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B. F. SCHWEIER

VOL. XLII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1888.

The Two Mysteries

may call and call

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still, The foldest hands, the awful calm, the beek so pale and chill, The lids that will not lift again, though we

settles over all. We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain, The dread to take our dally way and walk We know not to what sphere the loved who

leave us go. Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know. But this we know; our loved and lost, if they should come this day. Should come and ask us, What is Life? not one of us could say. Life is a mystery as deep as death can ever

Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and biessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we
may tell you naught;
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent, So those who enter death must go as little Nothing is known, but I believe that God And as life is to the living so death is to the dead.

A CHOIR-SINGER.

There are two sides to every question. as the best of reason demonstrates; but Marie Pirot, try as she might, could find only one side to the question of her engagement to sydney Worth; and that, unfortunately for the lover, was

Sydney, on his part, being a man, was logical enough to take in all the enough to await Marie's decision with a courage worthy of a cause more sublime than the yea or nay of a browneyed girl. In this trembling balance, however, was hung his hope of all earthly happiness, while he smoked his cigar and talked and walked about the

"Take a week, only a week, for calm consideration," he had begged her, and then proceeded to enhance her calmness by daily letters of urgent pleading. His eagerness harassed and worried Marie into a state almost of resentment, and took from her much of the responsibility of her final action. It nething to fight against, and armed her with necessary firmness. completely and helplessly on her mercy. wring his heart by her decided refusal; | Pirot. but she would have wrung it, all the

When her letter came at last, poor Sydney kissed the dagger before he received its stab—that is, he kissed her handwriting, and then very likely a few moments later dropped a tear or clinging fondly to his arm. The rain

expression. As for Miss Pirot, she met let of talented and gracious women.

flood of melody came pouring into her Gustave's voice said: life like an overwhelming tide, neither

young man, very fair, with plenty of

all animation, and reassured on the score of the quartette; "but so very

walked over quickly to her place, with a heightened color. When had she ever before needed a summons to duty? No one appeared to notice her embarrassment, for all eyes were now fixed on the over book and Miss Crowney. Miss Pirot started visably, then

"Of course I shall be glad when dear of Brande is well enough to come of same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I shall be to come of the same but I sh strong fingers were pressing the keys. old Brande is well enough to come back again, but I shall awfully hate to lose What's-his-name?" Miss Crumm

"Do you know, I think he has rather suffering gives. Her swift step falger I fell in love with. You did not struggle to get along. Musicians tered an instant at the sound of his want to know of my secret; you must usually have; but, then, being a single voice man, he ought to be able to manaze," side. "Are you sure he is a single man?" Miss Pirot asked, in an airy tone.

its fastenings on her jaunty hat; away away, careering and whirling out of found all at once the freedom of its them and passers-by. Sydney's knowl- sydney, I deserve your hate and wings. Marie uttered a little half- edge of suffering had made him very scorn!"

What more natural than that they should walk on together, slowly, or that Mr. Wetzel, seeing her out of we parted; you were so noble and so breath from his late exercise, should good. You never made me understand offer her his arm? There seemed no how cruel- Oh, and you bore it all? valid reason why they should dissolve I can pity you now?" this pleasant companionship when the other two caught up with them; and am glad to hear you say that. I am

third street, Mr. Aiken walked with home in Twentyshe would have found it doubly hard to all the way across town with Marie

and Marie sang in her church and gave | moments of parting and farewell. He | pain and trouble of the past?" music les ons, losing her youthful had come to the choir that evening beauty somewhat, but gaining always in grace and attractiveness. She and sydney met occasionally as friends, and sail in the morning; but he had staid "Yes, yes, yes!—If you will take my his eyes still told the same old story and sang over with Marie some of the boundary and sang over with Marie some of the same old duets, and now they were walking that was now forbidden of all other expression. As for Miss Pirot, she met boundary, and some of the some of the same old duets, and now they were walking the could not love you yet—bye-and-bye it the usual experience that falls to the storm, by the way they had learned to all may come right. And, meanwhile,

"I must thank you, Miss Pirot, for leaned more closely on his arm. the alto on one side of her, nor the bass the kindness you have given to me

record by the genuine surprise at his You can understand, if one has been delinquency, when there came suddenly up the choir staircase a tall and slim might be glad to see fulfillment near."

I ou can understand, if one has been talking brightly of varius the might be glad to see fulfillment near."

In a brilliant October sunset, and Sydand the boy's condition has become ney had been talking brightly of varius the might be glad to see fulfillment near." blonde hair that hung in stu-blonde hair that hung in stu-blonde hair that hung in stu-only, and in her voice was the huski-only, and in her voice was the huski-his head back with a short laugh, and

you wish to go-so dark, and such a

so-it you wish it."

steps one lovely Sunday morning, having sung themselves into heaven for a while on Haydn's exquisite strains. When this word burst from his lips, in clasped her hands from Sydney's arm, "Wayzel—Wetzel? how do you pro-nounce it? His first name is Gustave just passed him on the crossing at "The man? What man?" isn't it pretty? and such a voice! Fourth avenue; a sudden backward tilt stared quite wildly as he asked the face plainly, pale and strange, with that "Oh, the hero of my romance!" said absorbed, unseeing look that mental Marie-slowly and bitterly-"the sin-

voice, and at that instant he was by her | know it now! That was the man!"

months in the choir?"

"Oh, I see! And you fell in lov

"there might have been some excuse

when-I fell in love-ab, not with kim!

"Well, then, the comfort is that you

"Oh, not here!" said Sydney, depre

because if you hadn't you never would

ney," she said, blushing beautifully. "Then I am glad, too."

The Romance of Wedded Life.

a hod of coal from the cellar?" said

"That's just the way with you,

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Just the way with me?"

have come to me."

busy wife.

the lounge.

But Marie did not smile,

"I knew I could not be mistaken, tiss Pirot asked, in an airy tone. he said, breathlessly; "but you of all to be acquainted with him?" "Oh, yes. At least, of course, I did people, and at this hour! What in the "He sang with me for no He is bolding her hand in his warm, advance in music, it was lucky he had friendly clasp, and looking down with his voice-no wonder!" "Oh, I was walking away from the single; but then, he is very young. He furies," she said, trying to speak for that. I had never neard his voice lightly; "but they have come with me.

The scale of fortune, we are told, is ney, that you were too unhappy to be know now?" "She asks me if I have ever had that | did not love him, after all," said Sydfor Marie Pirot, one windy autumn feeling. Ah, Marie, there are few ney, cheeringly. "He only thought evening, not long afterwards, as the feelings, born of unhappiness, that I you did."

mently. "He neverthought-he never dreamed-Oh, I could lie down here "But - but they pass away some time don't they?" she asked wistfully. and die this minute-" (Miss Roberts, the alto, had said good- "People can't go on suffering-some change, some relief, must come. catingly. "I don't know, he answered, with a ably in a buggy. "You'd wait until I "Perhaps. I have not took you home, I know."

"Oh, Sydney," she sald, passionate her long brown feather, wrenched from | Sydney!" She laid her cheek on his its fastenings on her jaunty hat; away | shoulder, sobbing like a child. have fallen forever in my own esteem He had taken the umbrella from her nature like yours-a love that any sight like a living creature that had hand, and held its shelter between

aughing cry, and started on the chase, tender toward the pain of others. He but the tenor darted by her like a allowed his companion to weep unques-flash, and soon distanced her, as the tioned, patting gently from time to time same. I can't hear my wife abused. feather distanced him. Marie did not | the little quivering fingers that clutched result, when the feather was at last captured, they found themselves face mered, whisperingly, at length. "Oh. "How good you are!" she stamface, laughing breathless, under a Sydney, how could you forgive me-

street-lamp, and more than a block how could you ever look at me again, ahead of Mr. Alken and Miss Crumm. If I have made you suffer—like this?

"Yes, dear," he said, tenderly, "I from this time, instead of putting the glad you have, at last, some pity to ladles in the street car at Twenty- give me." "Oh, but you do not need any more.

e "Oh, hush!" Sydney interrupted, some chore or another for me to do. D.dn't you see I was absorbed in my reading?" It was a wretched night; the rain my love if you think it could change

> "And do you love me this minute, now-as you did then?"
> "Always-always!"

two in the same spot. But the letter was folded and put away, as such letters and such poor and broken hopes are being folded and put away all over the world to-day and every day, and Sydney went about his business astonished and miserable at the heavy weight of his disappointment.

"But if I should tell you that I had thrown my heart away, unasked, unsought—oh, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise to be your wife—ah, so hopelessly, so vainly, and if I should say to you, 'Will you take my promise t weight of his disappointment.

But the days and years went on; Sydney sat at his desk and made money, and Marie sang in her church and gave and Marie sang in her church and gave.

But the days and years went on; Sydney sat at his desk and made money, and Marie sang in her church and gave.

But the days and years went on; Sydney sat at his desk and made money, and Marie sang in her church and gave.

But the days and years went on; Sydney sat at his desk and made money, and Marie sang in her church and gave.

But the days and years went on; Sydney sat at his desk and made money, and Marie sang in her church and gave.

But they would ever walk together—the last time of many, many times. So could not afford to shorten these few sad not afford to shorten the shorten th "I hands shall never be soiled by menial the."

your darned coal. Give me my book," if you wish it, we can be engaged. You At first few words were spoken be- must stay near me, Sydney, and be

on the other, nor even the organist, always—to me, a stranger; I shall often Sydney answered; smiling down at the the younger boy that of the son, with

said, in a kind of triumphant tone:

other poor people,"

this paragon. It was Wetzel here and Wetzel there—"

METROPOLITAN SCENES. Glimpses of Loafing Lafe Revealed in New York Strets.

In a street in Boston, through which I pass daily some old buildings were recently torn down. A plank causeway was built over the sidewalk while the cellar was being excavated. Foul weather or fair this bridge would be packed with idlers until one had often to take the other side of the way in de spair of forcing a passage. There was nothing to be seen at best but a lot of "Who?-young Wetzel? Why, where Irishmen and Italians digging dirt and on earth, how on earth, did you come weary cart-horses hauling it away. In wet weather the work was suspended. "He sang with me for nearly three "I didn't!" she said, miserably

But in the wettest weather, when the rain was pouring in pailfuls, the bridge would still have its unresting force collected, in a triple rank of wide-eyed stupidity, immersed in the absorbing employment of looking at some muddy puddles down in a pit. One streaming morning, when the icy rain was freezing as it fell, I asked a man whose overcoat had been turned into a sheet of mail by the congealing downpour, what he was looking at so earnestly He replied, in a hoarse and awful tone

'They're diggin' a sullar.' "Well," said I, "what if they are?"
"It's too wet for 'em to work," he "No, no, no!" she returned, vehe-nently. "He never thought—he never esponded irrelevantly, but solemnly, It was not too wet for him to remain on guard over the deserted digging, though, and I left him, one of many "No one could die comfortwho were gradually stiffening into icy petrifaction for the pleasure of doing nothing, or not being called upon to

think while they were doing it. "How contemptible I am!" she said slowly, with bitter emphasis, "How I I have a friend of the clubs-as mad wag as ever lived when the humor of his before-dinner absinthe is upon him. To turn away from a noble, generous We were crossing a public square, one balmy evening last Spring; 6 o'clock woman might be honored in accepting. had just been screeched at us by every factory whistle within hearing, and the sidewalks were aswarm. "I'm being praised, it seems," said

"I'll lay you the dinners," said my farceur, "that I can create a riot here nside of five minutes." And look here, Marie, I'm glad you did make such an awfully foolish mistake, He stopped at the public drinking ountain, and took up the tin-cup that was chained to it. The passers-by started a little to see so elegant a gentleman stop to drink at a commo

"Oh, do you really think so, Sydfount of cheap refreshment. Several halted, after going on a few paces, to look back. He filled the cup deliber ately. The walt ng several had become "James, dear, will you bring me up a score. He raised the cup slowly toward his ligs. The score grew to fifty. Sudden'y he dashed the water into the basin and filled the cup again,

said James, with a black frown, as he only to empty it unfouched. By this put down his book and rose up from time we were encircled by so many peo-I could hear such observations and in-"Yes," he snapped. "As soon as quiries all around us as:

'He'll drink it this time. "Bet you the drinks he don't." "Must be dirty," "What is it'?" "Maybe the cup leaks," "Yes, and tell everybody, your "He must be some crank."

"What ails him, anyhow?" mother especially, that you have to "Maybe common water isn't good carry your own coal up from the cellar. enough for him." No, I'll do it. Let me mark my There were also addressed to him. So he marked the place in the book through this running fire of comment,

the winds of heaven shall not visit pose, "Tell the waiter to open another bot-

tasks, your wish shall be my law, your happiness.—" This sally, which proceeded from a young man in cross-barred trausers, Just then he reappeared, and dump- with a very large and massive cane, hailed with such applause that a park policeman found himself called upon to interfere, whereupon my friend hurled the cup into the basin with an expression of the face ind cative of great dis-

Lucy Crumm, who was her bosom friend, guessed that anything unusual had happened.

It geame about in this very commonplace way. Old Brande, the regular tenor, was absent, for the first time in bearsal. The rober had assembled, and stood about, waiting and wondering, and conferring on Mr. Brande's position apart from all other tenors on percord by the genuine surprise at his

Always—to me, a stranger; I shall often think of your lovely voice when I am think place and of the gearnest, pale face. "You were obliged to met understand."

Fate did know what she was about, as she usually does, if mads finite could have happened.

Fate did know what she was about, as she usually does, if mads finite could have hap a single cod. Were the 60,000,000 cod taken on the coast of Newf undland left to breed, the 30,000,000 females producing 5,000,000 eggs every year, it

have some business to do—I will say good night and good-bye. I hope you may have a pleasant journey."

"But surely not! I cannot leave you "Glad?" repeated Marie, solemnly.

"But surely not! I cannot leave you "Glad?" repeated Marie, solemnly. may have a pleasant journey."

"But surely not! I cannot leave you in this storm. Let me escort you where on the will be sure to victimize of ascent, and the artist got his pairon."

The Verry Essence of the World, arily removed to the seventh floor."

The customer did not mind suffering more after he had reached that period of ascent, and the artist got his pairon. of ascent, and the artist got his patron. ion and social life, as they generally

A RACE FOR LIFE. Chased by Indians Through the Rapids.

When I went into the Indian Territory, in 1818, I lived with an old acquaintance by the name of Green, who had settled on Manson's River. Green had a wife and one of the most interesting little six-year-old girls I ever met, and they treated me just like one

of the family. At that time the Indians were al around us, and one day we received the alarming news that a gang was on the rampage, and having massacred several families up the river, were coming down in a cance to serve us in the same manner.

We made up our minds that the only way to escape was by water, and fifteen minutes after receiving the alarm the four of us, in a light canoe, were speed ing down the stream. We had scarcely shoved off when a wild whoop struck our ears, and turning we saw the Indisn canoe in sight. They had discovered us and determined that we ould not elude them. of voice, nodding at the pit the while

I never saw Green use the oar with such skill. He had seen enough of Indians to understand that it was now a case of life and death, and with his wife and only child depending upon his exertions, it need not be said that every particle of strength and skill that he possessed were needed and put into Every moment or two the Indians

uttered one of their frightful yells-so frightful, indehd, that the little girl began crying through terror. Despite the utmost exertions of Green, the savages gained steadily upon

us, a fact which was as apparent to hem as to us, and which their repeated vells were intended to signalize When we embarked in our canoe I don't think either of us thought of the rapids below. We started in such haste that we had little time to think of anything except as to how we could get away as speedily as possible. But when the roar began to rise in our ears my friend looked inquiringly at me. I

"The best thing that could be for I offered to take the paddle severa times, but he was not willing. The changing of places would involve a moment or two of delay, and there was no time for that. However, as we approached the rapids. I could see that he was a little uneasy, and he made no objection to my taking the paddle in

Our hopes now centered upon the inability of our enemies to guide their no question but that the Indians could manage their canoe with a skill equal, controlled ours; but in going through skilful of their number, as many of them were hidden.

Before I attempted to shoot these rapids I had spent several hours in sur-

ening, the mist filled the air and the sight of the plunging, lashing waters was so appalling that Mrs. Green covsight, and the father was compelled to grasp his shricking little girl, who was and handed in her advertisement.

fairly wild at the sight.

The cance danced and spun around ing the hod on the floor, said: "There's which he carried like a yardstick, was like an egg-shell, and the blinding mist so surrounded us that more than once I feared it was all over with us; but I guided the canoe with all the coolness the day passed wearily, and nothing I could summon and, thanks to Proyi. was heard of Mr. Jenkins. could summon and, thanks to Providence, we shortly reached the comparatively calmer water below. "Yes; it's too late to retreat."

The Indian cance was at this time close on to the rapids, and anxiously watching their movements I saw the occupants stop using the paddles, while seemed always downcast and un- heard. He was searched for without one of their number took his position in the stere.

"That looks as though he understood it," I remarked, as I ceased paddling, and we all gazed back at them. So it proved. The savage soon deconstrated that he had been through the channel before. He followed precisely the course I had taken, and day, however, he bethought him of it, bad seen the deed of blood. which was the only one offered the

least chance of safety.
"There is only one who can bring them through," I added, "and he wont be there long!" I held my rifle until sure of my air. and then fired. The Indian who held the guiding our uttered a shriek that

rapids, and springing several feet in the air, disappeared in the foaming abyss of waters. The cance, left without a controlling power, was seen to spin around as if taken. in the maelstrom, and then, striking a fragment of projecting rock, was shattered to fragments, the Indians strug-

gling frantically for life. I reloaded my gun as quickly as possible, and Green and I managed to send a bullet through a couple of the shaven crowns, which were tossed hither and thither like corks. The others needed no such treatment. They were so mangled by the furious waters that when they floated out of their grasp not a particle of life remained.

the nearest neighbor's, where we remained several days, when we returned been disturbed in the least during our

Never Too Late, or, An Old Maid's Wooing.

Miss Simpkins had fallen in love with her lodger, there was no use de-nying it. She was no longer young, —The Czar of Rus but there were times when she dear old soul, that a man in the house would be a great protection,

Mr. Jenkins was a ret red leather merchant just turned fifty. A fine- London against extravagance in funlooking man and one who wore such an artistic wig that you would never have imagined but that it really belonged to his head. He, too, felt a growing love for Miss Simpkins, and ne day he came straight to the point, 'It has struck me," he said, "that a person of your charms never married,

Were you ever in love?" "No, never," she answered; then uddenly correcting herself, "That is, I mean-I think"-

"Don't say that," said Jeremiah, burn in the 17th century. who, by several dexterous and mysterious twists, had managed to draw his chair alongside that of Miss Simp- affluent circumstances, kins-"don't say that. Is there not one person you could find a warm daughter sometimes sing to the inplace in your heart for?"

"Ye-es-no, no, I mean!" plied, in confusion.

But too late. In less than a mo- Washington's birthday, 1847. ment she was in the embrace of her ardent lover.

At first she resisted. "How dare you, Mr. Jenkins?" she in 161 days.

her arms to place them around Jerry's pany in London. The mine is said to But-oh, resistless fate!-instead of

placing her arms around his neck her singers grazed his ears and touched the spring of the inimitable wig. The next moment her lover had New York post office. dashed madly from the room overcome by the fact that his lady love should whose feet measure 15 inches in length. have discovered his unfortunate scarcity of hair. Miss Simpkins weight over 270 pounds.

fainted brook Villa, fifty miles away, over-come with shame. He was really in —In the State of Chio, which hes love with the little old maid and he between that river and Lake Erm, we now believed she would never forgive learn that the population aiready ex-

Miss Simpkins, dear soul, soon re- weekly newspapers. covered, and thought only of finding her lover and making it all up again. The servant announced to her in anawer to an inquiry, that Mr. Jenkins cart by an able-bodied attendant. She had disappeared from the house, bag | weighs 410 pounds, and otherwise is in

and baggage, When Miss Simpkins heard this news years found solace in tears. She had which Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." This is not a very large sum, but it as happiness, when it was rudely dashed

But the grief outwardly quickly van-

Her mind was now bent upon rethis dangerous place there were perils which might easily shipwreck the most a plan which seemed most likely to succeed. It was this: She knew Mr.

Jenkins was a politician and was in
the habit of reading the Times. Now

Miss Simplement of the planted on wedding days
are the pine and weeping willow. On
natal days the suggestive birch tree is
selected. Miss Simpkins distinctly remembered my salvation in the exploit afterward performed.

I steered straight for the rapids. As I steered straight for the rapids. As we neared them the roar became deaf-

Miss Simpkin's plan was to advertise for his (Mr. Jenkin's) return in its ancestral halls. the manner stated. Without hesitaered her face to shut out the dreadful ting or losing any time Miss Martha went direct to the office of the Times

is print. How anxiously she waited for some so covered us and the foaming waters kind of answer! She expected every moment to see a telegram saying be was on his way to rejoin her. But no;

'slie seemed quite an altered person since her lodger left." As for Mr. Jenkins, despite the and he was slowly starving. good-natured efforts of his friends, he

happy. "Whatever is the matter with you, Jerry?" Harry would ask, "Can you not confide in me, your oldest friend?" But Mr, Jenkins would only shake In his anxiety he had entirely for- At last they were traced to a mocking

and at once dispatched a servant to buy one. Listlessly he turned the pages over till presently he found himself glancing at the front columns.

Suddenly he gave a convulsive start. "Read that paragraph aloud," he the guiding our uttered a shriek that sounded far above the roar of the that I am not mad!" Wonderingly Harry took up the paper and read:

DEAR J .-- H: Return at once to your afflicted Martha. No offence "Harry," said Mr. Jenkins, after a pause, "you have learnt my secret." In a pretty cottage, situated upon the estate of Harry Dakins, dwells an

"as happy as the day is long."

honest, genial couple—Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. They are loved and re-spected by all who know them and are

One of the sensible customs that the Anglomaniac is to be credited with in- following account of the parentage of troducing is that of turning up the the child: "About a year ago Rosi bottoms of the trousers in stormy and muddy weather, which is now becoming advertised for a wife. Venue Raffel conspicuously general, whereas formerly only a few independent pedestrians slightly rolled up the rear side,
and thereby spoiled the set of the
spring. The English style of rolling up
the trousers all round, above the box.

Second Candid Miss-I don't; he "And didn't be do it?"

' No; he let me get away from him."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-There are not more than 150,000

-The Czar of Russia is building a eastle near Kasha in Finland -Mr. Coates, the owner of the cutter Marjor e has bought the Thistle. -A strong effort is being made in

-Vermont in 1809 supported seven

paper mills, a copperas mine, and a marble factory. -John McCullough's widow, who ecently died at Philadelphia, left an estate valued at \$50000. -The Republic of Switzerland elects

a President every year, -The term Derrick is an abbrevia. tion of Theodoric, a hangman at Ty-

-Theodore Tilton is living in a remote quarter of Paris in by no means -The Princess of Wales and her

mates of London hospitals. -The battle of Buena Vista was ought and won by General Taylor on -The party which conducted the

Miandan chief to his nation has returned. The journey was performed -The "Great She" is the name of But in another instant she had raised the latest gold mine speculative com

be in South Africa -During 1887 eleven and one-half tons of postage stamps—nearly 170,-900,000 in number—were sold at the

-Japan has a twelve year-old girl

-A Greek named Dimitrius Antippa Poor Jenkins had sought consolation lately died at Constantinople at the with his friend Harry Dakins, at May- age of 115. He knew Robespaerre,

ceeds 200,500. It has 4 banks and 13 -There is a woman living at Hanulbal, Mo, who is so heavy that she can't walk, and is wheeled about in a

-Her Majesty the Queen of Engshe went up to her room and wept. land has subscribed \$200 toward the Yes, the old maid who had not cried in fund for the purchase of the cottage in four times as much as Milton received

ished; of the grief inwardly we deal not Switzerland which compels every shortly after the ceremony. ordered to be planted on wedding days

-The King of Bayaria has moved out and William Vanderbilt has available palses property in Europe

and royaltry will have to pay lodging -Eight sportsmen shot over the preserved ground of Lord Mansfield at Scone, Perthshire, recently, when the and handed in her advertisement.

The second morning after it appeared game fell to their gams. Or that number 1,100 were pheasants. One of the party used three guns, which were kept oaded by two keepers, and at one spot

300 pheasants lying around him. -A Hungarian miner who was reforever the idea of her seeing him again, and her friends remarked that seemed quite an altered day but ate only black broading \$1 a when the physician began to treat him,

-A Kaffir vanished, and groans were result, but on the following night groans were still heard. The search continued, and the man was found anurdered. His murderer was arrested inued, to the dismay of their auditors.

-The craze for Japanese bric a-brace seld American collectors is the growth of a little over thirty years. When Commodore Perry returned to Washngton from Mikado land, about 1854, e brought the first J panese curios ver seen here. Among them were two large lacquered bowls, with covers, one of which was bought by Edward Everett. Lacquered ware was creatly admired, and it was declared that the Japanese had made wood mal-

 A queer custom prevails among the Indians of the Kuskowim country. It seems that if a native woman agreeable to a change of husbands, the question of her possession is decided y a wrestling match between the two wals, in which the victor carries off he woman. The varquished combatant does not appear to entertain the slightest feeling of anger or resentment against his more successful opponent -A physician in sending a certificate of birth to the health office gave the

stations in Europe—one, the highest, at 10,185 feet, on the Sonublick, in the Salzburg Alps and the next highest on the Pic du Midi, 9,378 feet. On these two elevations snow, in most

in his hand, like one sure of his ground.

on the open book, and Miss Crumm's

was observing, leaning on Miss Pirot's opera after the second act, and having went away last Wednesday morning—arm, as they came down the choir-buttoned his long rubber coat to the the day after I met you in the rain." The strange white solitude of peace that Dear me, I grudge to let him go! Don't of her umbrella had shown him her

"Yes."

not ask him point blank, but I said to | world brings you into this region?" him, jokingly, that if he intended to no wife to hold him back; and he said, searchingly at her half-averted face. 'Yes, it was lucky.' Oh, he must be

Marie sighed, but said nothing. She I think I really did not know where I with a dream, a fancy! Could I have was 28, with a heart that had just was going. I only wanted to walk. learned to throb like the heart of 18. Did you ever have that feeling. Syd-less love him, if I had known what I often turned by a feather, and this pro- quiet?" position was very forcibly demonstrated little choir-group came into the street have not had. You ought to know together. She was walking with Lucy | that, my dear." Crumm, as usual, and behind them, arm in-arm, came the bass and tenor night and gone off in the opposite direction with her little brother); Miss Pirot was listening with her ears to the long sigh. voice beside her, and with her soul to found it yet." the voice behind her, when suddenly "Oh, Sydney," she said, passionate-away on the wings of the wind went ly, with a wild burst of tears, "Sydney,

slacken her pace, however, and as a his arm.

But at last, when the keynote of far from her horizon as it it were twenty years away. But all the truth farle's destiny was struck, and its far from her horizon as it it were twenty years away. But all the truth it is sure to come!"

"But think—oh, Fate is strange!— builets from some of the cartridges. Recently the boys undertook to repro-threats against some person or persons. Marie's destiny was struck, and its came back on her like a shock when

The Story of William Tell. The old story of William Tell, his gust and loathing, and shoved his way She had hosts of male friends, quite an array of admirers, and always one or two ardent lovers who were much in the same case as Sydney himself—for it would seem even to the most interested observer that Miss Pirot's being, musical and harmonious as it was, had never yet responded to the master-chord of all—the chord of all—the duce the ancient Swiss drama, Sum- unknown, "Fate knows what she is about," ner took the part of William Tell and

They were driving through the park the neck. The wound was serious, 45,000,000 eggs each season, and that he self-unit of the park the neck. The wound was serious, 8,000,000 have been found in the rec of dent fashson on his broad white collar. He spoke with a foreign accent, in a high musical voice, addressing Mass Pirot, who happened to be nearest to him, as he approached the organ, as he approached the point of his disappointments in the said, if a sum of the special collar, and the special collar On the Seventh Floor. "Mr. Brandt has sent me to sing—
he is too much ill for this night, and also for Sunday, be thinks. But if it is pleasing, I sing his part for all."

Miss Pirot only bowed and smiled, but did not speak. There was good reason for her silence. She had fallen in love with this young man, of whose existence she had been aware three existence she had been aware three existence she had been aware three sciences of had, for the moment, mislaid her youce.

"Mr. Brandt has sent me to sing—
he is too much ill for this night, and falson for the last moment in the found of the past—of his plans and visions for the past—of his plans and visions for the fallow, on the past—of his plans and visions for the past—of his didn't,"

"Come to think of it, I didn't,"

"Scale and past—of his disappointments in the past—of his plans and visions for the past—of his disappointments in the past—of his plans and visions for the past—of his plans and visions for the past—of his plans and visions for the past—of his disappointments in the could not induce the public to come so high, he put up a placard on the base—of his disappointments in the could not induce the public to come so high, he put up a placard on the base.

The final past of herrings could be death moment, was failed in the destruc

score of the quartette; "but so very sorry to hear Mr. Brande by iil. Nothing serious, I hope? We were just wondering how we should manage. You read, I suppose? Mr. Alken, will you please hand—thanks. We included to rehearse the quartette. All salong here is Mr. Brande's part—the bene's but, of course, you understand?"

"Ob, yes—yes."

"Ob, wish to go—so dark, and such a offer the Chestout Beil. Nothing the property said Sydney, or certainly. "Of course he will, for turns out that he is a regular condition and a gillings of "the latest" substitute for the Chestout Beil.

A Philadelphia reporter by accident beneated to look after the spring. The English type of turns out that he is a regular condition and a gillings of "the latest" substitute for the Chestout Beil.

A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition and a gillings of "the latest" substitute for the Chestout Beil.

A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition and a gillings of "the latest" substitute for the Chestout Beil.

A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition and social life, as they generally exist, are all animated with this same of the rows the substitute for the Chestout Beil.

A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition. A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition. A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition. A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition. A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition. A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition. A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition. A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a regular condition. A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out the feather turns out that he is a regular condition. A Philadelphia reporter by accident turns out that he is a

arm with both her hands.

The you will be always happy. Good-bye, Gustave."

But Marie had wrenched her hand was gone, a dark hurry-ing shape, down the lighted, raining shape, down the lighted, rain

she said, abruptly.

She said, abruptly.

Good-bye, Miss Pirot, if it must be condition in the said abruptly infatuated with this paragon. It was Wetzel here and looking necktie worn by one of them selves in the right; they play a game to opened, when much interest and amuse-tried to kiss me last night. Vetzel there—"
"What!" Marie grasped Sydney's thus cover a card upon which is insecure their comfort; they pray to God and tiny souvenirs found within.

seribed: "You tell it nice" or any other to ease their conscience; and, from first Many artistic souvenirs can be pre-