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Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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A CONTAGIOUS form of sore throat has broken out among the Mexican children of Bernalillo county, N. M., and is said that 200 deaths have occured in the past few weeks. In some villages it rages to an alarming extent. Only a few deaths have occurred in American families.

A COMMITTEE of Berlin ladies recently presented the Empress Victoria Augusta with a white silk apron, on which the names of the Empress's five young sons were worked. The Empress, in acknowledging the gift, said that she was honored by the present, for an apron was always the symbol of the true German housewife. And then, putting the apron on, she said very simply, "My husband desires me always to wear an apron; he says it looks more homely."

DECISIONS are sometimes arrived at without the coroner,s services, even when doctors differ. At a medical society meeting in Springfield, Mass., recently one member's assertion, in the course of an essay on diphtheria, that he had not lost a case of that disease in 12 years was controverted by another doctor. The City Clerks's records, showing a number of deaths from diphtheria certified this year by the essayist, were quoted against him and he withdrew from the society.

This celebrated Woodbridge oak, seven miles from Hartford, Conn., which was supposed to be more than 1200 years old, has been cut down on account of its decayed condition. It could be seen for miles around, as it stood on high ground, and was 27 feet in circumference. In 1882 the Quinnipiac Oak Tree Association was formed, and in October of that year a celebration was held under the branches of the tree. About 1500 people participated, and Yale College professors and other prominent men made speeches.

THE Medical Record is not so sure that cheap quinine is such an unalloyed blessing. It has come about that nearly every family now has its quinine bottle; that it is sold in any general store, and that the doctor rarely meets an invalid who has not been thoroughly dosed with quinine. The drug, when taken continuously or excessively, is an injurious one; and its therapeutic value is greatly exaggerated in the popular mind. The value of quinine in "colds," bronchitis, ephemeral fevers, anorexia, general malaise, and various other minor ills, the editor thinks, is most problematical.

THE safety of Stanley and Emin Bey is not rendered certain by the despatches which come from the opposite sides of the African Continent, but it is rendered extremely probable. The news from Zanzibar agrees closely with the news from Port Thomas, as there would have been time for Stanley to return to Wadelai, reach the Congo again and send word down the river since August 28, when he was at a point about midway between Wadelai and his point of departure from the Congo. The growing belief that Osman Digma was lying will be converted into conviction if this news is confirmed, and, in spite of its circumstantial character, it needs confirmation.

A LITTLE volume has just been issued in Paris, written by Dr. Paul Loye, in which the question of death by decapitation is discussed at length scientifically. Dr. Loye's experiments have been conducted chiefly at the expense of dogs, of which he has beheaded a great number. He has noted with great exactness all motions of the eyes, tongue, lips, ears, and jaws of the animals during the first few seconds after the severance of their heads from their bodies, and has reached the conclusion that in every case death was absolutely painless. He will publish hereafter the results of similar experiments in the case of human belngs.

SELF-RESPECT ought to be counted precious by every person. No man ought to forfeit his self-respect out of regard to any human being. But let a man beware lest he confound self-respect with self-esteem. A man may refuse to do right at the request of another simply because by changing his course he would practically admit that his opinion had been wrong on the subject up to this time. Many a man makes a mistake at this point. It is better to mortify one's self-esteem than to maintain it at the cost of continuing in a wrong course. True self-respect would prompt us to avoid being controlled by our self-esteem; and it is often the case that another man's judgment as to the dictates of our self-respect is better than our own.

SHORT DAYS AND SHORTER ONES.—While December 21st is, by a sort of common consent, reckoned "the shortest day" in the year—that is, between sun up and sun down—it is not so in strict fact. The 22d was precisely the same in shortness, for while sunset was one minute later on that day, sunrise was also a minute later, leaving things even at the close. But on the 23d there was a set-back, for, while the sun sets on that day one minute later than on the 21st, sunrise was two minutes later, leaving the 23d the champion short day by one minute. After the 23d there was a sort of wobble for several days until about the 26th or 26th, when the process of lengthening the days really begins, leaving the sunlight hours at the close of the year (December 30th) about two minutes longer than on the 21st.

Love doth seldom suffer itself to be confined by other matches than those of its own making.

Santa Claus's Message.

A little maid with locks of gold,
And eyes of heaven's own blue,
I spied as on one evening cold
The town I wandered through!

I said unto myself, What prize
Upon this maid bestow,
That I may see the merry eyes
Lit up with simple glow?

I'll send her gifts both rich and rare,
From friends I'll greeting bring,
And all these tokens of my care
With love and joy shall ring!

And so when Willie breaks the toy
Her heart was set upon,
She will not say, "You horrid boy"—
But "I'll have another one.

"And Santa Claus will bring some, too,
For Willie—then I know
He will not (as I've seen him do)
Treat my own playthings so!

"For oh! those baby fingers' grasp
Has often made me cry,
As from his eager little clasp
In vain to wrest I'd try.

He breaks my dolls, dear 'Santa,' see—
He tears my books, and now,
I cannot keep my toys or be
Apart, without a row!"

Ah, little maid, your griefs are deep,
Your little heart is tired;
But soon upon the roof-tree steep
Old Santa Claus will ride!

And down the chimney wide he'll spring
And to your stocking steal,
Till, when you see the gifts he'll bring,
Your wounds will quickly heal!

So, little maid with golden hair
And eyes of heaven's own blue,
I send you now a Christmas fair,
And now a greeting true!

THE GRESHAM-ST. TRAGEDY.

Gresham street was not a big thoroughfare. It was a new street in a suburb of London. I had taken two rooms there. There were two other sets of lodgers in the house, and the rooms I had taken, though quite ample in price, were not the most important set. The house was a double one, with a door and staircase in the middle, and, therefore, owning a capability for exclusiveness.

The Johnsons, the owners, had their quarters on one side, and my drawing-room and bed-room were on that side likewise. The main part of the other side was "to let" when I established myself in Gresham Street. For a week I was a good deal in my rooms, for I have a lot of knick-knacks and artistic belongings which no one can arrange but myself. I thought very little about my neighbors.

One breezy September day I was setting forth after my breakfast for a day at the Museum. The street door was open, and Mrs. Johnson was in the doorway of the to-be-let dining-room.

A char-woman was behind her, with her arms full of mats and rugs.

'May I congratulate you, Mrs. Johnson, upon your letting the remainder of the house?' I said.

'Yes, Miss Spender, you may. It was a venture, taking this large house, but I told Johnson he must risk it. We must forward the children, and he earns no more than he did ten years ago."

There was no disorder visible in the hall or on the staircase when I returned. It was dark then, but the gas was alight, and the house looked cheery and bright. I felt a pleasant feeling, somewhat akin to what one must feel at a housewarming, I should say. It was a full house. I was to see the new-comers at once. As I went up to my room a gray-haired man was coming down. His arms were full of books. Evidently unpacking was going on in the bed-rooms—the unpacking of personal treasure. Bookish people would be pleasant companions for us.

He was a thin man. I bowed. He returned my bow in a courteous manner, and he smiled, as one might say, in a deprecatory fashion. 'A sensitive man,' I thought; 'looks worn, too.'

After ridding myself of the dust of the day, and going along the passage to my sitting-room, I met some one else—a beautiful girl—a girl with radiant eyes, and red gold hair crowning her head like a picture of Romney's.'

'I don't care,' I heard her say. 'Am I to be forever ordered about like a baby—like a stranger, too?'

'To let us arrange ourselves in peace, Phyllis,' came in another voice—a voice that a musician might say struck the same note, but one was harmony, the other discord. 'Wait till to-morrow, and then the drawing-room will be sure to look bare, and your St. Cecilia and the piles of photographs will be wanted.'

'I know that. But why should she not acknowledge that I can see what the hideous bare place wants? We have not a quarter enough of things to civilize the room. Does she think her old work-table and her knitting have any filling capacities?'

I made my tread as loud as I could, and the speaker I did not see must have seen me. Phyllis was drawn within a doorway, and as I passed I heard this: 'Only the other lodger. What do I care! She'll hear squabbles enough so long as my lady and I are here together.'

'Do consider appearances a little, Phyllis,' came in that sweet voice—so sweet, but low and strong, too.

'Brother! There'd be no squabbles if she were not here. I wish she was dead—I do!'

'Phyllis!'

'Yes, I do. I wish she was dead!'

Here I shut my door with decision, for I would have the new-comers understand, from the first, that I held myself wholly above any complication with the other residents of the house. I rang my bell to show I was ready, and, by custom, dinner was served at once. The eldest daughter, Milly Johnson, was my waitress that night.

'The house is full now!' I said. 'I met an old gentlemen going down stairs, and I have just caught a glimpse of a fair-haired young lady.'

'The carroty-haired one, Miss Spender? She's a vixen! Such a row as I heard between her and her mother! Not that she's her mother at all, Miss Spender; for the other young lady told me she was their stepmother. Three years they've had of it.'

'Indeed! She said that?' How could I believe that the voice had used such a form of speech?

'Law, Miss Spender! Not those words; but I must speak my own way. She—Miss Dallas—will turn out to be the one that holds that family together. Mark my words! Mother thinks so too. They're Londoners. Come down—lost money through some lawyer scamp—the references told us that. He don't look fit to hold his own! And Mrs. Dallas—the young lady calls her 'my lady'—is too meek. They are all living on her money, and why she stands that girl I cannot see.'

It was midnight when I closed my book, and, candle in hand, went along the landing to my own room. There was quiet in the girl's room which was a small one, built out at the back and wedged between mine and the one corresponding on the opposite side of the landing. This last Mr. and Mrs. Dallas had.

Like myself, the new tenants had left their drawing-room door open. I could not help seeing the bare lodging house furniture, and smiled to myself as I saw a spindle-legged Chippindale work-table with skeins of wool and knitting-needles upon it.

'Miss Phyllis,' thought I, 'that table is a treasure.'

The bed-room door was likewise ajar, and the flare of gas sent a stream of light over the darkened stairway. Into it there came gliding a tall lady, wearing a lace cap and a black stuff dress. She moved gently, as if she wished to disturb no one. Her arms held long, blue paper packets—I remember my mother used to extract knitting-yarns from some similar packets in days ago—and she went into the dark drawing-room, and to where the Chippendale table was, seeming to put her packages thereon.

Then she glided back, stroking her gray hair softly, and—I was unaware she had noticed me, and I was in the act of closing my door—said in a whisper, but pointedly, to me: 'Good night; we are late.'

'Good night,' I answered, stopping in the closing of my door until she had closed hers. She did it noiselessly. She seemed a woman accustomed to efface herself. I could not easily get to sleep that night. When I awoke I thought I was in the country and the birds were singing. What nonsense! I was in the lodging in Gresham street, and some one—Phyllis, of course—was running down to breakfast singing.

In the morning I saw Phyllis passing my door with her St. Cecilia in her arms, and instinct prepared for a consequent sound of quarrelling. It came. The girl's action was the precursor of more violent sounds than I ever supposed could be heard in any domestic circle. The noise lasted all the morning.

Weeks rolled on. I was pleased with the Dallas family. The two girls were devoted to each other and to their father, but neither loved Mrs. Dallas. 'My lady' and Phyllis openly quarreled. I did not know how Kate managed. I know she did not loudly quarrel, for I never heard her voice—never heard it in rude wrangle. It scolded Phyllis in their bed-room, but those scoldings were entreaties and prayerful reproofs; it read crabbed Latin to her father; it sang soft melodies in the dusk, and did contralto background for Phyllis' gay operatic duets, yet I never heard it quarrel.

It was the end of October. Visitors had come to see them; clearly, fortune had frowned upon Dallas in monetary matters, she had not done so in his friendships. Men of note came to see him; but among bookish folk there exists a strong camaraderie, which is wholly superior to such tests as a banker's balance.

Young folks come to see the girls; one of them was a lover for Phyllis. He was not a desirable lover. Not because he was merely a clerk, but because he drank. Whether Dallas knew it or not, I could not be sure, but the loudest quarrel of all was on one evening Dallas had appointed to spend in my rooms. There was a slight excitement in his manner as he entered, and naturally I credited the quarrel with this.

Perhaps he divined my thought, for he said, with his low voice rather raised: 'Do you not see how I shake? An event has come to us,' and, as he talked, the excitement dropped from his tones. "A lover! Actually a lover for Phyllis! That child! Of course they will not hear reason, and they are engaged. Phyllis engaged! You know James Bruce—you have seen him?'

'Yes,' I said. James Bruce! Poor Phyllis! No doubt she knew; no doubt she was like every woman, idealizing about self-sacrifice, and being the savior of the young sot; no doubt she would fall—all do.

After this there were two days of heavenly silence. Phyllis went out with her lover, and the lover spent the evening with them all. There was singing—charming singing—Bruce had a splendid tenor voice, and might have done well on the stage.

Mrs. Dallas, who was subject to chronic neuralgia, had a more acute attack than she had ever had before. The poor woman's groans reached me in my rooms. I was heartily sorry for her. I could hear how she tried to silence herself. The agony must have been terrible that could elicit such groans from so meek and suppressed a lady. I met Kate as she passed from her nursing, and asked if they had not sent for a doctor.

'No,' the girl said bravely. 'Mamma often has these attacks—not so acute, but still of the same nature. She has her remedies that she has had for years, but she will not use the extreme ones until she feels she cannot endure it any longer. She must be very strong. She never complains.

A doctor came the next morning, and under his treatment the attack passed off. For some weeks Mrs. Dallas was about as usual, and, as usual, the quarreling went on, too. Then she had another and worse attack. It was the beginning of December. Having dined out one night, I was not home till late. Good news awaited me. Milly Johnson, opening the door to me, said that Mrs. Dallas had been quieter ever since 8 o'clock. They thought she would sleep soon.

The words were scarcely out of the girl's lips when a shriek rang through the house. A paroxysm of agony had attacked the poor lady. I heard her cry out, 'The stuff! the stuff! My old mixture—there, in the cup-board!'

Kate had flown down to the kitchen for boiling water; Dallas, poor man! stood and trembled; 'Phyllis was with her stepmother. 'This—Dr. Martin's?' I heard her ask.

'No!' came after a sharp cry. 'No; that's no good. My old stuff—the Clifton label on it,' she gasped. 'Dark—a small bottle.'

I could not bear to hear her. 'I shall go for Martin,' I said, promptly, 'and I shall bring him back with me.' It was a quarter of an hour before I and the doctor arrived. 'The physic has quieted her,' Mr. Johnson said.

There was a most strange, strong, bitter-sweet smell. It terrified me, and yet I was so utterly ignorant that for my life I could not have told what it was. Phyllis had given her stepmother laudanum instead of the brown mixture.

I shall never forget those next following hours. Mrs. Dallas was dead! Neither the husband nor the girl cried—they were wholly dazed.

Kate took her father down stairs, but he wandered up to me. She ordered Phyllis into her own room. It was the only time I heard Kate command angrily. She repeated her command more firmly. No answer; no sign. 'Do you not hear?' Kate said. 'You must go.'

I saw Phyllis then—she was, for the time, mad—utterly mad. She laughed. She was white—white as her dead stepmother. Kate's eyes then welled over with tears. Brushing them away, and choking down every inclination to sob, she looked at me. 'She must go,' she said.

'I have often said I wished she was dead,' Phyllis smiled, meaningless, at me. 'But fancy! A murder in these very secret lodgings in Gresham street!'

The right physic bottle was found to be so exactly the counterpart of the laudanum bottle, bearing the Clifton chemist's label, that in much haste and confusion no mistake was more likely than that which Phyllis had made. Her time of madness went, for blessed tears came to her; but she was no longer the gay, singing Phyllis she once was. A fearful terror weighed her down, and none could convince her that the suspicion of crime was not against her.

For weeks after poor Mrs. Dallas was laid in her grave Phyllis started at every knock or ring; she believed that the law officers must come to carry her off sooner or later. One friend and another invited her to stay with them, but she would not leave home. She went about in a listless, timid, dreamy state. There was nothing for her to do—If only some work could be found for her! Kate asked me if I could not find something for her to do.

Fancy my giving her my notes to copy—Phyllis over that work! I shuddered. Then, my cabinets wanted rearranging—that was as bad. She would confuse every thing. I was at my wits' end, for with all my heart I wished to do what I could for the girl.

Kate looked sad. 'If only you broke things sometimes! Phyllis has a genius for mending of-that sort,' she said.

'My dear child,' I cried, 'do not speak of such a catastrophe! I did once. It was the saucer belonging to this cup—real 'Rose du Barry.' I never recovered all the pieces, which is the reason I tilt it, as you see, in a corner. The cup is a gem—is it not?'

'Yes; very lovely—very delicate.' But Kate took the cup from my hands and gave it back so soon that I understood she was thinking not one jot about Rose du Barry china. 'She will not even see James Bruce,' were Kate's words.

I was so surprised at this that I set my treasured cup quickly down on its side, and looked straight into Kate's clear eyes. She knew by some intuition that I had a dislike to Bruce as Phyllis' lover. The cup rolled—fell—broke.

She was down on her knees—we were both down on our knees, and a great silence—a silence as of tragedy—was upon us. In time I felt this, and with ever my own feelings, I could not add to my noble Kate's trouble. I made as though it were nothing, and I did my best to laugh, and to ask if Phyllis could mend it for me.

Phyllis did mend it. She was two whole evenings at it, and on the second, seeing I had met James Bruce and learned something from him, I arranged that that young actor should come in, as it were, by haphazard. I had changed my opinion regarding Bruce.

Phyllis started when he came in, seemed to shrink, murmured something about 'finishing her work another time.' But still she was glad at heart to see him. Surely the sudden flush on her fair and pale cheeks and the light in her eyes said as much.

I put my hand on her golden head, and said: 'No, my dear. Stay.'

To tell the truth, Bruce and I had arranged a plot for that evening. During the past week he had had a part given him in one of the touring companies of a manager of comic opera. He was a cultured gentleman, and his voice was perfection—he would not fail. And he assured me that now he had found what his soul desired, he should have no—no temptation.

I understood. 'You mean it is no habit—that drinking?' I whispered. How I hated taxing him in this way! 'No inheritance, either?'

'Indeed—no! You saw the beginning—you have seen the end. I was mad with failure. I hated clerk's work—I seemed at the end of all things. No manager would hear me, and fancy Phyllis a clerk's wife, on a hundred and fifty pounds a year!'

I liked the fellow's ambition. 'Then you must take my advice,' I went on like a very Mentor. 'You must be open with Mr. Dallas; you may not conquer his scruples at once, but go openly on your touring, and come back, and—marry Phyllis, if you will.'

'I will do it, Miss Spender.'

So this visit was the outcome of our plot. Before he left that evening, Bruce went to see Mr. Dallas.

In less than a year Phyllis was married, and Dallas began to talk of moving. He and Kate might take a riverside cottage. What a life for a literary man! Away from his bookish comrades—away from the streets—the libraries!

Then the Johnsons talked of giving up the house. Two or three of the young people had got permanent work during that year, and Mrs. Johnson said 'that she and Johnson liked their old ways the best. The house was too big for them.'

It was not too big for us. On condition that Mr. Dallas and Kate lived with me, I consented to take the house. Kate has become my housekeeper, and I have plenty of space for my treasures. Of course I would not condemn my dear Kate to such a narrow life for ever——. One of my museum friends has a brother who will pretend he understands pottery! Kate will go one day.

Getting it Down Fine.

A curious paper by an English organist on "Melody in Speech" asserts that a cow moos in aperfect fifth of an octave or tenth; a dog barks in a fifth or fourth; a donkey brays in a perfect octave; a horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale. Each person has his fundamental key, in which he generally speaks, but which he often transposes in sympathy with other voices, or when he is excited. This is getting it down fine.

—Twenty millions of dollars will be returned to the States by the passage of the bill to refund the direct tax levied during the war. Pennsylvania's share is nearly $2,000,000.

TROUBLE GETTING A GOAT.

Bulling the Market to Sell at a Decline Without Dividends.

A well-known New York gentleman has recently had a thrilling experience of the ups and downs of the markets though he was not, as is his ordinary custom, having dealings with bulls and bears, but with another animal not so well-known on the street, namely the goat. He has a handsome country seat with all kinds of blooded stock, and did not contemplate adding a goat, however handsome and spirited, to his collection. But an inconsiderate physician directed goat's milk for his little boy who was delicate. The father called attention to his choice assortment of cows, but the physician was implacable; nothing would do but a goat.

The fond father started forth himself upon the quest for a desirable animal, penetrating to the remotest wilds of Harlem, where he felt sure the goat might be secured in his native purity. It was not difficult for him to obtain the address of a lady who was said by her neigbors to have a goat for sale. But when he found the lady herself his most flattering offers were rejected with scorn and contumely.

"An' is it to sell Nanny ye'd be afther axin' me?" inquired the lady with haughty disdain.

"Wud I sell Pat there and Mickey and little Norah?"

The gentleman meekly explained that he was not negotiating for a family, but his remarks were drowned in loud wails of woe from the three infants, who were much alarmed at their parent's rhetorical inquiry. He was hurriedly departing when the scornful lady unbent sufficiently to inform him that the Widdy O'Reilly, whose residence was just beyant, might be willin' to part with her goat.

It was with some trepidation that the would-be purchaser faced the Widdy O'Reilly. She shed many tears, but admitted that she had thought of parting with her Nanny for a consideration, but would have to have a week to consider the matter. When assured that time pressed, she politely but firmly referred him to Mrs. McGinnis. Much the same scene was enacted at the residence of Mrs. McGinnis, who did, however, consent to deliver over Nanny then and there, but for a consideration, so wildly exhorbitant that the purchaser felt sure it would be dear for the choicest specimen of Cashmere goat.

As he conducted his researches he found that the news of his quest, by some occult telegraphy, preceded him, and the price of goats rose rapidly. Animals that were before considered barely worthy their keep were now quoted at substantial sums, and animals of any value at all were held firmly by their owners for fancy prices. He was assured, in spite of the evidence of his eyesight, which discerned patriarchal flocks and herds of goats browsing on every common and crag, that the good goats were scarce, that it was a hard matter to get a good goat at any price. When he finally secured a decent looking animal it was only as a great favor and on payment in cash of $50, which he could not but feel was more than an equivalent.

Six months' trial of the goat strengthened this conviction. She immediately, perhaps knowing the price had been paid for her, assumed possession of the place. She strolled into the parlor, the library or the dining room, promenaded the piazza or reclined upon the steps, as the fancy seized her. When the servants attempted to dispossess her she invariably showed fight, and usually came out of the combat with victory perched upon her banners. When she finally butted the mistress of the house to the ledge of the piazza and rolled her down the steps, it was decided to sell her, especially as her milk did not benefit the child. But the price of goats was found to have rapidly gone down, and they were now quoted 'way below par. After vainly endeavoring to sell her at any price, her luckless owner was finally thankful to pay an Irish gentleman of his acquaintance $5 to remove her from the premises.

The Haunted Cabin.

My aunt spent a winter in Florida. She traveled in her private carriage, with quite a number of servants, and I went with her. A wagon followed us, loaded with a tent-cloth, provisions, and the negroes.

The former was stretched on moonlit nights, but in inclement weather we usually slept under a roof, if in that sparingly settled region it was possible to procure shelter.

I shall never forget those balmy nights in the wild Florida forests. Sambo's glorious camp fires, mounted almost to the tops of the shorter pines, and irradiated everything around. Hither and thither moved our dusky attendants, intent on laying our mattresses and cooking our suppers. As for me, I was on the lookout for flowers all day. I expected to see even the roadsides gay with acacia, cacti, jasmine and lilies, but was sadly disappointed. We often journied through long stretches of sand as bloomless as Sahara.

One day the weather threatened to become tempestuous. Clouds rolled up on dark grey wings of gloom, and threatened to deluge the peninsula.

Aunt Julia had a slight attack of asthma, and dreaded any exposure to a damp atmosphere. She began early inquiring for a roof under which we might spend the night, but not a human habitation of any description could be found for miles.

Suddenly we perceived the gaunt, ague-shaken figure of a "native" in the sandy road ahead of us. He was walking with the shambling gait peculiar to that class of people, and was closely followed by a rough little animal which I at first supposed to be a fierce dog, but afterward discovered was a tame coon. When we came up with him, Auntie accosted him in her usual polite manner, and asked if he would be kind enough to direct us to a place where we could get shelter for the fast darkening night.

"Wa-all," he replied, turning his tallowish face toward us, "I 'low ef thet's what ye're after, you've struck a bad streak o' luck. Nobuddy lives here much, caze the ager is so bad. Hits al er ten mile ter the Widder Sullivans, an' ye won't strike much of er place when ye git thar. My advice to ye, is ter camp."

"But I am sick," said my relative with an asthmatic wheeze, and must find a roof to shelter me from the storm. Isn't there an old out house or shed, that we might occupy?"

"Ther's an old cabin erbout three mile erhead where, perhaps, ye mought stay," he replied, as he scratched thoughtfully among his lank sunburnt locks, "but they say hit's full er haunts. An old Frenchman was killed thar onct and hid under the floor. Folks 'lows his sperit walks thar yo' nights yit, and I can't say how ye moight find things. The cabin's thar, ef ye've er mind ter try hit, and ef you're afeerd I will stay by the camp fire in front er hit, with your niggers. I 'low the old 'oman 'il git erlong well enough without me at home to-night."

"Thank you," said auntie, in a relieved voice; "drive on Josh, we'll try it."

We found the building "a tumble down affair," sure enough—a rough pile of poles, destitute of a fire place and with a loose, creaking floor. But we were thankful even for a leaky roof.

The "native" camped with the servants, although I could perceive my aunt would readily have dispensed with his services. But he helped the negroes about the trunks, and nailed a bench for us to sit upon, as we were in want of chairs. Hetty cooked a nice supper; and chicken, ham, and biscuit were partaken of with a relish, after our weary day's journey. A few crumbs fell on to the floor, and chicken bones were thrown down with them. We were not particularly neat in that old cabin. The "native" received his portion gladly, and ate by the camp fire with great apparent gusto. We had one of the carriage lamps brought in, and amused ourselves with reading until 10 o'clock. Then we barred the door as best we could on the inside, and retired.

It was 10 o'clock when my aunt was aroused by soft footsteps stealing over the floor. She instantly awoke me.

"Do you hear that?" she said in a whisper. "It must be the Frenchman's ghost."

I listened breathlessly. The noise could be distinctly heard—a soft, pattering step—sometimes approaching our mattress bed, sometimes wandering away from it. Once or twice it pulled at the bed covering, then fell back with a thumping sound.

What was to be done? The carriage lamp sat on the bench at the other end of the room; we could not reach it without traversing the length of the floor, and who would attempt that, with those mysterious, ghostly footsteps on the creaking planks? The servants were sound asleep; not a spark remained of the campfire, for the rain had extinguished the last ember. It was pouring down in torrents. You can imagine how we felt, and dreadful was the situation. We lay and listened and trembled through what seemed an age to me. Finally something crawled over us, and a rough, shaggy something like a man's beard brushed my aunt's face. She uttered a nervous shriek and threw herself on to Hetty's floor, followed in less time than it takes to write it. We both rushed from the horrible place into the driving rain.

The negroes came at our first call, but it was a long time before the sleepy headed "native" could be aroused. He was among mildly the last of the party under the wagon. He came forth at last rubbing his eyes. "I tole ye how it wud be," he said, "thet infernal hole is haunted fur shore." When we returned to the house, armed with flaming torches, and followed by our half taunting, scared negroes, nothing was to be found in the cabin. We sat up the rest of the night, and at early dawn left the cabin and the mouldering bones of the Frenchman behind us. Auntie declared that she was nervous, and wanted to get as far from the ghostly spot as possible.

It was not until some days after, that Sambo aired his opinions upon the subject.

"Dat ghostis, dat 'larmed you so dat night, Mistis, was nuffin 'en de round worle, but dat yaller man's tame coon. Hit crawled through de floor atter chicken bones an' sich like, an' fout it wud sleep on your bed, an' keep out ob the rain.

"I knows better dan dat," exclaimed Hetty, who had all the superstition of her race. "Ef dat want a ghost what scared Miss July and Miss Kitty, I'd like ter know what hit war? Pshaw! Sambo, you don't know a ting erbout hit."

Perhaps Sambo was right, but Aunt Julia and I have never forgotten the Haunted Cabin.

Morse's Drawing.

When Samuel F. B. Morse, afterwards famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph, was a young painter studying in London, he made a drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules, intending to offer it to Benjamin West as an example of his work. Being very anxious for the favorable opinion of the master, he spent a fortnight upon the drawing, and thought he had made it perfect. When Mr. West saw the drawing he examined it critically, commended it in this and that particular, and then handed it back, saying:

"Very well, sir, very well; go on and finish it."

"But it is finished," answered the young artist.

"Oh, no," said Mr. West; "look here, and here, and here," and he put his finger upon various unfinished places.

Mr. Morse saw the defects, now that they were pointed out to him, and devoted another week to remedying them. Then he carried the drawing again to the master. Mr. West was evidently very much pleased, and lavished praises upon the work; but at the end he handed it back, and said, as before:

"Very well, indeed, sir; go on, and finish it."

"Is it not finished?" asked Mr. Morse, by this time almost discouraged.

"Not yet; see, you have not marked that muscle, nor the articulations of the finger joints."

The student once more took the drawing home, and spent several days in retouching it. He would have it done this time. But the critic was not satisfied. The work was good, "very good indeed; remarkably clever;" but still it needed to be "finished."

"I can not finish it," said Morse, in despair.

"Well," answered Mr. West, "I have tried you long enough. You have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a dozen half finished drawings. It is not numerous drawings, but the character of one, that makes a thorough draughtsman. *Finish* one picture, sir, and you are a painter."

It was a good lesson. One principal part of a teacher's business is to keep his pupil from being too easily satisfied.

INVENTOR KEELY.

Something About the Man Who Has Been Making Motors.

Inventor John W. Keely of motor fame has had a very unusual career characterized by contests over his notorious invention for years. In early life a mechanic, with apparently little ambition, he became imbued with the theory of perpetual motion and the idea that he could construct a machine with incalculable power. This was in 1864, and he worked hard for nine years before he felt that he was approaching what he sought. The men of wealth were invited to visit his little workshop, on Ogden street near Tenth, Philadelphia, and view the little engine in motion, whose power was obtained as far as could be learned, from a thimbleful of cold water. As the months rolled on Keely informed a favored few of his aspirations. Soon after some Philadelphia and New York scientists became interested in the motor and when Keely finished the first machine and

NAMED IT THE HARMONIC VIBRATOR,

there was joy among the little band of his followers. The New York contingent would come over after business hours, and in company with the Philadelphians would mysteriously wend their way to the Ogden street rendezvous after dark. The blinds were always closed and the neighbors became suspicious. They notified Kennard Jones, the chief of police, who thought it must be a faro bank. Detectives were unable to discover anything, and the chief finally asked Keely the cause of the mysterious noise in his shop and why so many men came there. Keely explained and showed the chief the vibrator. Matters progressed so favorably that the sanguine inventor began to think his followers ought to contribute their mites toward his running expenses. Accordingly a company was organized, and the Philadelphia reading public were startled one morning by the announcement that the Quaker City contained a being who would revolutionize the mechanical world. The new company was formed on the basis of $1,000,000 capital, 20,000 shares being issued at $50 a share. The actual amount of money invested was $200,000. The shares were taken by prominent people all over the country, and the topic of the day was the "Keely motor."

The inventor saw a great fortune before him and disregarding the plain working clothes he had so long worn put on the finest attire and dazzled his old neighbors with his magnificent diamonds. The Ogden street abode became too small for the purposes of residence or motor developments and he purchased a big house on Ridge avenue, above Master. He erected a shop in the rear of his new home. Every now and then Keely would let the statement that within 60 days he would run a train from Philadelphia to New York with his motor and the only fuel used would be a tincup of cold water. This had the effect of making the people grab for the stock. Two or three fortunes were made off the transfers of the stock and several lawsuits were the result. But the stock continued going up till the spring of 1882, when the stock holders informed Mr. Keely that it was time for the motor to start.

Keely appeased them by a long circular, which begged to address them directly for the purpose of correcting erroneous impressions that existed regarding his attitude toward the investors in Keely motor stock. Again in December, 1883, after waiting 18 months for the appearance of perpetual motion, they held a meeting and mildly threatened Mr. Keely for his long delay. Then began a contest between the inventor and the stockholders which has not yet ended. Every few weeks the public would be startled by promises from Keely and more threats from the stockholders. Keely motor stock began to fade and the appearance of the machine was a matter of doubt. Keely sought to appease the wrath of the stockholders by exhibitions of power of the machine. A favorite method was to attach one end of a rope to a machine and the other to the rafters of the workshop. Then seating himself in a corner of the building, he would tune a violin until the harmony was in accord with the vibrator. The engine would revolve and the rope begin to tighten. The harmony was continued until the safety of the building and the spectators demanded its cessation, and the jubilant violinist would then evolve the most discordant strains from the fiddle, turn a number of little screws, while the machine turned the other way and the rope unwound. Other difficult and apparently difficult feats were performed.

The stockholders, however, saw no practical results and finally refused to advance any more money. The scheme was on the verge of a collapse when Mrs. Bloomfield Moore became interested in the motor and contributed $25,000 toward making it a success. It was paid in cash, and Keely moved from his home on Ridge avenue to a better residence on Oxford, near Seventeenth. His new residence was surrounded by the homes of celebrated Philadelphians, and everything went smoothly. Keely continually declared that the New York sharpers wanted him to give exhibition so as to boom the stock, but that he always refused. After they stopped his allowances it became a matter of great surprise as to how it was that he could support the style in which he appeared. A short time ago he again moved, this time to the southeast corner of Seventeenth and Oxford streets, where he lived until recently in the most luxurious style. The history of his trouble with Bennet C. Wilson, which resulted in his incarceration in prison, is too familiar for repitition. It is an equity case in which experts were appointed by the court to examine Keely's apparatus and report whether it corresponded with a motor offered by Keely to Wilson in 1869.

Uncle Sam's Whitewash.

Excursionists who travel along the sea coast in summer are often attracted by the remarkable whiteness of the lighthouses, beacons and keepers