MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1888.

Mountain Flowers.

B. F. SCHWEIER

These wild flowers from the hills have filled my room With strange magnificence. Amid their An unfamiliar guest, I stand amazed; such high, imperial air,

ich pomp of color these bright blossom

Proud strangers of the west. How beautiful they are! Celestial blue The harebells lift their dazzling spires to

And warm with golden sheen The popples hold their satin splendor up, And the wild daisy in its gilded cap Still hides the mountain dew.

The Illics white, but dashed with crimso Are daughters of the sun! These purple

Bloomed on a crag so high The robes of morning and of evening swept

Their opening buds, and their rips petals

And yet, as one entranced may stand alone some great festival where all unknown A thousand faces grow, And suddenly, from far-forgoiten days, Some shadow face, with plending, tender

Revives the long ago-

as I gaze upon these haughty flowers the Sterras, dear New England bowers Breathe back their lost perfume; I see the mayflower, with its flash of pink, And, sweeter still, upon the river's brink, My own wild roses blow!

GRANDMOTHER'S SIGNS.

We were all very glad when Grandmother Ryder came to live at our house. She was my mother's mother, and one of the best intentioned little old women in the world. When gramifather died, my brothers and sisters, as well as myself, were afraid that grandmother would make her home at our Uncle Nat's or at our Aunt Mary's, and there was great rejolding when the

letter came in which she wrote: "I did think at first that I'd better go to Mary's, but the grounds in my cup never pointed favorably to it, and last night I had a dream that 've drempt three times running, that made it clear to my mind that I'd better come to you. I would start tomorrow if it wasn't Friday, and I sometimes think the Friday sign runs Saturday, too; so I will not start until Monday, which will bring me to your house on the day the moon fulls, and I take that to be a good sign." An amused smile came into father's face as he read this letter aloud to us

en, and he burst out laughing when I said: "I'd just like to know what coffee settlings and dreams and the moon have to do with it?"

grandmother has odd notions that we grandma had said he would never live need not say anything about, or mind at all, when she is here." We lived in the country on a splendid

farm. On the next Wednesday afternoon, to our great delight, we saw father driving up the long lane leading to our house, with Grandmother Ryder seated on the spring seat by his side. She waved her handserchief, and six eager children set off on a run to meet her. We had not seen her for three years, and as soon as we were near enough to hear, she began saying:

Why, bless my soul, how you have grown! I declare, I don't know tother rom which, but I guess that's Bertle, and that little girl with a ruffled apron s Mamie, and That's Tommy with the red ribbon to his neck. Looks 'zactly like the ambrotype of him I've got. Bless all your little hearts, anyhow! I'll know which is which 'fore two

bours." When father belped her out of the wagon, she struck her foot on something and would have fallen had be

not caught her, "Mercy on us!" she said. "I'm glad I stubbed my right toe. If it had been the left, it'd been a sure sign that I was going where I wasn't wanted." "You know that you are wanted here, no matter what the signs say,'

said mother, as she took grandma into her arms and kissed her many times. said grandma; "but all the same, couldn't have helped worryin' some if it had been the left toe."

We soon discovered that grandmother had a sign for everything that happened, and for much that didn't happen. When anything unusual occurred, grandma suddenly recalled the manner in which she had previously been forwarned of it. The fact that her signs and predictions generally failed of fulfilment did not disturb her in the least.

One day I overneard mother say: "Dont you often notice, grandma, that your signs do not come true? You said yesterday, when you saw the cat scratching the fence, that it would rain, sure, before night; but there was not a cloud in the sky all day, and not a drop of rain fell."

"Why, Susan!" cried grandma, in a tone of great surprise. "The morning paper says there was a perfect flood yesterday down in Alabama.'

The proof was incontrovertible, notwithstanding the fact that Alabama was fifteen hundred miles from our

My youngest brother was but three months old when grandma became a member of our family. She was very fond of baby Danny, and was gratified to know that the signs she had regarding him were favorable to his

future happiness. "If he lives to grow up," she said, "he'll be a smart and a rich man. See that mole on his neck. That's a splendid sign. And he's going to have a too; that's another good sign. I hope to goodness, Susan, that

you haven't allowed him to look into a looking-glass yet." "I don't know, I'm sure," said

"Why, Susan," cried grandma, "he most not see himself in a glass until his first birthday! You'll never raise him if he does. I'm glad he's already tumbled out of bed; it's a sure sign he'll never be a fool.

Grandmother's signs and omens were a source of uneasiness to herself only. Mother early took occasion, privately, to instruct us older children on the ne meaning, and that "signs" were silly and meaningless inventions. were not, she said, to mind what

grandma said, but were to love and respect her under all circumstances. Baby Dan was a winning little felow, whom we all loved so dearly that we were glad grandma's omens did morning smile and cheery greeting. sympaths and harrowing reminiscences

She looked very solemn, and spoke of similar disappearances in which the soberly when she spoke at all, "Are you not well?" asked father.

"I hope this whole family may keep for a year to come as I am now," she said, mysteriously. Baby Dan sat in his high chair by grandma's side, and in the midst of the morning meal she suddenly dropped her knife and fork, threw her arms grow pale and his voice trembled wher around the buby, and burst into tears

"Why, grandma, what is it?" cried mother, in real alarm. "Poor, little dear," she cried, "he ain't long for this world! I've dreamed three nights of white colts, I told you, Susan, what'd happen if you cut tion outside. In a moment the door his toe-nails of a Sunday, or let the was thrown open and there stood our other children raise your parasol in the

house. I told you!" Grandma's distress was so evident that none of us felt like laughing, and

mother said:

"Don't worry, mother. You know that all signs fail at times."

"Mine don't," said grandma, in a ione of deep conviction, "And as I was laying in bed this morning, a little on my bedpost. I know what that means, Susan. Danny ain't going to

mon way," No reasoning could shake grandher continued depression and gloomy predictions made us all feel very uninfortable. Indeed, so strong is a superstition that not one of us children ould help looking upon dear little Dan as a doomed child, in spite of mother's

be took off sudden, and in some uncom-

argument to the contrary. Grandmother had other unfailing signs indicating Danny's early demise. A white kitten came to the door one day, and granding shook her head

"But I have always heard that it was a sign of good luck to have a kitten come to the house," said father,
"Not a white kitten," replied grand-

"A black or gray kitten is a good sign, but a white one is a sign ofhe stooped over, caught Danny up in her arms and hastily left the room, An old white rooster that we had crowed on the doorstep that day, and grandma ordered his instant execution is the only means of averting his share of the disaster threatening Danny.

Grandma's signs multiplied fast, and were of a positive, never-failing character. She came down to breakfast one beautiful June morning, bowed lown with the dreadful conviction that the end would come that very day. Danny's condition did not warrant an expectation of death from disease, at all events. He semeed to be snapping his little pink fingers at all kinds of signs as he lay in his cradle, kicking up his heels and crowing gleefully.

During the forenoon we were visited by some of our relatives who had driven distance of ten miles to spend the day at our house. We were delighted to see them and gave ourselves up to a day of enjoyment. Even grandma joined in our pleasure, seeming to forget her doleful prophecies of what the

day would bring forth. After dinner, which was the great event of the day, the entire family, with the exception of grandma and baby Dan, strolled out into the orchard with our visitors. From the orchard we went on over a bit of meadow land in search of wild strawberries, which grassy hillside and into a little grove oaks and elms. Then we all sat down on the grass and enjoyed what we called "a real sociable time," until father bethought himself to look at his

watch and said: Why, it's nearly four o'clock. We have been away three hours. Danny will have quite worn grandmother out with the care of him. We must hurry

When we reached the house we ing chair on the piazza, a lock of her June wind and her wrinkled hands crossed peacefully in the sunshine that footsteps and was awake in an instant. "Where is Danny?" asked mother.

"It isn't possible that he has slept all this time. "I guess he has," said grandma; "I int heard a sound from him " Mother stepped hurrledly into the

noonday nap. She came out instantly, quite pale, and saying in a trembling "He isn't there; he's gone!" "What-did-you-say, Susan?" asked grandmother, rising to her feet and speaking with painful deliberation.

"He's gone," said mother, again. Grandmother gave a low moan, sank back in her chair, and said, solemnly: "I knew it would be so. You laughed at my signs, Susan, You wouldn't hear to them. I feel in my bones that Danny Bertram will never be seen again on this earth. The signs don't

fail me." I remember that I set up a dreadful nowl, in which I was joined by my brothers and sisters. Father and our friends began an Immediate and thorough search for Danny, but no trace of him could be found. Grandmother encouraged us by saying, from time to all admit that Mr. Coon has fairly won no use to hunt for him, He's gone,

He'll never be seen again on this Mother broke down entirely after a short time, and lay crying on a lounge, with one of my aunts bathing her temples and talking soothingly to her.

that the little feet could never have strayed into.

'In the highest and the lowest and the loneliest spot
They eagerly sought, but they found him

"It looks to me like a case of kidnapng," said one of my visiting uncles to father." "So It does," said father; "and yet

it don't seem possible that-" "It ain't possible, David," interrupted grandmother. "I'm satisfied that I haden't been asleep ten minutes when you folks came home; and I know that no one was near the house before you came. No, no, David, husubject. She told us that dreams had man hands never touched our Danny. I didn't dream of white colts with four

wings apiece for nothing." "What on earth would colts of any kind want with Danny?" asked one of

An hour and more passed, and Danny was not found. We hurried to the nearest neighbors. They had not seen not portend anything disastrous to him, even though we did not believe borhood, and knew nothing about borhood, and knew nothing about in signs. But one day, grandma came Danny's disappearance. They came to down to breakfast without her usual our house in great numbers, full of most as hard.

missing children were either found dead or were never found at all.

The evening drew on. The sun went down. Mother had said over and over again that we must find her baby before night came on. She could not endure the thought of having him away when the darkness came. Father began to he spoke. Parties of men and boys were searching the neighboring wood and planning to drag the streams. It was nearly dark, and we were sitting tearful and anxious, in mother's room, when we heard a loud commo big, jolly Uncle Darius Betram, and high on his shoulder, laughing and making a desperate effort to talk, sat-

Danny! "Well, such a time and nobody t it!" said Uncle Darius, as he put Danny into mother's outstretched arms. "O Darius! where did you find him?

cried mother. "I found him lying in his bed abou bird flew in at the window, and lighted half-past three this afternoon. My wire and I were driving into town an called here to see you, but found no one at home but grandmother and the be here very long; you'll see that he'll baby. Grandmother was asleep and buby seemed to be having a lonely sor of a time of it kicking up his heels in nother's conviction in the least, and his cradle. So wife and I thought we'd take him out for an airing, the day being so fine. I wrote a little note on a leaf of a pocket-fiary, telling you we had him. Didn't you find it?" "No," said father; "where did you put it?"

"Why, I pinned it to baby's pillow didn't 1? I know wife said for me to But I'm such a forgetful fellow that ion't know really where I did put that note. It was written on a small leat like this," He drew out his pocket diary as he spoke, opened it, and sa

down looking very foolish. "Well, I swan," he said, "ef I didn' clean forget to tear the note out after I'd written it. I must be getting

"We were detained in the village much longer than we expected," said Aunt Harriet, Uncle Darlus' wife. "and I was afraid you would worry about baby; but he has been just a: good as he could be, and he seemed to enjoy the ride so very much. I couldn' find his cloak to put on him, but I had a light shawl with me, and I found his little every-day sun-bonnet out it the yard. It was good enough to wear. To think of the anxiety the little chap ride has cost you!"

Grandmother was down on her knees crying over Danny, and of course not one of us said a word to her about those unfulfilled omens. It was months before the words "signs" and "omens" passed her lips. Then she said mother, laughing softly. "But was almost a year old at this time, and spoke of them as though they were

things beneath her notice. Danny, for I have often heard him telling this story to his own children,"

Young Women Not Elected.

Miss Nell e Lucretia Cook, of Wo cott, and Miss Ellen Kate Clark, o Macedon, both in Wayne county, Nev York, ran for school commissio the recent election and made the cam paign exceedingly lively; but neither was elected. This is not so very won derful, however, for Miss Clark was : Prohibitionist in a district where there are barely enough of that persuasion to were abundant. Then we went up a fill the list of committeemen, and Miss Cook as a Democratic in a district overwhelmingly Republican. But the latter was successful in creating a furere that left her opponent but a small majority, and in creating an enthusias m for female candidates which ought to

delight the woman suffragists, Miss Clark is, perhaps, 30 years old very sedate in manner and slow to move in politics; Miss Cook, on the contrary, is but 21, quite handsome, ardent in her political faith, vivacious found grandma fast asleep in her rock- in her expression and peculiarly gifted in campaining. She canvassed her dis gray hair blown over her face by the trict thoroughly and spoke with marked ability on the advantages of having a woman for school commissioner. Her fell across her lap. She heard our arguments were really quite ingentous, turning chiefly upon the facts that many more women than men teach in the district, and that women are the divinely appointed teachers of the young-therefore her deduction ran, the lady teachers should have an official to whom they can speak freely, and a oom in which Danny always took his lady can see many points in the economy of a school room which a man cannot. So well did she present this that scores of solid old Republicans were converted, and if her own party had been unantmous, she would have been elected: but the old Democrats were a little too conservative for her, they "couldn't vote for a woman, and so Miss Nellie

Lucretia was defeated. And now comes a romance. Among her young Republican converts was William L. Coon, a lawyer, and so enthusiastic did he become that he devoted the last two weeks of the campaign entirely to her service, conducting her from meeting to meeting. Many an hour did they pass on country roads driving to the "next appointment." Natural consequences followed. The marriage is set for an early date; and while scores of admirers grieve, they between her broken sobs: "It's the prize and join in congratulating the bride elect.

Artificial Stones.

Though the appearance of artificial precious stones is now so exactly imita-We looked everywhere-in places tive of the genuine article as to render the judgment even of an expert frequently at fault, it is claimed that the est of hardness is still infallible. Thus, the beautiful French paste, from which such attractive imitative diamonds are made, is a kind of glass, with a mixture of oxide of lead-the more of the latter the brighter the stone, but also the softer, and this latter is the serious defect. But by careful selection of the ingredients, and skill and manipulation, the lustre, color, fire, and water of the choicest stones are, to the eyes of the ordinary purchaser, fully reproduced; there are a few delicacles of color that cannot be perfectly given, depending as they do on some undiscoverable peculiarities of molecular arrangement, and not on chemical com-position—these, however, not being apparent to the uninitiated. M. Sidot, however, a well-known French chemist, is reported to have nearly reproduced the peculiarities in questionincluding the dichroism of the sapphire-by means of a composition, of which the base is phosphate of lime; and other chemists have produced rubies and sapphires having the same

IN THE GREAT SAHARA.

Strange Adventures of an Explorer

For several months of last year white man in the garb of a Mohammedan wandered half starved and in peril of his life among the roving Moorish shepherds of the Western Sahara. The remarkable adventures and hairbreadth escapes of Camille Douls may be seen, at first glance, to have not even the re motest connection with the fears recently aroused in Europe by the rumored death of the Sultan of Morrocco. It is nevertheless true that the same causes recently filled the statesmen of Spain, France and Italy with alarm, and sent men-of-war hurrying to the ports of Morrocco, produced the state of things in the Sahara that crowded Mr. Douis' rash journey with thrilling

adventures. It was the purpose of the young man o explore, on behalf of the French Government, the rich mineral region of Sus, which skirts the Atlantic seaboard just south of 30 degrees north latitude. He had the advantage of pre-vious experience in Morocco and of familiarity with Arabic. Knowing well that the jealous fears of the Sultan would thwart any attempt to reach the mines of Sus from the north, he determined to land on the coast south of Atlas, and then make his way into the unexplored Et Dorado, from whose treasures of silver and copper the Sultan has for some years derived a

large revenue. For various reasons Mr. Douls was anable to set foot on the coast until be had reached Garnet bay, over 300 miles south of Sus. There, late in January last, a fishing boat from the Canary slands landed the daring young man with his boxes and provision basket. The wastes of the Sahara stretched before him. He set out over the scorching sands, scanning the horizon for signs of the desert nomads. They might kill him, but at any rate he could not live without them. He wore a Moorish white garb, and his story

was that he was an Algerian merchant shipwrecked on the Atlantic coast. After a while he saw a troop camels in the distance. His sudden appearance, like an apparation in the ittle desert community, frightened the black slaves and astounded their flerce owners. They did not believe a word of his story. No Mussulman had ever come to them from the sea. His dress was white, while their garments were nade of blue cloth. He was a Christian dog, trying to deceive the faithful, and leserving the death all unbelievers merit. Suddenly seized from behind, was thrown to the ground, and while one put his foot on his throat, others bound his hands. His clothing

was stripped off, his money and rea dagger, breaking two teeth. A man named Ibrahaim saved him less that I feel a lattle nervous myself rom immediate death merely that be might be further questioned. When been but two lecturers who have been one of the nomads, crying, "Let is able to hold this audience. They were strangle the Christian," made another Henry Ward Beecher and Wendell rush at the helpless explorer, Ibrahalm, Phillips, and I would not be surprised gun in hand, said he would shoot the to see fully six hundred of them get up first man who touched him. He took and go out before you were through."
Douls to his tent, and told him to con"If they do," said Sheridan, confihimself his prisoner until he dentially, "I'll be -- if I don't go could prove that he was a Mussulman. The next morning a large party went to the seashore to get the boxes sonal letter from Bill Nye, in which which the prisoner said he had left that humorist had discussed, in his there. The Moors did not easily find their booty, and, shaking their daggers

n the explorer's face, they declared that the Christian was trying to lead little faith as the others in Douls' story, told him he would be killed if the boxes were not found. Just as he had given himself up for lest they were discovered, and everything the explorer possessed was soon divided among the Arabs, the women and children coming in for a small share. For some weeks the explorer experted every day to be his last. It was

fortunate for him that he was proficient n the forms of Mohammedan worship, utes con-conversation with you?" and that he could recite passages from the Koran. Nothing could have saved him, however, if several sheiks and holy men, to whom he was taken for examination, had not expressed the belief that he was a Mussulman. He was kept in irons until a chief of one of the nomad tribes, before whom he was summoned, told his captors that they had been too hasty n fettering and despoiling him, and that they might be called to account at the day of judgment for inflicting great suffering upon one of their brethren. Even then he was not released until a Moor of great authority, who had been to Mecca and had traveled much, assured the nomade hat their prisoner was a Turkish Mussulman. He was then at liberty, not to leave the nomads who had captured him, but to cast his future ortunes with the Arabs and become, like them, a wanderer in the desert. For five months he helped drive erds of camels and sheep over the dreary steppes of the Western Sahara, traversing territory that no white man had visited before, and crossing here and there the path of Dr. Lenz, who, in the guise of a Turkish physician, traveled over these plains to Timbuctoo a few years ago: In their wanderings from one oasis to another the

nemads took their white captive as far south as the sandy wastes of El Juf. within 300 miles of Timbuctoo. He visited Tenduf, the great slave market of the Sahara, whence slave caravans from the Soudan are sent north in all French, though by no means weak, do directions to the Mediterranean countries. His new ways of life so changed his appearance that his best friends as it seems to me the Americans do. would not have recognized him. His head was shaven, only one tuft of hair on top escaping. He was burned red by the sun, and his privations made camel's milk, with an occasional treat

At last in their travels the nomads

of sheep's flesh.

reached the southern boundary of Momeans needed for his marriage, and, after the betrothal had been celebrated was permitted to join a caravan that was starting for Morocco. He traveled through the Sus province, whose exploration had been the sole object that took him to the Sahara. He says this region is very rich, not only in mineral, but also in agricultural resources. than 100 feet long.

New perils awaited him in Morocco, for the nomads with whom he traveled suspected that he was an imposter, informed the Sultan of their suspicions and he was put in irons at the capital. There is little doubt that he would

have been killed if the Europeans in the city had not heard of his plight. He was rescued through the intervention of Sir William Kirby Green, the British Minister to Morocco, and sent to the coast, where he embarked for Morocco teams with riches of many kinds, and is naturally one of the most desirable and accessible parts of the world. Why is it that it has no wagon that its resources are unroads. touched, that its exports are almost nothing, that white men dare not ing into degradation? It is simply

because several of the great powers of Europe, each eager to grasp the prize are determined that it shall not pass to other nations. Their mutual jealousies have had the effect to keep them all out of Morocco, and so civilization and progress have avoided a rich region, lying within sight of Europe, that mischief readily agreed to the wager, needs only good government to be a and so they separated blessing to its inhabitants and to the Opportunities were it is to be hoped that the European

Stories by Riley.

George A. Sheridan went up to Boston to deliver a lectue in a course there. It was his first appearance there, but he thought no more of it than he would of appearing is any other city. The night of the lecture solemn-looking old fellow, chairman of the lecture committee or something of the kind, took Sheridan off to a room and said: "General, I don't believe you scognize the importance of this occa-

"I don't see anything particularly important about it," replied Sheridan, who is not generally overpowered or awed by surrounding greatness.

"You do not seem to keep in mind the fact," said the solemn bean-eater, "that you are about to address a Bosn audience.2 'Oh, yes, I do," said Sheridan.

"That's exactly the kind of audience I do expect to address. Now, if I was n Philadelphia or New York, wouldn't be reasonable in me to expect to meet a Eoston audience, but here I didn' suspect there would be any other kind.

"I don't mean that," said the Bosvolver were taken, and one assailant tonian. "You will have a magnificent hit him on the mouth with the back of audience here, representing the culture and refinement of Boston. I must conoven the outcome. There never have

Mr. Riley had just received a per original way, the advantages and disadvantages of being a personal beauty, and concluded: "I often have reason to be thankful, James, that God, them where his friends lay in ambush | His Infinite wisdom, has seen fit to to kill them. Ibrahaim, who had as give all my beauty to Mrs. James Brown Potter, and all my hair to the

seven Sutherland sisters." This recalled a wittleism of Henry Guy Carleton at the New York Authors' Convention. Carleton is a very bright writer, but he stutters dreadfully when he talks, and one evening he said to Nye: "M-m-is-ter Nye, ca-ca-can't you co-come up-p-p to my room for a couple of hours, I wa-wawant to ha-have about fif-fifteen min-

Physical Training in France.

"You have spoken, monsleur, about the government providing exercise for

the youth. In what way?" "Hardly is a boy in school before is made to enter upon a series of gymnastics. It is a regular part of the curriculum, and increases in importance until the end of the course. Now, the peculiar feature of all this is that although the general character of the exercise is calculated to develop bodily vigor, the main thing sought for is uniformity of action. The drilling is all in platoons. In the gymnasiums the same feature obtains. You cannot imagine the curious evolutions that the future soldiers have to go through together. There is some individual work, but as a rule if you enter a gymnasium you will be met by half a dozen men hopping along on one foot, keeping in single file across the floor, their fists doubled and their arms swaying backward and forward synchronously, and you may be lucky enough to see a man standing on the shoulders of two comrades driving with long reins several pairs of men, who hold the reins lightly gymnasium, and is an interesting feature of the public exhibitions. The whole influence of even physical training, you see, is military, and the not tend to develop muscle at the expense of skill and the mental faculties,

To Ventilate a Room.

The best way to ventilate a room him very thin, as he lived wholly on that I know of is to put a board, long enough to fit exactly in the window frame, and about six inches high, under the lower sash. If you remember the construction of window sashes you will rocco, and a way then opened for the know that this consequent raising of escape of the white man. He had so the lower one will leave spaces between far won the favor of Ibrahaim, who the glass and the woodwork, through had saved his life when he first entered which fresh air can obtain a gradual the Saraha, that the Arab thought he entrance into the room. Its course is would make a desirable son-in-law. He | made | somewhat | tortuous | and | all was accordingly betrothed to the draught thereby prevented. When it arose over the fact that a young lady twelve-year-old daughter of his bene- reaches the inside it has an upward difactor. It was necessary, however, for rection, too, and is not likely to come him to visit his home to procure the in contact with tender craniums. It is important, in using this kind of ventilation, that the board fit accurately with speeches and festivities, Douls under the window, so that no little spaces be left for the air to blow through.

-Broadway, the longest street in New York, extends ten miles, while Benson, the shortest street, is not more

DELL'S WAGER. Love's Devious Path.

"What a queer-looking yellow house that is," said Dell Duval, pointing with her parasol in the direction of canary-colored cottage. "And the owner is queer, too," said Minnte Hammond, who with her sister Sarah made one of the party on the

hill, that bright day, "His name is Isaac Golden, and the story runs that he was crossed in love, and since then has lived all alone in that yellow house which he calls 'The Sunflower.' There he is now," as a man of about thirty came out of the cottage and disappeared among the trees. "I should like to meet him, very much," said Dell who was something

trave there, that its government is of a flirt. "I am always interested in the arous and that its people are sink-When they were leaving the hill for home, she turned to Minnie and said with a laugh: "Minnie I will make you a wager of my opal ring against your volume of Mrs. Browning's poems that I will get Mr. Golden to propose to me before the Summer is over." The other full of the spirit of

Opportunities were not wanting for world. For the sake of the Moors, for Dell to meet Mr. Golden and they the sake of commerce, and for the sake were soon on friendly terms with each of white travelers like Mr. Douls, who other. One day when she was out enter Morocco and the country tribu- boating, in trying to reach for some tary to it only at the risk of their lives, water lilies she fell in the take and would have undoubtedly perished if he

powers will some day be able to unite had not appeared opportunitely and ipon a pol cy that will give Morocco a saved her life. She began to be a little ashamed of her wager after that, but the Summer was drawing to a close and still he did not speak. One day as she was driving by the yellow cottage be came out and asked her if she would not like to look at his flower garden. So she hitched up the horse in the shed and went in the gate among the sunflowers and

blooming plants. Dell laughed when she saw them, but the view of the surrounding coun try was very fine and she praised it to Mr. Golden's content. Then she said she must go at once, for the girls would be uneasy about her.

"I must bid you good-by," she said, as her host placed her upon her horse "for I am to go home to-morrow." "So soon!" he exclaimed, quickly.

"Yes, and I may not see you again. "Good-by," he returned, taking her hand, "Always wear blue ridinghabits, and smoking-caps with feathers on them, for they are very becoming."

Blushing rostly she rode away.
"Smoking-caps, indeed!" she ex-"Smoking-caps, indeed!" she ex-claimed. "Well, I have lost my wager; and more, too," she added, with a sigh: "but no one shall know of it " Toward evening she sat under an

apple tree, in the corner of the garden, thinking of her folly, and the tears rose to her eyes. Suddenly she heard footsteps approaching, and in a moment Mr. Golden stood beside her. Strange to say, he seemed nervous and excited. She rose in embarrassment, the result of her recent mood, and to cover her

confusion invited him to go into the "Stay please," he said, gently detain ing her, "I've something I wish to tell you." And he went on rapidly. "I love you, Dell, earnestly and sincerely Wont you take pity on me and accept

me for your husband?" Startled by this abrust declaration Dell's face grew red and then white and, finally, she burst into tears. "You wouldn't care for me if you knew how I had talked about you," she said, at last.

"I don't believe you said anything very dreadful," he replied, with a smile, as he drew her to him, "Tel me about it. After much persuasion she told him of the wager she had made with Min

"Is that all?" he replied, coolly. "I know it already, for I heard you. At this she dried her eyes, and true to her character, even in that blissful noment, boxed his ears. "I think I am entitled to the ring, he said, "Won't you give it to me,

"Yes," she replied; "though I don't like to see gentlemen wear rings." "Nor I;" and he slipped it on his watch-chain. Minnle spled the ring at once, when they entered the bouse, a ew minutes later. "You don't say"--She began

aughing. Dell blushed. 'We do, indeed,' said Mr. Golden. iling, as he took Dell's hand in his "Allow me, Miss Minnie, to own. present to you the future mistress of assume the role of womanhood than he Sunflower.

Although Chinese and Japanese dig-

The Quaint Coreans.

nitaries have long been familiar in this country, there is enough that is novel in the costumes and customs of the members of the Coreanne Embassy at Washington to excite great attention or three years younger. their alignment as faithfully as if at the capital. Their walk is described marching on dress parade, or stridings as a "stately glide," and the Minister especially, although hardly up to the average height, is credited with an unusually dignified gait, set off by serene smile." A mass of skirts and furbelows of the richest silks is a leading feature in their garments, rustling as they walk; while their "tall black in their hands above their heads. This hats of horse-hair, set daintily on the is a favorite accomplishment of the crown of the head, which is itself topped by the coil of hair." were not removed, it is said, during the preliminary interview with Mr. Bayard. Thi head-gear, through which the air can circulate, is hardly such as an American would fancy for this time of the year but then Americans without practice could hardly balance the hats at all. Their features are of the true Mongolian type, and the visitors seem well pleased with their novel surroundings, and with customs which would doubtless appear more singular bad not Americans been for years in favor

with the King of Corea. Thrashed Him and Then Married Him.

Some time ago County Superintendent Taylor, of Des Moines, was called to the country to settle a trouble which had arisen in a school. The differences teacher had severely flogged young men who were attending school The Superintendent made due investigation of the case, got acquainted with all the parties and settled the difficulty. Since then the Superintendent has received an invitation to a wedding, and to his surprise the parties were the young lady school ma'am and one of her unruly pupils whom she had chastised. There will be little question in that household who is the woman of the hope of wedding notoriety. the house.

Story of a Haunted Ship.

It had been a terrible winter, with heavy gales, and hurricanes which had deterred many brave captains from leaving port. And many gallant sailors had found a resting place at the bottom of the Atlantic through an overdaring spirit when the ship Albatross, with a "right good Yankee" crew and a cargo of general merchandise, set sall from New York on the 19th of January

Captain Frost was a most worthy seaman, but not one who would endanger the lives of a good crew through a careless experiment. He was often won't to say, "If God wills it, we go to the bottom in fair weather or foul.' and with this as his motto he set sail

for Gibraltar. During the first week at sea the weather was fair, but on the night of January 28 a squally wind sprung up, which soon ripened into a full fledged tempest. The stanch ship was rocked and tossed like an eggshell on the mountainous waves, which threatened to engulf her. The night grew darker, and through the rigging the weird shriek of the wind caused the most superstitious fears to take possession

of the sailors. "Boys, it's a fearful night," spoke an old tar. "I am no landlubber, lads, but such nights as these ghosts hold their sway in doomed ships. I can re-

"Hark! hark! me lads," interupted one of the listeners. "Listen, there it is again," said an

other, as a plaintive sound echoed through the ship. The wind grew louder, and from its mournful cadence came this weird strain: I wish that I were lying, too, meath the waves of the ocean

My soul with God, My body in the sea, And the blue waves rolling over me. There was a rush for the deck, when sailors were met by the captain

"What means this?" he demanded. "Why did you not tell us the ship was haunted?" said the old sailor. army. "Have you, too, heard the sounds? said the captain in surprise. The men looked at each other in

astonishment, but no one answered, "We will search the ship," said the captain; "perhaps we have some stow-Down into the hole went the captain

and crew, but nothing rewarded their search. The night of January 29 was starlit and beautiful. The day watch was on deck enjoying the customary smoke be fore turning in, and spinning yarns, when suddenly the dismal wail of the previous storm rang through the ship, The tars with one accord made for the

ship's side and in their terror threw themselves into the sea. The captain stuck to the ship for me days, but eventually became mad and in a moment of frenzy embarked in a jollyboat, leaving the ship to its

After days of suffering he was picked up by a German brig. The Albatross went down in a gal which occurred February 1. The relator of this legend of the sea is an officer in the United States navv. who heard it from the lips of Captain the terrible strain of the last voyage of

be Albutress. Sweet Six-and-Twenty.

'Old Maid' chalk mark may find comfort in this. The longevity of girlhood, cording to the ethics of society, has increased in the last dozen or fifteen years. A girl is not an "eld maid" ow until she is past thirty. Once she was an "old maid" at twenty-five. She is a girl now for five years beyond that It is even deemed not only possible but probable that some man will find her fair and lovable after that advanced age and marry ber. In the better circles girls do not enter society at as early an age as they did when tag "old maid" was affixed to them if they didn't marry by the time they were twenty-five. The lass of sixteen eighteen, or even older is in school of capied with her music and other stud tes now, and not receiving beaux alone in the parlor evenings. She is getting ready to be a young woman. She is no

attempting to be one before she is. It is a time-honored fallacy that girls reach mental maturity in advance boys. The average lad of sixteen of eighteen is quite as matured in intel lect as the girl of that age. She is no more fitted at that stage of growth to of manhood. There are exceptional instances of astonishing development at an early day with both boys and girls that entitle them to rank as men or women. But this is not the average with humanity, and the girl who doe not attempt to be a "young lady" until she is twenty-one is far better off than

she who starts out in this endeavor two The largely increasing number of in dependently situated women who prefer to live unmarried is likely to work a decided change in the status of the "old maid." The elderly girl who prefers the luxuries or comforts of her father's home to the sharing a flat or a boarding house with a salaried young man is multiplying so rapidly that she few straws or withered leaves lying is bound to have a show in things gen-

and her married sisters. But We'd Except the Prince.

There is one difference between Americans and Englishmen, and it is a The Prince of Wales sat in a box at London theatre the other night with a party of young earls and lords and talk ed and laughed so loudly that the plahad to wait until the Prince was ready to give his attention to it. We don't happen to have any princes over here but if we had and they behaved in this manner the manager of the theatre would either have to put them out or see his own apple cart upset. We may not cut out the pattern in hats for the world, but we know what to do with a and we usually know how to do it.

Was it Faith Cure?

A Salt Lake mother arose in the night at the solicitation of her daughter and rubbed fifty cents worth of cough medicine on the latter's rheumatic limbs. The cure was immediate but the pains returned as soon as the mistake was discovered.

A vulgar man courts publicity with

NO. 13.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-An Arkansus suicide filled his outh with powder and then applied

s lighted match. The explosion tore sway a portion of his face -A shark caught on the shores of the Pacific not long since, upon being opened was found to contain a pair of

poots with a man's feet in them. -Professional beggars are once more an Important factor in the "social" life of San Francico, where the

police are kept busy trying to arrest -The pope has already received many jubilee gifts, including a ring from the Sultan, a splendid Sevres vase and inkstand from M. Jules Ferry, Sevres vases from Marshall MacMahon

and \$100,000 from the prior general of the Carthusians. -The remains of an unknown man. which had been taken to a San Francisco hospital and partially dissected, were recognized by a young woman as those of her father, Benjamin Armstrong, a wealthy miner,

-A cannon used in 1876 for protection against the Indians was excavated from a bed of eight feet of gravel at Deadwood, Dak., recently. It is said to have disappeared during the Dakota flood, and this is the first that has

peared from Heno, Nevada, in Jan-

been known of it since. -A blind man who died at Worcester, Mass., recently, had his sense of touch so developed that he could tell the denomination of a bank note by feeling it, and in weeding a large garden he could always distinguish a

young vegetable plant from a weed, -There has been invented for the use of the trumpeters in the French army, an instrument which at will can be turned so as to throw the sounds backward. A new pattern of drum, smaller and lighter than before, has also been prescribed for use in the

-The great English coal shipping ports are, in order of magnitude: Cardiff, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sunderland, Newport, Shields, Swansea, Liverpool, and Hartlepool. Cardiff and New-castle are nearly equal, and account for more than half the total. Cardiff does the largest foreign and New castle the greatest home trade, Sunderland running very close.

-The average annual death rate of the world is 31 for every 1,000 persons. The average death rate for the leading cities of the United States is 223 in every 100 persons. Old cities like Paris, Vienna and Berlin approach the world's average in their death rate. In 1885 fthe death rate for the City of Mexico was 58 for every 1,000 persons;

in Vera Cruz it was 9 -It is said that in the southern part of Russia the peasants use a coin of such small value that it would take 250,000 of them to buy an American ollar, and these coins are so scarce that a man who has a hundred is looked upon as rich, and one who has a thousand is considered very wealthy. It is strange to think a person wealthy who owns two-fifths of a cent, and comfortably well off on one-twentyfifth of a cent. But the value of money depends, of course, on what it

will buy. -The King of Dihomey is described as "a tall, well built negro of about 40, dressed in a blue silk short gown reach ng to his knees, covered with silver half moons, stars and quaint shaped spangles about the size of half dollars. On his head he had a cap of red velvet, with gold lace, and the figures of a skull and cross bones in front. On his feet were gold laced sandals. his hand be held a scepter of solid

gold surmounted by a red skull. -Mrs. Proctor, widow of Barry Cornwall, is the most interesting old lady in London society. She is 87 years of age, but "goes everywhere, as the phrase is, and is emmently popular for her wit, good spirits and conversational powers, was the famous Basil Montague, Mrs. Proctor lives in a handsome flat in the Albert mansions, Charles Dickens used to say that when he wanted to brighten up." he went to see Mra, Proctor. She has known intimately the famous men of England for some generations past, and her memory is stocked with interesting facts,

-Some curlous phenomena are appearing in the section of country between Summerville and Charleston, which was so greatly disturbed by the earthquake shock of August 31, 1886. There are many deep pits on the margin of which have been thrown up pure white sand, such as is seen only on the seashore. On this sand has sprung up a dense growth of sea plants. It is evident that the seeds from which these plants have sprung have been elected from great depths, where they have doubtless been buried many centuries without losing their germinating powers.

-The ex-king of Onde, who lately lied at Calcutta, was as particular about neatness and cleanliness as the proverbual Dutch housewife. If, when walking in his garden, he found a stray bird's feather among the flowers or a about he would fine the gardner and erally, the same as younger maidens | the watchman of the day three days' pay. The same penalty was inflicted on any indoor servant who left a speck of dust or scrap of litter about the paiace, where floors, walls and furniture were being dusted and cleaned all day long.

-The Bank of England doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. The bullion department of this and a number of other banks are rightly submerged several feet in water by the action of the machilery. In some English banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleep ng room and an entrance cannot be effected without shooting a bolt in the dormitory. which, in turn, sets in motion an

-Queen Margaret, of Italy, is much interested in art and devotes a portion of her private income to the purchase of paintings and statuary. She is also something of a poet, and now and then reads aloud to a select audience some of the verses which she has thrown off during a moment of leisure, between a reception at the palace and a state dinner. Her lines flow along harmoniously with an exquisite finish, and often the poetical images are painted with a richness of color that is astonishing.