Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XLIII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1889. No. 9

THE country is generally due to get up some winter weather. That which has been missing thus far in this neighborhood appears to have been concentrated in Alaska, which has suffered severely.

STANLEY, with the grit and grab of a true man, refuses to abandon his African province, showing thereby his determined purposes on the Dark Continent, and the assurance that he will accomplish all that he has planned to perform in erecting a Commonwealth in that part of the world.

ACCORDING to the *Scientific American* mechanics can give steel tools a hardness like that of the diamond by plunging them while white hot into sealing wax, repeating the operation until the steel is too cold to enter the wax. The tool should be then just touched with oil of turpentine.

A BILL has been introduced into the Illinois Legislature providing that "no person shall be appointed a deputy sheriff or special deputy who is not a citizen of the State and a qualified voter of the county in which such appointment shall be made or who is in the employ of any detective, or detective agency, or who shall have been in such employ within 30 days preceding the appointment."

FOR some months past boring operations have been carried out on Walney Island, Barrow, England, with a view of ascertaining if coal existed in the neighborhood. The first bore-hole was unsuccessful, but in the second hole a large bed of salt was found, at a depth of about 300 feet. Its extent at last accounts, had not been fully ascertained but is reported to be about 70 feet thick, half of it being in a crystallized state.

THE Chronicle, of Augusta, Georgia, says the cotton merchants of that city, "Who are as well posted as in any inland Southern city," unanimously incline to regard the statement that this year's cotton crop may reach 7,000,000 bales has an overestimate. They say that the present crop is now 400,000 bales short, in round numbers. Last year's crop was 7,000,000 bales, and a continued gain of 25 per cent. will be necessary to catch up with last year's figures. Augusta cotton men regard 7,000,000 bales at the outside figure on the year's crop."

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has just decorated and rewarded a private soldier, whose fidelity to his duty recalls the stories of the Roman sentinels who perished in the destruction of Pompeii. When the recent earthquake destroyed a small Russian town in Central Asia this soldier was on duty in the Military Treasury. Although the houses were crashing around him he stood not unless, waiting death. The only sign which he showed that he appreciated his situation was the fact that he raised his hands as soldiers do at prayer. Fortunately a sergeant in the street saw him amid the ruins and instantly ordered him to quit his post, which he did right willingly.

LI HUNG CHANG is reported as saying: "Before half a century has passed China will be covered with railways as with a net. Its immense mineral resources will be developed. It will have rolling mills and furnaces in many parts of the country, and it is not impossible that it may do the manufacturing for the world." The Viceroy is exceedingly sanguine, but there is no immediate reason for American and European manufacturers being frightened at the prospect of the competition of the Flowery Kingdom. A place once lost is rarely recovered. The Chinese were once the leaders of the world, and fell behind in the race. It is not likely that they will again take the lead. Turkey was once in advance of Europe.

A GREAT many people think that a newspaper should have about a page of local news, whether anything happens or not. Deluded mortals! Local editors cannot make people break their necks, commit suicide, or do any of the other exciting things that go to make up the material out of which the local reporter delights to weave paragraphs, furnishing domestic news when there is none is very much like extracting blood from a turnip. It is no more than fair that those who grumble at the lack of local news in their paper should stop and think whether they could not give the editor an item or two worth printing, and, if so, let them hold their peace, or growl at their own remissness.

A CLOSE CALCULATION—Early in December, a Boston paper relates, the Board of Health of that city desired to learn what the death rate for the year 1888 would probably be. The statistician, after studying the records carefully, estimated that the total number of deaths during the year would be 10,500, and the rate per thousand inhabitants 24.52. The full returns were not received at the Board's office for the three weeks afterward, when it was found that the clerk had made a mistake of one ciph. In his number of deaths being 10,501. It had made a mistake of one cipher in the number of persons who would die of a great many diseases, and both were wrong in copying a few figures. By the slight error in figures the statistician had predicted 2,500 deaths from consumption, and the number actually recorded was 1,500. The discrepancy of 1,000 in a single figure.

BEAUTY VS. UGLINESS.

One Time When the Latter Had Very Much the Better of It.

The late Lord Pembroke was one of the most eccentric of men, and his vagaries sometimes made one doubt his sanity. Some forty years ago Doche, the great French actress, was at the zenith of her beauty and fame, and all London had gone mad about her. Both Louis Napoleon—afterward Napoleon III—and the late Lord Pembroke were in love with her, and it is recorded that the fair enchantress did not know which to choose. "You must do as you like, of course," said the prince; "I cannot marry you, because my name does not belong to me, but to a dynasty; nor can I afford to lavish so much money on you as Lord Pembroke can; but I can tell you what I will do if you will consent to refuse his suit. I will promise you never to marry, even if I become emperor, and I will settle £1000 a year on you for life now, and make you a countess and a millionaire if ever I become emperor."

That was not good enough for Doche who had no belief in the imperial dreams, and who gambled to such a terrible extent, that a thousand pounds, and double that extent, would slip through her fingers in a week. So she said no, and gave Lord Pembroke to understand that if he was inclined to be generous, she might not turn a deaf ear to his sighs. The capricious Frenchwoman had, however, heard of extravagance of the lazy English "milord," whom she knew to be madly in love with her, so she thought it politic to play fast and loose with him, in hopes that he would, in a moment of passionate exasperation, lay something like half his fortune at her feet.

She went too far, however. Day after day she would accept his lordship's invitations to supper, and always at the last moment send an excuse. "At last," Lord Pembroke one day said to the late Lord Cambridge, who used to tell the story, "I am tired of this folly. I am going to give a supper tonight at Richmond, and I have invited Doche. If she comes before 11 I will give her £10,000; if she comes before 12 I will give her £2,000; but if she comes after 12 I won't receive her, and if she does not come at all I will give tomorrow £20,000 to the ugliest woman in London and the one our Doche hates the most—Schaeffer, the danseuse."

Doche never came to the supper, so the following morning Lord Pembroke sent one of the leading Bond street jewelers to her house with the message that as his lordship had decided on offering diamonds to the amount of £20,000 to Mlle. Schaeffer, and as he knew Mlle. Doche was a connoisseur in diamonds, he would be obliged if she would select up to that amount such stones as she might think would suit her friend. Doche, when she had heard the man out and fairly grasped the situation boxed the jeweler's ears and had hysterics. But this did not prevent the tradesman from clambering up the four pairs of stairs of a little house in Leicester square, where he found Mlle. Schaeffer washing her stockings, and telling her of the golden shower which was about to fall upon her. She fainted.

Schaeffer was hideously ugly and very stupid, but she managed to entangle Lord Pembroke's heart, somehow, and he gave her all the money he could, and had not the property been entailed would have given her everything. A distinguished French family, "De Montgomerie" (Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery), the members of which are well known in the "high life" of the French capital, is the result of this strange infatuation. So poor Doche lost both her French and English lover. Had she accepted Prince Louis Napoleon's offer it might, perhaps, have made a difference today in the map of Europe; had she not trifled with the English earl it would have made a considerable difference in his fortune.

Result of Decay.

Eli Haskins was a good, honest farmer, and considered by his neighbors to be in fair circumstances. Even those who were not disposed to speak favorably of him, and we all know there be cross-cut people, if the expression is allowable, felt would refuse to utter a kind word for anybody, even were they paid a pension to do so, had to admit that Farmer Haskins was a kind husband, and a loving father to his three bright children.

His habit of putting off little odds and ends of work that should have received his first attention, was perhaps the strongest fault that could, in justice, be cited against him. He was decidedly thoughtless and slow in making repairs, where such were needed, a fact abundantly attested to by the dilapidation noticeable here and there about house, yard, and the place in general.

When his patient, gentle wife called his mind to something that she, in her quicker judgment of some things, deemed in need of his attention at once, he would say:

"Very well; I'll try and get around to it after a while."

But the force of a long course in procrastination usually let the sun go down again and again without his having accomplished his task. So it is with most of us. We plan, we see duties requiring our immediate attention, perhaps, we behold opportunities in the present for words of kindness and deeds of love, but, alas! we say, "Some other day, to-morrow, likely, will be as well for them." So sunset comes, the day dies, and we sleep unhaunted by the thought that the wily thief of time has slipped many golden gems from the necklace of our opportunity.

"Eli," said Mrs. Haskins, one morning, as the children started for school, "the curbing of the cistern is in a bad condition. It is quite unsafe to dip up water."

"Very well; I am going to town in a few days, and I will get some good stout boards to repair it, he replied.

Mrs. Haskins accompanied him to town, as the children were at school. As they finished trading, she whispered:

"Don't forget the boards for the curbing."

"I must go to the depot for a package for Neighbor Smith," he answered, "and as the timber yard is at the other end of the town, I could get the boards quicker. I'll be here in a flay or so again, and can get everything I need then."

At Neighbor Smith's he received his large package of tobacco, and the Haskins package of tobacco, and no curbing.

Eli Haskins was a good, honest farmer, and he had taken a leaf of practice he had learned of his neighbors, and had bought a long ago for his own use, and had brought back with him a fair specimen of the variety of tobacco he had purchased for his friends.

Eli Haskins was a good, honest farmer, and when he came home without the boards again,

His wife sighed, but said nothing more at that time.

So autumn went, and winter came with its snows which covered the wreckage of summer's lovely, faded bloom.

It was a cold day in December. Mr. Haskins had gone to a near shipping point with a drove of hogs. Mrs Haskins was at the bedside of a sick neighbor. As soon as she could she hurried home, feeling sad, but why, she was unable to tell. As she neared home, her two youngest children met her and asked where Nettie was. They stated that as soon as they returned from school Nettie had carefully stirred up the fire, which Mrs. Haskins had covered, and while they were warming themselves she had left the house and had not come back. And now she had gone nearly a half hour, the little boy said. They believed she had gone to accompany their mother home from Mrs. Todd's, so had thought little about the girl's absence.

Mrs. Haskins was thoroughly alarmed. She felt satisfied that Nettie had met with some accident, and she rushed wildly toward the house, fearshe knew not what.

Nettie Haskins was a bright, studious girl of eleven, who gave much promise of bright womanhood.

Nettie being her eldest child, that love peculiar to the first-born made her fears for the child's safety even more keenly felt than they might otherwise have been.

Mrs. Haskins' mind quickly went back to the time of Nettie's recent severe illness, when she would sit for hours watching at the bedside of her darling child, and how, through many days and nights of constant watching and care, Nettie finally rallied, and the home was once more made cheerful by her merry laughter.

The empty water-bucket by the cistern, whose rotten board covering was laid aside, suggested at once to the half frantic mother the fate of her eldest child. With a wild cry she fell upon her knees on the icy ground, and peered down into the cistern. Yes, there was the bucket resting on the surface of the water below, but what was that? Something red beside the bucket! It was recognized as Nettie's school hood. And Nettie? She was down there, drowned!

The anguish that mother felt as the awful truth dawned upon her is far beyond the power of man to pen.

A neighbor, passing by, stopped and brought up Nettie's poor little body—a shocking sight, with the water dripping from every limb, and the face so gray and cold. The little brother and sister drew back appalled at the sight of Nettie's form, so awfully different from what it had been but a short time before, when they came back from school together, she was so bright, and singing as merrily as a snowbird.

Nettie was beyond restoration to this life; but sympathetic friends did all in their power to bring back, if possible, to revive the drowned girl. It was vain. Nettie's dark eyes would open only when the angels touched them, to gaze forever upon heaven's balmy plains.

The father's grief, when he realized that it was his repeated procrastination that had put upon them the sad bereavement, can be imagined more easily than described.

With her lily hands folded and iced with death's grim, cold kiss, Nettie was placed in her "narrow home" under the brown sod and cruel sleet, leaving aching hearts in the house she once graced.

Emergency Prayers.

A story is told of a man in a near county, whose name we withhold. The gentleman in question is not a member of the church, and, while honest and upright in all his dealings, does not go strong on religion. Not many months ago, just after a big rain, he was driving along a certain road. On reaching the top of a hill—at the bottom of which was a creek much swollen by the rains and away out of its banks—he thought he considered they would run away. They pitched off down the hill at a furious pace. The man did all in his power to check them, but in vain. Just before they reached the rushing water the man shouted to his boy who was in the wagon with him:

"We are going to be drowned! Pray, Jim, pray!"

"Dad, I can't pray."

"Say something!" he shrieked, as they dashed into the water.

"Oh, dad, I can't!" But, thinking a second, the boy shouted: "Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive!"

Then they went down into the creek, which was not as deep as the man had expected, and the mules having had their fun out, went on at a more leisurely gait. The man has since learned a number of prayers for sudden emergencies.

Hints for Cold Weather.

Never deem it too much trouble to build a fire when one is necessary, but, if you can do so comfortably, accustom yourself to a moderately warm atmosphere.

Tight, well built houses are a great saving of fuel, but much attention should be paid to their proper ventilation.

If no other means have been provided, lower one of the windows from the top nearly an inch, and tack a piece of pasteboard on the upper edge of the sash in such a manner that it will direct the air toward the ceiling; in this way, a draft may be prevented and the atmosphere will still be kept perfectly pure.

The best fuel is wood.

It is the healthiest because it contains the most oxygen; coal has none, and consequently the oxygen necessary for its combustion must be supplied from the air of the room; this, and not the escape of the gas, is what usually renders the air where coal is burned, so close and oppressive.

Close grained wood, like hickory and hard maple, gives out the greatest amount of heat; the open grained, like pine and basswood, heats up the quickest.

The value of fuel as a heating material is determined by the amount of water which a pound will heat to a given temperature. One pound of wood will convert 40 pounds of ice into boiling water, while a pound of coal will heat nearly three times as much. From this we find that coal is nearly twice as good for cooking purposes as wood.

It has been carefully estimated and proved that coal at $12 a ton is almost as cheap as wood at $5 a cord.

Let us also remember that the cold weather. Good physicians insist that laborers should be warm near to the skin.

TWAIN IN NEVADA.

Origin of Two Stories on Which His Reputation Was Founded.

"No man ever led a more peculiar career anywhere than Mark Twain did in Nevada," said Hon. T. C. Bates, of the Sagebrush State, to a San Francisco Examiner reporter.

"I remember well when, in 1861, he came to Carson with his brother, Orion Clemens, the new Secretary of the Territory. Mark came along, not as a secretary to him as is popularly supposed, but as a mere sight-seer. Mark was not disposed to work, and never did work to amount to anything, except when he went to the Virginia Enterprise as a reporter. He put in the whole of his first winter looking around Carson, and the next winter he went over to Humboldt County and did some more of it there.

"I always held that circumstances made him. The two best stories he ever published, and upon which made his reputation as a humorist, he was not the original author of at all. These, the 'Jumping Frog of Calaveras County,' and the 'Pie Biter of Mariposa,' were published years and years before in a Stockton paper by Sam Seabough, the old California editor.

"Seabough was editor of the Stockton Independent, and some miners came down from Calaveras and told him about the miners there loading a frog up with shot. And it was a fact. In those days the men in those camps would bet about anything, and one day they got to betting how far some frogs could jump that they had found. One miner conceived the idea of filling one of the rival frogs with shot, and he did it, and the frog couldn't jump.

"Seabough printed this as news, which it was, and it was copied all around, and long afterward it came out in Mark Twain's book.

"In like manner the story of the 'Pie Bitter of Mariposa' was printed by Seabough. A gang of men had gathered one night in the saloon below Seabough's office. There was among them a man with the awfullest mouth you ever saw. It was very big and curious-looking, and out of his ponderous lower jaw two teeth were missing. Somebody came in and asked Seabough to go down and take a look at him. Seabough did so, and somebody then asked the man what had happened to his teeth. He said he was a pie-biter from Mariposa, and had bitten through as many as thirteen pies at one time, on several occasions, but that the last time somebody rung in a plate on him, and that was what did it.

"It struck Seabough as an unusually funny thing, and he fixed it up and published it. Years after, as I have said, after the 'Pie-Biter of Mariposa' had gone the rounds of the press, it turned up in Mark Twain's book.

An Anecdote About Warren.

New stories relating to the generous attributes in professional life of the late William Warren come to notice now that death has removed that veteran comedian. One of the latest has been told to a stage man by F. F. Mackay, now an instructor at the Lyceum School of Acting in New York, and formerly manager of the stock company at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia.

Mackay began his career in the stock company at Albany just before the time William Warrren, then on his starring tour, came to that city. The young Albany actor felt he possessed histrionic ability, but not until Warren came did he have a part that would offer any chance. Then he was given the role of an old man who, at the cradle of his grandchild from whom he is forced to part, pours forth his sorrow in pathetic words. It was a splendid opportunity, but the stage had to be shared with Warren, and, as Mackay well knew, that popular comedian had only to raise a finger or wrinkle his face to get a laugh and drive the old man's pathos to the winds. And a star, of course, looks after his own interests rather than an under man's.

The night of the performance Mackay, trembling and nervous, entered upon his scene, throwing his whole heart, however, into the act. As his broken and tremulous voice finished the lines, he dropped his head on the cradle before him, awaiting the verdict. For a moment there was an awful silence; then came a tumult of applause from the audience. Mackay had had their attention and sympathy. As he rose to make his exit he saw the reason why. At the rear of the stage, with his back to the auditorium, stood Warren, apparently looking out of a window, and perfectly immovable. It was evident he had been in that position throughout the entire scene, instead of taking the centre of the stage, as was his right, for as Mackay passed him the kindly actor whispered, "Well done, young man," and after the curtain fell he added, "I saw what you were trying to do, and wanted you to have the stage to yourself; I congratulate you on the use you made of it."

Origin of the Gypsies.

The conclusion that the gypsies wandered from India is now almost universally accepted, but when or from what part of India are questions on which few have done more than idly speculate. The identification of the gypsies with the Jats, who in the Punjab alone number 1,300,399, has received the support of many of those whose opinions on such matters must receive the greatest respect. In a metrical paraphase of Genesis, made by an Austrian monk about 1,122 they are noticed as Ishmaelites, and their descent thus credited to Hagar. There is a tale extant that the wandering instinct of the gipsy is due to the fact that his ancestors refused to shelter the Virgin and Child in their flight into Egypt. This race has many other names in addition to that of gipsy—such as Bohemians, in France; Cíganos, in Portugal; Gitanos, in Spain; Hiedens, in Holland, Pharoah-nepek, in Hungary; Tartar, in Denmark and Sweden; Wallachians, in Italy; and Ziegeuner, in Germany.

Romantic Death of a Mouse.

A few evenings since as a young lady of Bridgeport was dressing for a party, a mouse put in an appearance and, naturally enough, created considerable confusion, but finally disappeared. After the lady had returned from the party, and while disrobing for the night, what was her astonishment to find the poor mouse in her bustle, but the place of fancied security it had sought was her undoing of the chase had proven a death trap. At some time during its presence there it had been crushed to death. The young lady's feelings can better be imagined than described.

No Prayer To-night.

I ceased to pray, and ceased to be
A portion of infinity.
No longer in my veins there ran
Faith in the nobleness of man.
From her, the saint of holy breath,
From him the martyr strong in death,
I severed self; no more I trod
The earth, accountable to God.
I ceased to pray, and lonely grew,
Dissevered from the future, too—
From hope of spirit heritage;
From loved of youth, and loved of age—
My dead who unexpected went—
Tapers brief lit, forever spent,
I ceased to pray; there ceased in me
The health light of divinity.
My knee refused to pay respect.
I marched to death and sought, erect,
I ceased to pray; the thing was vain,
And pride and thought usurped my brain
Mildness and mirth they sought release;
They missed humility and peace.
The dying Moslem's brutal face
Takes on a hope of God and grace,
And I, an heir to wisdom great,
Was lone, cut off, and isolate,
With life too short for mighty schemes—
My dead reproached me in my dreams.
Alas! the night I ceased to pray
'Twas not progression, 'twas decay,
If needs but point fulfilment's way,
Then hope means heaven to those who pray.

HER OPPORTUNITY.

Dr. Mary shook the snow from her black Astrachan cap, unfastened her cloak with a quick, professional air making the most of every minute, drew off her articles and sat down before her cheerful open fire, with a discouraged sigh. A lady busily writing on the other side of the room looked up, with her pen poised in the air and a mildly interrogative arching of the brows. She knew all Dr. Mary's way, and was discreetly silent.

The doctor sighed again, and gave the fire an impatient poke. She knew the nervous system, root and branch, yet had her little tempers like any ordinary woman without a scientific bias.

'Yes, I know what you're waiting for, Eudora Blake. You are holding your precious pen 'twixt heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin, waiting until my wrath chooses to explode. I suppose I have interrupted the thread of your love story, but as long as you depend on me for hints from real life, you will have to take them as they come.'

Eudora slowly turned her eyes upon her friend.

'A little tired, men't you, dear?' she said meditatively. 'You make too many visits in one day. Don't let your own vital springs run down, trying to keep other people in repair.'

She dipped her pen in the inkstand, and scribbled a sentence or two.

'Trying to keep them in repair! Yes, that's just the trouble,' exclaimed Dr. Mary. 'I might try till the day of doom, and they would go on violating one hygienic law after another, till it makes one's soul sick within him. What do you suppose Sarah Bridget Dolan doing this afternoon? Pat was dead drunk on the bed, and she was washing with her two-weeks-old baby tucked away in one corner of the table, and breathing the steam at the rate of 50 respirations per minute. Bridget herself looked hardly able to stand. To-morrow they will send for me post-haste to attend both mother and child, and then systematically disobey every injunction I give them. I wish it were possible to find one human being whom I could truly help.'

She passed her shapely hands across her forehead, and brushed back the short dark hair from the temples to relieve the nervous tension.

Eudora Blake came to the fire and spread her fingers to the blaze.

'The world is full of people to be helped. You will find the right one some day. Do you remember the sentence in Little Dorritt? 'In our course through life we meet the people who are coming to meet us from many strange places and by many strange roads; and what is set us to do to them, and what is set them to do to us will all be done.''

'That is as solemn as the tolling of a funeral bell,' said Dr. Mary. 'What overshadowing things you do pick up, Eudora! I suppose if it should be my fate to administer a dose of poison to a patient, I should do it in spite of all my care and watchfulness. It will all be done. It will all be done!'

She lighted the gas and made tea for Eudora and chocolate for herself. They kept house together to save expense, and for the pleasure of each other's company, taking turns at the simple household duties. The romance of life had faded out for both, and now they were sober women with a purpose.

Dr. Mary's office was in the neighborhood of Rugg's court. The place had been selected with a purpose. 'The rich have physicians enough,' said the doctor. 'I will minister among those who faint by the wayside in sight of priests and Levites.'

It must not be understood that Dr. Mary said this in any self-righteous or complacent spirit. It was only her figurative way of putting things.

Rugg's court was of the grime, grimy. Its morals were as far removed from immaculate whiteness as were the wretched vestments which fluttered on long lines from window to window when Rugg's court had a washing day. Yet Dr. Mary did not always despair.

The day after this sketch begins, she was walking toward her office, when her attention was drawn to a woman staggering in front of her, and holding at intervals to the area railways of the dingy tenements. The doctor quickened her pace. It was such an old, old story; yet her heart yearned over this poor tossed creature. She laid her hand on the woman's arm and said:

'My friend.'

The woman turned upon her such a face as Marian Erle must have shown to her tormentors when, as she tells Aurora Leigh:

"They feared my eyes and loosed me, as boy might
A mad dog which they had tortured."

a face in which the hollow cheeks flamed with fever, and the eyes gleamed with a woeful desperate light.

'I'm not drunk. Don't think it. I'm—only—starving!'

'Yes,' said Dr. Mary. 'I know it—now.'

They were but a few steps from the office, and she supported the trembling figure till she had seated the woman in the easy-chair before the fire.

Vouchsafe to the little Swedish office girl run to the eating house around the corner for a new bowl of hot coffee and a quart of oyster broth as quickly as possible. Take this purse. I don't want to count the money.'

The bloated, flame-troubled Norse maiden flew to do her mistress bidding, and the doctor chafed the hands of the woman, who had fainted outright. The food and drink restored her scanty strength, and she gazed into the doctor's face like one brought back from the grave.

'I am not a beggar, I can and will pay you. They have kept me waiting three weeks for my wages at the coat and vest store on —— street, and I am a stranger and can not ask for trust at the stores. The money has been honestly earned, and is mine by every right under heaven, but I can't get it till they choose to give it to me and to others like me.'

She spoke bitterly and pulled at the fringe of her faded shawl.

'What reason do they give?' asked Dr. Mary.

'No particular reason. We think they held it back to draw more interest. Meantime, you see for yourself.'

The doctor quivered with indignation.'

'I will try to get it for you. I will go with you myself. Tell me your name and a little about your circumstances.'

It was a sorrowful history, yet far from being a new one to the doctor's ears. The woman's name was Sarah Hilton, and she had come to the city to search for an erring daughter, her only child.

Dr. Mary's heart beat faster.

'I may be able to help you,' she said. 'So many sad cases come to my knowledge. Surely such love and faithfulness as yours will be rewarded.'

'They mostly change their names, don't they?' questioned the woman, sadly. 'My Ella was a bright, pretty creature, fair, blue-eyed and with handsome teeth. Her smile was sunshine itself. I struggled to educate her for a teacher—she hated housework and sewing and factory work. Oh, my god? do you know what it is to be wrapped up in any one and then to lose—to lose—' She broke down in hysterical sobbing, and the doctor let the grief spend itself.

'Come,' she said soothingly in a short time, 'I will go with you to get your money, and I promise you I will leave nothing undone to find your daughter. Be of good cheer. We shall succeed, I am sure.'

The week passed by, and Dr. Mary could come upon no trace of the lost girl. A stated interval Sarah Hilton brought her sad questioning face to the office, only to take it away again with the cloud unlifted.

One slushy day in February, the doctor looked up from her medical journal as the office door opened. It was a girl not over 20, with a hard face—a girl dressed all too well for Rugg's Court. Her gown of cheap silk was in the prevailing fashion, her rough jacket fitted her slender shape stylishly, her dark, abundant hair was crowned by a velvet hat almost covered with feathers. Rings and bracelets adorned her ungloved hands, and cheap earrings flashed under the heavy coils of hair. Her bold, black eyes met Dr. Mary's serene hazel ones unabashed.

'Say, can you come to No. 20 to see Mis? She's my chum an' she's carryin' on awful. Says there're tigers in the room waiting to carry her off. You'll get your pay. Don't be afraid of that.'

She laughed recklessly, but her glance fell a trifle, now, before the doctor's calm pitying gaze.

Dr. Mary could diagnose the case almost without leaving the chair. Rugg's Court was noted for its periodical delusions concerning tigers, snakes, etc.

Nevertheless she put on her hat and sacque, took up her medicine case and followed the girl.

Up narrow, broken, filthy stairs on which were huddled groups of fighting, tearing, swearing children—just the age of your dainty darling, my lady, whom you will not suffer the winds to visit roughly.

Up this teaming stairway, with peril to life and limb—into a den where finery and squalor dwelt in hideous juxtaposition. Ragged corsets and petticoats hob-nobbed with dirty dresses of showy material, trimmed with tawdy laces. Fragments of a meal stood on a rickety table, and on the bed lay a girl whose blue eyes were wild with the early stages of delirium tremens. Her fair hair was tossed over the pillow, her cheeks were burning, her white shoulders were visible through the torn night-gown. Dr. Mary laid her cold, soft fingers on the rapid pulse. Professional interest and womanly sympathy overcame her despair and disgust, as they had so many times before in similar cases. More than this, her first glance at the girl had made her heart throb quickly.

'Blue eyes, fair complexion, handsome teeth,' had been Sarah Hilton's description. A swift prayer went up from Dr. Mary's soul as she kept her eyes on the girl's face and gave a few directions to the one who had brought her to the place. The latter entered upon a voluble description of "Mis's symptoms." Dr. Mary heard her wearily. With a gesture to indicate silence, she bent forward to examine the patient's eyes more closely. The girl's incoherences subsided under the magnetism of the doctor's cooling touch and steady, pitying gaze.

'Do you hate me?' she whispered.

Dr. Mary shook her head and laid wet cloths on the hot temples.

'I wanted you to come because I thought you wouldn't be hard on me. Dr. Barrett was hard on me. He was loud and cross. You won't be cross, will you?'

The doctor began to smooth and braid the heavy golden hair.

'Will you go with me away from this dreadful place? You will die if you stay here.'

The girl shrank back with an impatient movement.

'Not to a hospital? The women point their fingers at such as I am, in a hospital.'

'No. To a lovely, restful place in the country, where a dear friend of mine lives, a friend who will be kind to you.'

The other girl, who had been bustling about the room, making a pretense of setting it in order, cast a sharp glance towards the bed, then gazed sullenly out of the one miserable window.

'Him will feel bad if I leave her,' whispered the sick girl hesitatingly. The powers of light and darkness were battling within her.

'Did you ever leave a widowed mother to feel bad—to break her heart over you?' questioned the doctor with a penetrating look. The time seemed ripe for inquiry.

The girl threw up her arms with a despairing gesture, and a bitter cry escaped her.

'Yes, yes! Oh, yes. It seems so long ago. I have been so wicked. I can't bear to remember.' She began to rave again and beg for drink.

Dr. Mary prepared a quieting draught. Then taking advantage of the temporary lull she removed the bottle standing on the dirty mantle and with strong fingers sent it crashing through a broken pane into the court below. She looked steadily at the girl Em, and said in low distinct tones:

'Is not this girl's true name Ella Hilton, and did you not entice her from her home a year ago last August?'

Em's defiant look fell. 'She was old enough to know her own mind. She said her mother wasn't good to her.'

Argument was useless. Dr. Mary now knew that she had found Sarah Hilton's lost child, and, with a deep throb of thankfulness, she went away to make preparation for getting the girl out of the hands of her worthless companion.

'Perhaps even Em may be redeemed some day,' thought the doctor. 'Heaven hasten the hour!'

* * * * * *

Nearly two years later, Dr. Mary alights from her plain carriage at the iron gate of a handsome building, with spacious grounds, lofty trees, and well tended flower beds.

No high sounding title is emblazoned above the wide door; no suggestive name conveying a half reproach, and tending to repel rather than to attract those whom the place is designed to benefit. The simple word "Rest" wrought into the brick work tells of broken hearts made glad again, of storm-spent, buffetted lives taking up once more the light burden of daily usefulness, of the lost and widely mourned finding one another at last.

The rich have built the material walls out o the abundance, but the gray-haired woman and the thoughtful-eyed younger one at her side who stand in the doorway to welcome their children know how Dr. Mary values their work and their help.

'It's like the 'shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' Heaven put it into the souls of men and women to build still others!' thinks Dr. Mary as she clasps hands with Sarah Hilton and her daughter.

She passes through the rooms with kindly words for the busy occupants, and stops longest by a sewing-machine where sits a girl with black eyes and dark, abundant hair, a girl whose face lights up as she ceases the play of the treadle to return the doctor's earnest greeting.

'Doctor, I want to tell you about a letter I received yesterday. It was from Tom, the man I told you of once,' her cheeks took on a deeper crimson. 'He—wants me to marry him now. He says he has a fine farm in the West, and he will come for me next month. We can live decent and respectable out there, and no one can twit us with what's past and gone.'

Dr. Mary puts her arm around the girl's shapely shoulders.

'That is good news, indeed, Em, and I rejoice with you from the bottom of my heart. You must be sure and write to me when you are settled.' A look of pleasure gleams on the girl's face, and tears are standing on her black, curling lashes, as she gazes after the doctor's graceful, moving form.

'She's an angel of God. If it hadn't been for her, I should be a poor, lost scorned creature to the day. She believes in giving folks a chance!'

The tears rolled down the softened outlines of her cheek now, and she resumed her work, pressing her lips with a caressing movement on the letter in the pocket of her neat gingham gown, and the burden of her soundless song that keeps time in her heart to the steady whirr of the machine is this and ever this, 'To live decent and respectable. Never to be twitted of what's past and gone!'

And I, Eudora Blake, who pen this 'chronicle and brief abstract,' remind Dr. Mary, when she comes home filled with enthusiasm and renewed energy, of that discouraged moment when she sighed:

'I wish it were possible to find one human being whom I could truly help!'

A Supper at Delmonico's.

Delmonico's reputation is far reaching the resort of epicures, millionaires and people from the country who have come to "do" New York. They have made up their minds to spend money freely, and find Delmonico's a fine place to do it in. By ordinary all the dishes that are out of the season and plenty of wine, one may spend twenty dollars there for one meal from the menu, and eat no more and fare little better than the man at the next table who orders dishes in season and pays three dollars. If New York is cosmopolitan on a large scale, so is Delmonico's on a smaller one. Wide, indeed, is the range of customers' tastes, and there are nearly always more than two hundred dishes on the menu required to satisfy all demands.

When a young man wishes particularly to impress a young woman with his affluence or generosity he takes her to supper at Delmonico's after the theatre. If he has never been there before, the more anxious he is to display familiarity with the place, the more he thinks every one is watching him, and the more he stands in awe of the solemn, dress coated French waiter, and would sooner poison himself than find fault with the viands or the service. If the woman feels at all overcome by her surroundings she seeks to recover herself by getting cross and finding fault with the whole thing.

Infant Genius.

Little Hofmann, and to a greater extent little Otto Hegner, gained immediate success, not because they were clever children, but because they were fully entitled by their talents to rank with grown artists. This being the fact, their extreme youth was of course in their favor, in very much the same way that on the operatic stage, granting two prima donne of equal gifts, the prettier girl is worth the higher salary. In the history of the art, the large majority of famous musicians were originally prodigies. Mozart, as everybody knows, was exploited as a juvenile phenomenon, and among the juvenile prodigies were Madame Schumann, Joachim, Liszt, Rubinstein, Arabella Goddard, Patti, Mendelssohn and loads of others. All these distinguished persons, after making a certain mark as children, afterward studied seriously and assiduously, even as little Otto Hegner has during the autumn been doing under Hans Huber, of Bern, and as little Hofmann is now doing in Berlin.

During a Lifetime.

It has been computed that during a lifetime of three score years and ten the blood of a human being travels 4,291,400 miles; that his heart beats 2,558,848,000 times.

Originality is the faculty of adapting an old idea to a new occasion.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—A ball-room in Washington is said to be lighted by 1,500 gold candles. What dripping there must be in the course of one ball.

—Statistics are published to show that the number of suicides at Monte Carlo, the great European gaming resort, were fewer last year than the previous one.

—The thistle at the antipodes seems to attain a most vigorous growth. Its root penetrates to a depth of from twelve to twenty feet, and this root, even when cut into small pieces, retains vitality, each piece producing a new plant.

—Over seventy million pairs of suspenders were made in the United States last year. That would give every man at least two pairs, and it looks queer to see some men going around with a piece of clothes line girted about them.

—It is now proposed to have another international exhibition in the great crystal palace at Sidenham, near London, in 1891, in the buildings in which the exhibition of 1851 was held in Hyde park, but which were afterward removed to Sydenham.

—There has just been landed at San Francisco a fleece worth mention, in shape of a black merino from Australia that is utterly and absolutely without hair, even where none and tall ought to be. In all other respects she is a model of the equine race.

—Philadelphia is enjoying a greater growth of population at the present time than any other large city on the continent, if we cut out the 3,000 new buildings erected during 1888. Twelve were intended in whole or in part for dwelling purposes.

—Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry are saying some hard things about the husbands, but that "ordinously ungracious" and "essentially non-talk" combination of whom we read in the papers to keep the popular ball in the larger half of humanity.

—The old oak tree at Waltham, which is reverenced as antiquity as Prof. Alexander Agassiz said was 700 years of age, has been cut down. It has been dead for some time, and stood in the hall of an adjoining museum. Part of the venerable tree will be preserved in the library.

—Florida is something else than a land of flowers, orange groves, and indolent tourists. They have demonstrated that there, and no one can twit us with what's past and gone.' that the raising of cattle and making sugar and molasses is just as successfully done now in Florida as in Cuba and Louisiana.

—Yale College in 1701 had but four or five students who were church members. Today nearly one-half hold such membership. Princeton in 1773 had but twelve professed believers in the Christian faith. Today about one-half, and among these the best scholars. In Williams college 117 out of 248, and in Amherst 253 out of 352, are church members.

—Very pleasant is it to read of the interchange of courtesies between the retiring president of the House and the one who is to become its occupant. Quite in marked contrast is this with the department of the elder Adams a little over four score years ago. It is to be hoped that henceforth there may be party loyalty without personal rancor.

—Twenty-seven years ago a moss lodged somehow in the mortar of between the stones of an Ohio court house spire, took root, and said out an oak shoot. To-day a miniature oak grows on the spire, eighty feet from the ground. It draws life from the elements, the moisture and the air, the heat, but principally from the air, as there is very little cement in the spire.

—The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

—Julian Hawthorne is one of the handsomest of American literary men. His face does not possess the grand, majestic power that distinguished his father, but it is perhaps a countenance that possesses greater attractions for women. Over a beautifully shaped head full crown of dark brown hair, his eyes are very fine, and would brighten a far less handsome face, he is tall, graceful and manly in figure.

—The total number of murders committed in the country as reported by telegraph to the Chicago Tribune during 1888 is 2184, as compared with 2303 in 1887, 1410 in 1886, 1638 in 1885. The causes of these murders may be classified as follows:

Quarrels	1023
Unknown	247
Cause unknown	214
Liquor	192
By highwaymen	143
Highwaymen killed	82
Insanity	41
Resisting arrest	64
Self-defense	38
Infanticide	35
Hatred	34
Outrage	6
Strikes	13
Duels	2

—At Point Lobos, near San Francisco, there is exposed out in the waters of the Pacific a big wooden pedestal, so arranged that a surface six feet by twelve is opened to the waves. The motion of the waves causes the pendulum to swing,