the note taken during a walk by the shop winchair with a very red face. Then he laughed. Then I am afraid he swore. Meanwhile Rosalind, with her heart thumping half with fright and half with triumph, was speeding homeward. She flew to Letty's room, and found that young pages. and soon somebody else will step up

COLD-BLOODED HUMOR.

"What!" cried unabashed Letty.

tered a furniture shop and said: "Have you any old furniture?" "No, sır; but we can make you some!" This rewooden buckets with covers standing on the ground. Having picked out one he continued his walk.
"Each convict." explained the

But in many of the cases now under | woodwork of any kind. consideration foreigners of several na-tionalities will be found to have figured discipline," said Mr. Connaughton, Cuthburt looked

story scaffold. "All right," cheerfully responed the brick-layer; "you jury investigated it not long ago, and

"Then," said the lawyer, after judicial

delay, "run into something cheap." AT SING SING PRISON

Ways.

tion, was a respectable waiting to get proper for the best families to visit the some sign of recognition from the festively illuminated beer gardens in glance at the convict.

sons,

Alderman McQuade."

as the workman saw Mr. Connaughtor up the boot with a heel that had been put on in less time than it takes to read

"With that machine he heels 1,500 boots a day," said the keeper proudly.

The bakery was next inspected,
where ten barrels of flour a day are made into bread. Each barrel makes

twenty loaves, and it may be imagined that the loaves are of great size. On leaving the bakery the writer's attention was attracted by a man with thin lips and sharp features who was walk-ing slowly and moodily along with his hat pulled over his eyes. He had as

"Each convict," explained the minds us of the Englishman in a rest-aurant who called for stale bread. "We have none, my Lord." "Make ome, then; I will wait," was the calm who just picked up his bucket was Ald-Instances of remarkable cool- erman Jachne." ness and assurance among adventurers A momenet later the keeper led the "out West" are only to be expected. way to a small building in the first To begin with a small example: A boy room of which several convicts were

who comes of a chronically berrowing sitting apparently completing their outstraw," she said to herself as she paid family went to a neighbor's for a cup toilets. The next room contained forty of sour milk. "I haven't got anything bath tubs, and in each tub was a conbut sweet milk," said the woman, pet-tishly. "I'll wait till it sours," said with soap and water and towels. The the obliging youth, sinking into a tubs were plain iron affairs, not sur- a good cry. She was glad to see her rounded, as is the case in dwellings, by cousin Cuthbert Craig drop in an hour woodwork of any kind.

'instead of letting this child do it?" quently a kick. I think I have had to this morning.

needn't take the trouble to bring it the report was substantially that it was not severe enough. It is, however, quite

# Drinking Buk.

The reason commonly given by ladies wky they do not like beer is that it is 'so bitter." but the real reason is that women are rarely enabled to drink beer under favorable circumstances. The essence of beer lies in its aromatic gas. If that is allowed to escape the beer tastes stale, flat and bitter, and gives tise to headaches and indigestion, whereas with the gas it is palatable, from a key freshly tapped and drank This he gave without cere- the evening. In Munich, too, every mony, hardly a nod, usually a simple | mug and glass has a hd to prevent the gas from escaping too rapidly. This gas must not be confounded with the artificial foam which dishonest bartenders produce in a glass by holding it far below the faucet, a practice which not only compels the guest to pay for half a hours a day," said Mr. Connaughton. "The general plan is to give each one a the real gas to escape prematurely.

A tramp called at a house in a Chicago suburb a few mornings ago and allowed. No one can walk in the yard asked for some cold victuals. He was without orders, and there is no such given a plate of oatmeal mush, some new dried prunes, a tomato and a sauprisoners have the freedom of the yard | cer of hominy, the whole without seas-

"I-I can't you let me have some milk, and some sugar, sait and pepper?" in-Mr. Connaughton expressed great quired the embarrassed tourist as he "Milk is not wholesome,"

no concern in the country that could the lady of the house, sweetly, "and we do any better. While he was pointing never use condiments. I can let you "Haven't you any meat?"

O, no: we never use meat: it is not fit for the human stomach. Would you "Is this the kind of stuff you live

"Certainly, my friend, Meats, seas "I spoke to that man," said the keeper in a low tone, "so that you dency to injure the coating of the night take notice of him. That was stomach, impart an unnatural condition to the system, and-why, here!

pride even more than the laundry. The triumphs of modern invention are there tramp fled. As he went out through and manipulated by skillful workmen. the front gate he paused long enough A few of the prisoners had not com- to write on the gatepost with chalk pleted their stints, and were still at these words: "Kranks! Keep away!"

Brussels lace is celebrated all over the world, and we must not fail to visit one of the places where this beautiful and costly lace is made. Here we see wonderfully delicate and soft-looking hands, although they are all plain working women. Each is busy fashion ing the delicate pattern of a piece of lace, and it is said that each woman has a pattern of her own, which she always makes and which, perhaps, de-

Some of the women are working or cushions, with pins and bobbins, and ome are using needles and the finest and most delicate of thread. We are told that this thread is all marle by hand, and it is so delicate that it has to be spun in damp cellars, because in the dry upper air it would break before it is finished. There are old women in Brussels who have spent nearly all their lives spinning in cellars.

-Soft wood compressed by hydraulic machinery is reported to be a useful substitute for box-wood for the manufacture of loom shuttles.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW:

Or, Perseverance Must Conquer.

Minna was getting discouraged. Everything seemed to be going wrong, from the time the coffee com and the toast had been burnt at breakfast, which had given Ferdinand an opportunity to stick up his nose. Ferdinand was her cousin, and considered himself a great swell, so she did not like to give him an opportunity to find fault with her housekeeping. She was wondering how all the money was to be found to pay for the luxuries her mother had ordered to tempt his aristocratic palate, for she was only allowed so much to set the table and pay

expenses with. "It's like trying to make bricks with-\$4 left to finish the week on. Cuthburt looked about him with a

comprehensive glance, which failed not Most of them are anxious to work, and to include Minna's tear-swollen eye-

"Oh, don't you be afraid, ma'am," an- inflict punishment for refusing to bathe making us a little visit. I am sorry

cipline. I will show you the 'torture They were not friends, those two About a year ago, when the upper part of an hotel was on fire, one of the servant-girls was directed to was bare of furniture. Ventilation was awaken two gentlemen who were the servant of the servant o tuously. "What is the profession of a young doctor without money or in-

By which it will be seen that Ferdinand did not appreciate his distant relationship to Dr. Cuthbert Craig. This young doctor, whom Ferdinand had condemned to the perpetual bondthe fire, then at Minna.

"How pretty your rooms are," he said at last.

have made them artistic. "Artistic, Cuthbert? With a worse, however. You did not choose

"Oh, never! It was already here. "You have used your materials skilfuily, Minna, There was so little to use, said she

"Therein lies the merit, doesn't it? There are no heroes ready made. There never would be a victory, if there never was a fight. Minna did not answer. Those pro voking tears would come back again! Cuthbert's eyes had a flash in them,

which she did not see, owing to those same troublesome tears. "By the way, Minne," said Cuthbert, presently, "will you go to Thomas's Concert with me this evening? Cuthbert having announced his departure, seemed in no haste to go. He walked around the room, regarding

first one object of art, then anoter. "Don't examine everything so close-Cuthbert " said Minna, laughing, You must merely glance at the general effect. I do not want things looked at in detail," "And does that rule extend to yourself?" said Cuthbert, turning suddenly

upon her. "Yes," said Minna, though she col-

"You did not tell me in time," said he, quietly. "What was it Minna?" he continued. "Won't you tell me what caused all those tears?" "The old story, Cuthbert, Trying make bricks without straw. "Perhaps you try to make too many

bricks, Minna? "The house must be built you "What represents straw in the present instance? "Oh, many things. A little more strength, and a little more time

"And a little more courage and perseverance," added Cuthbert with a "That is easy for you to say, Cutlbert. You are so strong in both."
"Am I, indeed? I was thinking of

porrowing straw from you. Perhaps

you can effect a profitable exchange of ommodities. Think it over, will you? Dr. Craig came for his cousin that evening in the cosiest of coupes. He brought her, too, a bunch of freshest lillies-of-the-valley. Minna fastened a handful in her dress, and through the evening their heavenly odor linked

When they reached home the fire was out and the room cold, yet Cuthbert lingered. "Minna," he said abruptly, "did you know that I had got that place in

itself with every tender strain that

the life insurance?" Her voice, in reply, was quite low: "The place of examining physician? Was not that the one you wanted?" "Yes," said Cuthbert, with a sudden fervor. "I did want it, and I worked hard for it with one purpose, with one end in view. He bent over her chair. "You know what that was -my one love." She spoke not. He went on, passionately: "Have I been trying to make my

bricks without straw? Have I been working and hoping in vain?" "No Cuthbert," softly, placing her hand in his, "not in vain.

The fruit crop of California is now come next in value and profit of culis shipped to all parts of the continent in enormous supplies. This crop embraces all the varieties of stone fruit. all the varieties of apples, pears and grapes in such wonderful proportions and profusion of product, as to enable anippers to fill orders for supplies of any extent, and which if not controlled by a monopoly of buyers, ought to make rare fruit cheap in the United

# MRS. BLYMYER'S DREAM.

It Suggests an Application That Cures Her Twenty Years' Illness.

All that section of Harrisburg north of Cumberland street is agog over the dairy farms. remarkable recovery of a woman from serious illness through the medium of a dream. Mrs. Anna Blymyer, who lives with her husband and eight children at 323 Hay avenue; has been subject to convulsions of an epileptic form for nearly twenty years. At times they have been so severe as to almost deprive her of reason. Sunday, the 4th of September, she was taken with an unusually violent attack, and Dr. Isaac Lefever, of Cumberland street, was called to see her. He prescribed the proper remedies and left her. vals, with greater or less severity, until last Wednesday. On the afternoon of

These convulsions continued at interthat day the poor woman suffered the most excruciating pain, leaping from the bed and tearing her hair in agony. She foamed at the mouth, and the pain about her head, back and abdomen was so great that the patient winced under the slightest touch, so sensible were the parts affected. After the most terrible suffering for almost three hours, during which her screams could be heard all over the neighborhood, Mrs. Blymyer fell asleep and rested well during the night. Dr. Lefever called in the evening and, finding his

patient sleeping quietly, decided not to Now comes the most remarkable part of the story. About six o'clock she had been away from home and was now going to get well. She said she third set, had been guided along a rough and wearisome road to a place where there were many sick and afflicted. These have seen at short range, has Dawson, her guide showed her and then conducted her to a beautiful place, where spook is said to vanish when anyone there was joy and rejoicing. In this place | goes to lay bands on it. there was a fountain, and she was told that if she drank of the water she

particular the Prince of Wales is as to would be cured. She then attempted his personal appearance, and that it is a to drink, but was almost choked. Again she tried and could swallow no restorative has yet been found that more readily, and after another trial can fall back into growth, if not an she drank copiously and immediately abundant crop, at least an aftermath of felt better. Then she was told to make hair. two poultices and place one on her head and the other on her back. The poul-

for the head of the same ingredients, other birds. The most elegant was with turpentine omitted. When she had thus been directed to sented by an abgrette in diamonds, em-"Oh, do you think so?" Minns prepare the poultices, Mrs. Blymyer eraids and sapphires, drew a long breath that was almost a swoke out of her dream and asked her -Not long ago the husband to prepare the poultices for New York club received an application "Yes, they are very pretty. You her. He had been requested to make from a pompons member for permission similar remedies several years ago un- to hang up his family tree in the li der much the same circun brary. suspected that his wife was not in her "The carpet is bad. It might be right mind at the time and did not comply with her request. On this occa- kind offer. sion, however, he did as requested and applied the poultices as Mrs. Blymyer | Iowa man has got him into trouble a had been advised in her dream to do Ten minutes after the application of lives by the "accidental discharge" the poult ces the sick woman arose his revolver and he was not molested in from her bed and said she was entirely | either case, but now that his third wife well and that the bandages might be has followed the other two in the same removed. She then ate a hearty break- way he has been arrested on the charge

fast with her family, and at 9 o'clock, of killing her, when Dr. Lefever made his daily visit, Several ve his patient was sitting in her room telling a number of neighbors whom she | iversity of Tokio, Japan, with a numhad summoned how she was restored ber of its duplicate volumes. The gift to health. Dr. Lefever was naturally was acknowledged at the time, and very much surprised at hearing her ex- again lately by the presentation of a claim as he entered the room: "I am cured! I am cured!" She appeared to works. The books are in Chinese be in the most ecstatic frame of mind, | characters, the Japanese having no and the physician could hardly believe | printed alphabet, that she was not suffering from hysteria. He has seen her subsequently, has had a novel and unpleasant experihowever, and told a reporter that it seemed to be a permanent cure. The following day after the wonderful cure she went about her household duties as His eyebrows and eyelashes also came usual and recently attended class meeting at the Methodist Church, Not new growth. Eight years ago, howthe least remarkable feature of this ever, his hair came off in the same fact that the sight of the left eye, which and eyelashes remained.

mysterious restoration to health is the | way, but his whiskers and eyebrows was lost several years ago, has been ecovered and she now sees with it as well as in childhood. Mrs. Blymyer is times one of his best pictures, handabout 40 years of age and her wonderful recovery is the talk of Western

### Harrisburg. The Ailigator and His Victuals.

An alligator's throat is an animated sewer. Everything which lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his victuals ount for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the 'possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several guats, and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet; he is waiting for a whole drove of things; he does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw; then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes; then more mosquitoes and gnats will light on the frogs. Finally, a whole village of insects and reptiles down for an afternoon pienic; then all at once there is an earthquake; the big jaw falls, the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie, and opens his great front door for

## more visitors. Heredity in Handwrting.

Do you believe in heredity in handwriting? A friend advocates the theory to me with much show of reason. His life has been a long one, and he says that now, in noticing the signatures of children of friends of his, he is frequently startled by the close relationship of their penmanship to that of their parents. Inquiry does not demonstrate that the children have intentionally copied the handwriting of their sires, but without intent have come into the same pen pecularities. In some instances the difference between two could scarcely be distinguished. The student of heredity and its many whims has here a new field of labor that might prove interesting in the development,

# How Carrier Pigeons are Trained.

The training of carrier pigeons beto fly. The young birds are taken in a covered basket to a place about a half tivation to its gold mind product, and Those which do not go home are considered worthless; those which do so at ing increased each time, until it is sound that they will go back, no mat-The messages conveyed by these birds side measurement, 2 feet 6 inches are usually written or photograped on wide at the head, and 19 inches at

NO. 43.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Editor and Proprietor.

-Nine hundred and lifty women in owa own and manage farms. Six

more have stock farms and twenty -- Smuggled goods have been re-

eatedly found in ladies' bustles lately by the inspectors at the New York Custom House. -An Arkansas editor recently noti-

fled his readers that "any kind of grub" would be received in payment f subscriptions. -One million bushels of edible

vsters, it is estimated, were caught in the waters of Long Island Sound during the past year -A woman, Mrs. Bittenbender, is contesting for a seat on the Supreme Bench of Nebraska. She is said to be

the only female lawyer in the State. -Two anchors have been picked up off Chatham, Massachusetts, which, it is thought, may have belonged to a Dutch man-of-war wrecked one hundred years ago. -In Belgium, it is stated, there are

50,000 people who drink each at least one litre (equal to about 19 pints) of brandy per day, and 100,000 who drink half that quantity. -An Oconee (Ga.) man has a gander

that follows him around like a dog, and will sound the alarm when a stranger enters the yard, and attacks the intruder with wings and beak. -A very strange freak of nature is eported from Harrison township,

Jewell county, Kansas, Mrs. B. F. Davis, a lady 37 years old, had all her teeth extracted three months ago, and now nature is furnishing her with a -A "female ghost," which several

source of great annoyance to him that -A birds' head dinner was a unique entertainment in Paris. Each guest

that of a peacock, with crest, repre--Not long ago the secretary of a

took it upon himself to decline the -The continued carelessness of an hast. His first two wives lost their

-Several years ago the Medical As sociation, of Boston, presented the Uncollection of 210 Japanese medical

-A farmer at Cheisea, Vermont ence. Four months ago his hair and whiskers began to come out, and in a month his head was as baid as a babe's, off, and there seems little prospect of

-Not long ago a well-known artist sent to a lady whom he had met several somely framed, as a souvenir gift. The next day he received a note from the lady, in which she thanked him for the picture, but begged to return the frame, as she made it a rule never to accept anything valuable as a gift from a gentieman. -At a funeral recently colona, Iowa, it was noticed that the

ead was covered with perspiration,

nd, although wiped away by the un-

dertaker, large drops of moisture soon

gathered again. The body was buried,

nowever, and now many of the resients of the town assert the belief that the supposed dead man was buried alive. -Mrs. Nancy Baker, of Westfield, New Jersey, who is reputed to be 98 years of age, hired a man to mow the grass upon her farm recently, and, after the man had finished, she went to look at the lob and found he had no cut it close enough to the fence, leaving considerable good grass standing. The story runs that she obtained a scythe, and, swinging it with a vigor and precision that caused the neigh-

bors to gaze upon her in asionish cut the grass close to the fence and did it well -There has not been a bank fallure in China for 900 years. During the reign of the wise Emperor Hi Flung an edict was issued that upon the fail ure of a bank the heads of the Presilent, Cashier, and Directors should be struck off and piled up in a corner with the assets. This simple but earnest edict has never been repealed, and Chinese bank stock has continued to be above both par and reproach.

-A stone coffin, containing boas was discovered by some workinen who were building a drain in a mansion in Exeter, England, Further exploratio revealed more bones in a stone-walled grave lying in the immediate neighborhood, some tiles, the remains of eaden chalice and a coln. It is thought that the workmen bays brought to light the site of the old Priory Chane of St. Andrew, belonging to the Benedictine Order. The Priory was founded by the Courtenay family, and passed gins as soon as they are strong enough at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries into the hands of the Russells, by whom it appears to have been a mile from their home and set free. demolished. The remains in the coffin are considered to be those of one of the Courtenays. The coffin itself the poones are tried again, the distance be- sition of which is supposed to mark the side of the high alter, seems to be one of the thirteenth century work. It is ter how far away they may be carried, 10 inches deep inside and 2 feel outvery thin paper, and tied around the leg of one of the tall feathers in such a manner that they do not impade the one solid block, was cemented down, with a large cross on the upper side,

Hawking and Spitting: AFFLICTED AND UNFORTUNATE Dr. LOBB SPECIAL dis FRAZER E GREASE WANTED:

IFE-SIZE CRAYON PICTURES. W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. & JONES AYSthe FREICHT 560. MARLIN REPEATIN RIFLE BEST IN TH

LLARD reges Riffes. Great Medical Work for Young and Middle-Aged Men.

ensions

\$100 to \$300

STHMA

Waterproof Coal

standing-and he has heaps and ope the spelling is all right."

No; he has rooms in Diamond Cresthat young person on her bed, reading

are going to write to your adored keepsakes you gave that poor dear man from time to time; and you ought to be Tom. I am going out for a walk."
"And won't you advise me how to get back my photograph? I wish I had and a wind, borrowed from some morn not given it to him."

"O, so you did give it!" "I am afraid I did," sighed Letty. "But he begged so hard, and said he stole them." had never cared enough for any girl to "O, you delightful darling! How

down the hill-slope shines. And Rosalind ran out of the room. About an hour later, a young lady thin grass the crickets pipe no at the door of 15 Diamond Crescent. She had evidently been walking fast, and see if you have them all right?"

She had evidently been walking fast, and see if you have them all right?"

for her cheeks were glowing and her said practical Rosie. "Here, cut the eyes were bright. "This is awful," she said to herself,

opened it. "Are-are the gentlemen at home?" Townsend at home: I am his sister, took up the picture, which had fallen and he expects me. I think," "O, walk in, ma'am, if you please.

Mr. Townsend told me you were not When the low sunshine warms the clos- now, but your room is quite ready. bore not the slightest resemblance to Have you no luggage, ma'am?" The visitor muttered something about | written in a firm and dashing woman's the station as she went into the hall, hand the one word "Louie." Please show me into the sitting-room," she said; "I can wait for my brother with blank faces. A glance at the

this between them. Mr. Hamilton is man's drawer for nothing!" cried Rosacoming back unexpected this evening. He was telegraphed for, as there is some

with each repetition, and her noise on the roof of the verander. It's well you was under cover, ma'am." Rosalind gave a sigh of relief as the door at last closed behind the landlady. but I do. You were standing by, "Now, if by a stroke of good fortune I prose, when he took it? Your eyes can commit my felony and get away on cast down, and you put your before-my brother comes in-what an becoming pout on. And now that extraordinary thing that he should be on, with his ten thousand expecting his sister. I suppose (glancalls in leve with you and wants ing at a cabinet photograph on the my picture, I suppose, and he wants his rry you, you are afraid poor chimneypiece) "that is the man himwill show him your self. Why, he must be forty at least! and talk about your silly Now, I wonder where Mr. Geoff keeps as and make mischief. You incor- his treasures? In a drawer, of course; flirt! It would serve you but which drawer? I do not half like

to be treated as you have treated | rummaging among the poor man's pos-How many men have you sessions, but he brought it on himself. The speaker spoke sarcastically; her neatly tied up with red ribbon and She pinched it. It evidently ere sisters, both young, both pretty contained a photograph, for she felt the charming, but Letty, the younger, the cardboard, and there was somewas a lovely, brainless little flirt. The thing soft that might be a glove; and er to use them judiciously. She more lumpy enclosures must be letters. ted and impulsive to a fault. the seal? But time was passing, and nothing she would not do or there was really no necessity. or one she loved, and she dearly she turned the packet over and found her bewitching little sister, and an inscription that settled the question.

lal, good-looking young "Squire," "L's. likeness and letters. Very pre-"Poor Geoff! Poor dear fellow! sets Inheritance, fell in love at How devotedly he loves her! I am so st sight with Letty and proposed to sorry for him. 'Very precious' he calls she is the prettiest woman in the them," Rosalind murmured, "But But Tom was a quick-tempered, precious or not, I must rob hum of lous young fellow, and he has already them. We cannot lose Tom. I wonken his mind to Miss Letty about | der what Letty will say when she sees love of flirtation. She promised to them? Now, I wish I were safely out need her ways, but it was more than of this. I must write the timest scrap could do to keep her promise when of a note and leave it for poor dear Geoff." She closed the drawer, put

of the gallant Dashshire Regiment, hastily on a half sheet of paper. "L's. offrey Hamilton by name, had sister has taken what you have no She had just addressed the envelope widowed Mrs. Maitland, who lived when she heard steps on the stairs; in a pretty cottage on the London road, another moment the door was opened half a mile or so from Mireford. and a handsome young man came in.

"How awkward!" thought Rosalind.
"But I must keep up the character of Townsend's sister. Who in the world The newcomer stood still and stared himself He was not very deeply at her. She was the prettiest girl he nded; but as soon as Crichton aphad seen for many a day. She made the upon the scene he made up his him a little bow. "I am Mr. Townnd to punish Miss Letty, if possible, send's sister," she said, "and I expect her tricks, by pretending to be bro- him every moment; he does not expect

me until to-morrow. Did not the land-"She-she-she did!" the young man "What a donkey he is!" thought raph Letty had given him, and merciless Rosalind, quite at her ease, we absurd little notes she had although she had just been robbing a "I wonder if you would mind ed, the ally girl was thoroughly going to look for my brother?" she d, and firmly persuaded that said aloud in the sweetest manner. "It would hear all about it and would be so very kind. It is awkward off his engagements. Had Rosa- to be here all alone with-people combut known how slightly Hamil- ing in." She gave him a little smile to 's least was touched, she would indicate that he was one of the people.

her that Geoff was so much in am telling!" she added to herself;) then and so angry and jealous, that she aloud, "and, perhaps, by the time I "O, you will come back, will you? lying in a melodramatic age; and, But it's raining cats and dogs! you'll "Oh, dear, no! I have a waterproof; not likely that he would act as if and Rosalind took up her cloak. "Thank you," as the young man rushed forward and put it around her shoul-

was the slightest possible hesitation it from Mrs. Maitland's beford she said the name; he noticed nothing but the beauty of her eyes. "Thank you very much!" She was gone before he recovered himself, and when Geoff Hamilton came into the sitting-room at No. 15 a few minutes later, he found his friend Townsend hanging out of the window. "Hallo, Gee!" he said, "what's up? You look dazed. Seen a ghost?" "No, but the prettiest girl in the world. She was here. She said she

station for her luggage.

"Then she'll be back?"

"Not she! She turned the other read it. Then he threw himself into a

look for-myself, while she went to the

Anecdotes Tending to Show That Some People Do Not Get Excited. fond of relating humorous little inci- sour and bitter an expression as any dents of sang-froid in which an Eng- one may meet. He went to a part of the ishman usually acts the role of chief | yard where there was a long row of character. As for instance: A man en- wooden buckets with covers standing

conspicuously in the matter of taking "which many convicts tackle unkingly.

hings coolly.

It is related that a lady and gentleIt is related that a lady and gentlea long period of enforced idleness makes a lids.

"How is cousin Harriet? Is she at man came to a ferry, and the boatman every man of them so blue that he deputed his grandson to row them across. "Why do you not manage would let him. But when it comes to would let him. But when it comes to "Mamma has been perfectly well all the Winter. She has gone to Kate's the world of letters the world at letters. The has gone to Kate's the world of letters the world at letters. The has gone to Kate's the world of letters the world of letters the world with the world of letters.

swered the ferryman; "the lad can more than for any other preach of dis- he is not here to see you." Equally indifferent to the fate of others was one of the sufferers by a chamber' now if you like."

They were not friends, those two chamber now if you like."

They were not friends, those two chamber and told her husband that the cousins, Cuthbert and Ferdinand. It is awakened and told her husband that the cousins, Cuthbert of whom Ferdinand had she had been away from home and was late railway accident. He was seen the middle of a high stone walled room was Cuthbert of whom Ferdinand had rushing anxiously about, when some was a group of cells, the tops of which been speaking at the breakfast-table, one asked him if he was hurt. "No; did not reach to the celling. The vis-but I can't find my umbrella." did not reach to the celling. The vis-itor entered one of them and the keeper said, deliberately. "is a man who will

awaken two gentlemen who were secured by means of a crooked pipe fession!" echoed Ferdinand, contempasleep in an upstairs room. She knocked at the door, and, with the greatest simplicity, said: "I beg par-"In years past," said the keeper, afgreatest simplicity, said: "I beg pardon, gentlemen, for disturbing you, but the house is on fire." This case of "convicts were frequently kept in the will be as much as he can do."

By which it will be seen that Ferman what may be called ludicrous polite- dark cell as many as thirty days. Now ness brings to mind another. "Hil you we seldom leave them in longer than dropped a brick up there!" shouted a over night. Against the wall there you pedestrian on whose shoulders one of will see the weighing machine, which those articles had fallen from a three- has become famous because of sensa-

"What's the matter?" acked a law- sufficient for our purposes." yer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir" "Can't you pull them up?" "I am afraid not."

Some of the People and Some of Their A noticeable feature of the conduct of the prisoners is that in spite of the wholesome, and an aid to digestion, rigid discipline that prevails there is To get it in this state it must be little apparent recognition of authority. From a key freshly tapped and drank Passing through the wards and build on the spot without much delay; and ings Keeper Connaughton and the since women of the higher classes in visitor met several convicts walking this country do not frequent localities about, generally doing an errand for a where beer is kept on tap, they never superintendent or under keeper. One have an opportunity to find only in the number tipped his cap at | good beer really "tastes," for bottled sight of the principal keeper, and most beer consumed at home is always vastly of them passed by without looking at inferior to keg beer. In Munich, howhim. Now and then one stepped up to ever, which is the paradise of heer him, and when this was the case the drinkers, women are as fond of beer as sole show of deference, with one excep- | men, because it is considered perfectly

Very few men were at work in the laundry. They stood or sat in their places of labor, quietly resting. f them were reading. "The prisoners work about seven stint to perform, and when that is

ione he has the rest of the shop tim to himself. This he may put into loafing or reading, but not the slightest fraction of liberty of movement is thing here as a half holiday, when the to play games or lark about, as is the oning of any kind, custom in some Massachusetts pripride in the quality of work turned out at the laundry. He thought there was "Milk is not who

to great piles of spotless linen and have some cracked wheat if highly polished shirt bosoms, a boyish like." looking man, with one of the brightest, pleasantest faces imaginable, came walking briskly across the floor. He seemed to be energy itself, and as cheer- like some grue!?" ful as a schoolboy with a holiday. He smiled all over his face when Mr. Connaughton spoke to him, and continued

The next building visited was the let me read a chapter of this book to shoe factory, a feature of the prison you. I can show you in half an which excites Mr. Connaughton's work on the noisy machines. On each floor a file of prisoners, huddled close together, was approaching a water faucet. Each convict had under his arm a wooden bucket, and as he came to the faucet he filled it with water, turned aside, and placing the bucket on the floor, washed his face and hands thoroughly. This done, they returned to their machines and idled. Mr. Conneatly dressed, and in some cases with naughton delighted to show off the capacity of the men and the machines, and that he had his favorites was made evident by the celerity with which certain convicts at his approach jumped up from their seats and set their machines in motion. It was undoubtedly the machines and not the men that scended to her from her mother and were favorites. In each case where he grandmother. had the convict exhibit his work he required no more than two or three turns o be made, and then passed on. A large heavy machine stood in a corner, and eqming with a visitor he took a partly finished boot from a pile, set the machine a-rattling, and in an instant held