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THE real cause of Mind-reader Bish-

op's death will probably remain a mystery. It will never be known whether his death was due to natural causes, to suffocation in an air-tight casket or to the surgeon's scalpel.

very well notwithstanding the royal boycott. About 250,000 people were on the exhibition grounds on May 26th. and it looks as though it would be a success even though the kings and emperors do not smile upon ir.

THE Sultan, it is said, has sent to the Empress of Germany a necklace, valned at \$150,000. That is a Royal gift in more senses than one. It is typical of Royalty to squander money in that hishion, while the nation is impoverished, and the people overburdened with

SEVENTEEN mayal cadets who were found deficient at the Naval Academy last March were allowed to resign, and the Congressmen who had appointed them were notified to fill the vacancies, whereupon each Congressmen reappointed the young man whom he had ominated last year. There are few laws which the average legislator cannot get around when his influence with his constituents appears to be in

THE omnipresent sea serpent has been seen again, which one of him is not specified. The ingenious mind of the reader is left to determine whether the latest sea serpent was the piscatorial demon with a penchant for turning up in the vicinity of enterprising sea shore resorts at stated periods during the summer season or merely the measly monster that is frequently seen in al waters by the long-range, imaginative, vision of "space" newspaper correspondents,

I'r is not impossible that some individual now living may witness the final absorption by the great Standard Trust of every source of supplying involving essential materials of industry or necessaries of living that may constitute a monopoly. To petroleum, cotton oil and dressed meats the Standard magnates now desire to add white lead They do not propose that any man shall paint his house without paying them

IT is mid that the Czarina has been "c uplctely unnerved" by the discovery of a plot among officers of the army to assasinate the Czar. Such a discovery is calculated to unnerve anybody. If the officers of the army cannot be trusted the autocrat is truly in a bad way. But he ought to take such a state of affairs as a symptom that there is something seriously wrong in his government for which Siberia offers no

ANOTHER ocean steamer has been run down and sunk and six men are reported as lost. The German Emperor was at anchor when the Beresford struck her. It was the old story of a fog and of running at full speed. Science and invention ought to be able to provide some means of preventing these collisions which are increasing in number as the steamships increase it

announcements of a phenomenal fruit culated in this country by the Tories, crop in Delaware are made. A little later on the announcements will be varied and the consumer will be told that the crop will be short. It has come to be understood that all statements respecting the future of crops must be scrutinized with great care before acceptance. Whether the honest farmer or the middle-man is responsible for this uncertainty is a moot question, but there is one thing certain the consumer is not to blame for it, although he is the fellow ground between the apper and nether mill stones of producer and seller in their efforts to raise

Ir monuments are to be erected over the graves of soldiers, no better subjects are likely to be found than such regimental and brigade commanders as General William McCandless, whose comrades of the Pennsylvania Reserve Association went out to Mt. Moriah Cemetery on Saturday, May 18th, to unveil the granite shaft they had there erected to his memory. He had a splendid record in the field, participating in nearly all of the hard-fought battles of the Army of the Potomac and being wounded twice-at Second Bull Run and at Spotsylvania. He was not only a good soldier; he was also a good citien in time of peace, and served the

Busines the exhibition, Paris has an attraction for some minds in a success'on of international congresses debating all manner of questions save those related to politics or religion. Such congresses (they are common to all inof treemen would be the giving us up ternational exhibitions) not infrequently accomplish a great deal of good by bringing together some of the brightest minds in the world-a succession of specialists. Their audiences may be mall but they are select, and the publeation of what is said and of descriptions of what is shown carries around the world the consensus of thought on various practical and scientific subjects. The Electrical Congress of 1881 was of gorat value in securing something like uniformity in nomenclature and standards of measurement, and the Electrical Congress will this year have more of the same kind of work to do. It should, for example, get a new standard for measuring electric lights, and it ought to discuss the subject of laying wires underground. If it should succred in settling these questions to the satisfaction of American cities it will justify the flood of talk which Paris invites when it calls together 69 international congresses to meet there within

A BATCH OF FABLES

Said to be From the Persian, by Am-

"There, now," said a kitten triumphantly, laying a passive mouse at the feet of her mother, "I flatter myself THE Paris Exhibition is getting along I am coming on with a very reasonable degree of rapidity. What will become of the minor quadrupeds when I have attained my full strength and ferocity, it is mournful to conjecture!"

'Did he give you much trouble?' nquired the aged ornament of the hearth-side, with tender solicitude. "Trouble!" echoed the kitten, never had such a fight in my life! was a down wright savage-in

"My Falstaffian issue," rejoined the Tabby, dropping her cyclide and com-posing her head for a quiet sleep, "the above is a toy mouse." "What have you there on

back?" said a zebra, jeeringly, to a "ship of the desert" in ballast. "Only a bale of gridirons," was the meek reply.

what, pray, may you design doing with them? "What am I to do with gridirous?" repeated the camel, contemptuously. "Nice question for you, who have evi-dently just come off one!"

People who throw stones should not live in glass houses, but there ought to be a few in the vicinity. A man was plucking a live goose,

when his victim addressed him thus:

"Suppose you were a goose; do you think you would relish this sort of

"Indeed I would!" was the emphatic natural, but rather injudicious reply.
"Just so," concluded her termenter;

"that's the way I feel about the matter

found the heat of his fleece very un-comfortable, and seeing a flock of other sheep in a fold, evidently waiting for some one, leaped over and joined them, in the hope of being shorn. Perceiving the shepherd approaching and the other sheep huddling into a remote corner of the fold he shouldered his way forward and going ud to the shep-

"Did you ever see such a lot of fools; It's lucky I came along to set an example of docility. Seeing me operated upon, they'll be glad so offer them-

"Perhaps so," replied the shepherd, laping hold of the animal's horns, "but I never kill more than one sheep at a time. Mutton won't keep in hot

An old fox and her two cubs were pursued by dogs, when one of the cubs got a thorn in his foot and could go no got a thorn in his foot and could go in her companion.

further. Setting the other to watch her companion.

"I do not mean that I shall see him for the pursuers, the mother proceeded, with much tender solicitude, to extract the thorn. Just as she had done so the itinel gave the alarm

"How near are they?" asked the "Close by, in the next field," was the

answer. "The deuce they are!" was the rejoinder. "However, I presume they will be content with a single fox." And shoving the thorn earnestly back truly lost him forever. parent took to her heels.

This fable proves that humanity does not happen to enjoy a monopoly of paternal affection.

The Washington Forgeries.

Sir Wm. Harcourt, in a late speech referred to several alleged letters of Washington, printed in a pamphlet in London in 1776 and industriously ciras somewhat analogous to the Parnell

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette quotes from the preface of the pamphlet a statement of its "editor or forger," that "by the last pacquet he was favored with a letter from a friend now serving in a loyal corpse under Brigadier General Delancey, of New York, of which we here subjoin a faithful extract." This extract then tells how, among the prisoners at Fort Lee, the writer recognized an old mulatto serv-ant of Washington, by name Billy, who had been left behind as too-ill to attend his master, and who begged the writer to take care of a small portmanteau of Washington, wherein, together with some socks and shirts, he subsequently

found a diary and some letters.

These letters purported to be written by Washington in 1776, and were addressed, one to his wife, one to his step-son, J. P. Curtis, and the rest to his agent and relative at Mount Vernon. "They are long letters," says the Gazette, "and written in wonderful accordance with Washington's style." They represent the patriot leader as saying: "There cannot be a situation so truly irksome to an ingenious nature as the being perpetually obliged to act a part foreign to our true feelings." The vote for a Continental army was car ried "with a unanimity that really astenished me " because I knew many who voted for it were as averse to the independence of America as I was. It has been our policy (and at the time I thought it well founded) to hold out false lights to the world." In short, he would be glad even then, on the eve of action, to resign, if he could do so wish—I had a birthday—once without the imputation of cowardice. week——" (faints with pain.) Again, "I do not really wish for independence. I hope there are few who do ion the next misfortune to that of being thrust from our just rank in the order

and leaving us to ourselves," Washington did not deem it necessary to repudiate the letters at the but when they were reprinted in deed as done "to gratify the spleen of malignant party spirit and to effect a purpose even more infamous than the one contemplated by the original au-

The intensity of party spirit in the early days, against which Washington felt called upon to warn the country in his Farewell Address, is illustrated by this episode. It is shown also that the custom of using forced or sham letters to promote a cause originated before the days of "Morey," "Murchison" or

as much magnetism as steel rods and nets.

It is held that some of the rays of electric light are hurtful to vegetation, but these may be held back by trans-

SAILING AWAY.

Scenes at the Pier When a Great

The season of farewells to ocean voyagers is at hand. An hour before the advertised time of departure the piers look like the floral department of a very successful county fair. Carriages by the dozen are there,

and on both pier and steamship wealth, fashion, poverty, friendship, regret, expectation, pleasure and pain are represented. The humble steerage passen-gers, with their bags and shabby garments, tumble against tailor-made men and modishly dressed women. The scene is one of ir congruity and inequality. It is a strange, wordless com-

The celebrated histrionic artist rolls up in her carriage, and finds friends and flowers awaiting her in the saloon. The health-seeker arrives, with his valet and bundles, great coats and robes, and, as he halts a moment be-fore going inside, turns his eyes pathetically towards the city he is leav-The thought is in his mind is that he may see it no more forever,

The young wife and her new husband are there, so happy, so bewilderingly happy, that words would not express the degree of their felicity; therefore, they do not search for words, but stand smiling while friends say nice things to them.

Meantime the trunks go banging down the hold; the fruit sellers call out their enticing prices; here and there tears float in eyes that have tried to look cheerful and pleased through it "Well, suppose I were," answered the man, "do you think you would like to pluck me?" to look cheerful and pleased through it all. Handkerchiefs flutter, lips quiver as they kiss, bands are held in loving clasp, and at lest at least at le are to stay tear themselves from those who are going away, and the gangway raised, the connecting link between sea and land broken, the great floating cas-

tle moves slowly off.
It swings out into the wider water deliberately but determinedly, and the people on shore watch it with dim eyes and bursting hearts until the mass of human beings at the bulkhead becomes a mere blot against the sky, Then the watchers sigh and turn

away, to go to homes that are, perhaps, lonelier than they ever were before. Among those who watched a great steamship move off the other day, was a woman, handsome though no longer young, and habited in black. eves were tearless as she watched the sea, but they were sadder than sadness

She is a widow, and her only son was on board the great ship, going away with a bride on his arm, for a long stay abroad

"I have lost him forever," she said to a friend, turning her face homeward at last. "On, not so bad as that," answered

no more," said the widow, "but that I have lost him. He belongs now more It was true. The mother who had brought up her boy with the greatest care was now left alone. standing all her love a d self-sacrifice, The foolish little creature by his side absorbed him, and the mother had

Bobby's High Old Time.

Fond mother (to young hopeful) Now, Bobby darling, to-day is your birthday, and you are 12 years of age, To-day I mean to let you have your own way in everything, so run out and have a good time."

Bobby, in high glee, runs out to hunt up Tom Jones, while mamna goes downtown to do some shopping, and this is the conversation that fo. lows, when Tom and B. bby meet: "Hello, Tom, old boy."

"Hello, Bob, how is things?" 'Oh, everything is lovely, an' I was just looking for you to help me wreck the garden.

Why, what's up, Bob?" 'Oh! it's my birthday to-day, and ma has gone downtown, and left me to "Well, if that ain't a snap!

how shall we begin?" "Well, Tom, first I think it would be a good scheme to tie a pale to Uncle Jim's dog's tail and let him loose it the greenhouse, and then-let's seelon, yes, Uncle Jim has got a can of gunpowder up in his hunting chest, and we will take that and blow up the hen-

"Golly! but you've got a head, Bob. I wouldn't have thought of so much fun in a whole week."

Two hours later. Bobby's mamma is hastily summoned home to the bedside of her darling boy, where she finds two surgeons working over Bobby and Tom, setting a bone here, sewing up a cut there, and bandaging more or less everywhere. The henhouse is a total wreck, likewise the greenhouse, while Uncle Tom's dog has been shot by a police who thought him mad. And as mamma bends over her darling boy, smoothing his damp brow, and weeping motherly tears, she softly whisperss "I might have known, Bobby darling, that that horrid Tom Jones would lead you into mischief." And And in spite of his pair, Bobby smiles and replies: "Yes, mamma, but you ought to have been here to see the fun-I-I-

many people that long life was more common in the time of our ancestors than at present. It seems, however, that facts do not prove this to be a correct impression. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, one-half of all who were born, died under five years of age, and the average proportion of the whole proportion of the whole populabut eighteen years. seventeenth century one-half of the population died under twelve years, But in the first sixty years of the eighteenth century, one-half of the population lived over twenty-seven years; in the latter forty-years, one exceeded thirty-two years of age. In the beginning of the present cen-tury, one-half lived over forty years. The average longevity of these successive periods has been increased from eighteen years in the eighteenth cen-tury up to forty-three years.

increase in the duration of life s, no doubt, due to the progress of nedical practice, the improvements in the construction of houses, the improved drainage of streets, and to su-

From the Chinese Times

One day, with great clation, I received To a dinner that was a la Japonaise; But judge of my dejection when I found.

For one who's never been to far Japan Or a sayonara from an ichiban. For a day or so I pondered, and very often won

dered
If ever I could muster up a dress;
But a gentleman who's been there, and who
tells us what he's seen there,
Must at my plight have made aclever guess.
A hukuma he sent me, and gueta, too; he lent

me,
An obl was not wanted, so he said—
But I must wear a lubi, or else I should look shabby. And a kushi too to go upon my head. Of the dress I had no notion, so I was in great

commotion
When I found that it required a lot of knack
To make the thing look proper; and I nearly Howery; My louri was according to the law, And as to my kimono, 'twas a clear case of pr

Publico for every one that saw.

must confess I trembled when I saw the guests assembled.

And the hostess said kom ban wa at the door:
And, as in the room I glided, I very soon decided
That they meant to take their dinner on the
floor. For bowls in great profusion were spread in

wild confusion. And saki jars were seen on every side. And many little dishes, filled with seaweed and with fishes Whose names I can't remember, though I've tried. is is usual in such cases, we quickly took ou places. Our attitudes were elegant and quaint, For sitting round or lying we were a group de-

fying
Any artist that has ever lived to paint.
The feast was just perfection, the saki bore in spection.
The kuri was all that could be desired.
I must not forget to mention, for I gave it clos attention.
That the ladies' dresses were to be admired.

Nor was smoking too forbidden, so we very soon were hidden in the known from kiseris of neat form, and lobake bon whose embers, as far as one resippi Would not hold the bowls of saki that we took And occashing after, we are 'mid roars of laugh

For 'twas fish quite unacquainted with the cook At length I chanced to strike on an edible call-I tasted it; it seemed to be quite nice, So to a lady turning, I thought I should be

earning
Her thanks at least by offering a slice.
"Arisgodo, yes. with pleasure," she tried it at
her leisure,
One price she found was really quite enough,
She called aloud for soli, skomono, shoyaki;
She said she did not like the "nasty stuff." With interest undiminished when the feast was nearly finished

nearly finished. is of rice and tea were seen to make a show, one of us did stickle to take a little pickle, orrect effects of axid, don't you know. every one was saying while gratitude displaying.
The evening had proved to be a boon:
And all assured the hostess, "The thing please us most is Invite us to another very soon."

COLONEL KEMP'S WARD.

fine September morning, in the dining-room of his country-house, a fine old mansion situated in a beautiful Berkshire glade not far from Windsor, Visa-vis to the old gentleman at the well appointed table was his daughter and child, Victoria, a blooming, brown-eyed, creamy cheeked young lady of about three-and-twenty,

The Colonel, who was a widower, had gained considerable reknown during the war in the Punjaub. He had earned a great deal of prize-money and numerous medals and crosses; and, having besides his pension, much private property, partly derived from his deceased wife, he was enabled to keep both a country and a town house, and to live in good style.

In person he was a tall, sunburnt man, museular and active, taking into consideration his sixty-eight years. His eyes were of a clear steel blue, bright and penetrating in their glance, and his teeth were almost as white and well preserved as those of a man of five and twenty. Like many field officers who have seen much active service, his frame seemed rather to have acquired vigor by hard work than to have lost it; and there was mingled with his courtesy which fascinated all with he came in contact. In short, Colonel Kemp was 'an officer and gen-

His daughter Victoria owed her name to her father's extreme lovalty to his Sovereign. She was 'the apple of his eye,' and well did she deserve his warmest affection. The girl was somewhat above the height of the majority of her sex, and rather more strongly formed. Perhaps her constant participation m her father's out door pastimes had something to do with this. She was an accomplished rider and archeress, followed the hounds occasionally and knew how to use the trout-rod and to bring down a partridge from a covey with a small light gun which her father had had built especially for her. Yet there was nothing masculine about Victoria Kemp. True, she joined in her father's sports occasionally, and was his constant companion; but then she had neither mother nor sisters, and her dearly-loved father was as yet her allin-all. In the home circle Victoria exhibited all those soft and feminine graces which so well adorn a woman, and which, by force of contract with her own sterner qualities, are so attractive to the opposite sex.

Besides a finely formed figure, V c toria was endowed with most attractive features. Her nose was straight and finely chiseled, her mouth, though large, exquisitely cut, her complexion of a clear cream color, slightly tanned by the sun, and her eyes were large, lustrous, brown, and full of feeling Her feet were small and well arched but ler hands, though nervous and well moulded, were rather larger than is usual in her sex. Her crowning glory, however, was her magnificen chestnut-brown hair, which, braided in natural plaits, formed a splendic crown, and was most appropriate to one with so queenly a presence, and so ueenly a name, The post had just come; and the

olonel, while he twirled his egg-spoon irritably between his fingers, was con-'What on earth does it mean?' he

muttered, 'I can't make head or tail perfectly well that by doing so sh would soon be enlightened. 'Here's a letter,' continued the Colo nel, a letter from Secundabad-po

Calcutta, from an old friend Chevilstone, containing by extraordinary proposition-most extraordinary, my

his eye-glass, and glanced fiercely at like being trotted out for inspection. 'Well, papa dear, what is it?'

daughter ventured to ask, 'What is it? Just listen, Vic,' and CALCUTTA, Aug. 1st, 1867.

My Dear Kemp:—Though many years have elapsed since we fought side by side in the Punjaub, I feel satisfied that you retain sufficient regard for your old comrade to do him a rea kindness. My eldest son is ordered by the surgeon of our regiment-your own old corps, you know—to recruit his health by a two-year's visit to England. I am rich enough to be able to give him every indulgence, and he will be in England almost as soon as this letter. Never having left India, he knows nothing of our English ways, have directed him to you. Be to him as a father, and oblige your dear old friend and companion in arms,

PHILIP CHEVILSTONE. Victoria laughed during the reading

'Well, papa,' she said, 'you have often wished you had a son; now you will have a ward, 'A pretty thing,' grumbled the Colonel, 'to be plagued in my old age by some over-grown, overspoilt brat!'
'Brat, papa! Why, surely Mr. Chev-

stone cannot have young sons,'
'How do I know that?' retorted the Colonel. 'Many a man makes a fool of himself in his old age." 'But, surely, papa, if Mr. Chevil-

stone was one of your old companions in arms, he must be about your own age; so it is not likely—'
'No, it is not likely,' snapped the Colonel, 'but a good many things happen that are not likely, Vic. The let-ter doesn't say a word about the fellow's age or anything.'

'It is certainly vague,' assented Vic 'Vague! It's a perfect riddle! What are we to do here with a great growing had who'll eat like a horse, and make love to all the servant maids? 'Oh, papa, it will not be so bad as

an accomplished young man, or'-here she laughed—'a very little boy. The colonel smiled grimly, 'I'll write and say I won't have him!' he exclaimed. 'Why am I to be turned into a guardian to an India hobblede-

that! Young Mr. Chevilstone may be

hoy against my will?" But you can't write, papa, dear! There is no time, Remember, Mr. Chevilstone says his son will soon be here almost as soon as this letter which has announced his arrival.

'That's true!' muttered the Colonel, quite nonplussed. 'So you must submit with a good grace, papa. And now,' she continued, rising, since you have finished break-fast, I'll leave you to read your paper,

and go and make preparations for this young Indian, who may be expected any hour.'

'Very well, dear,' and the Colonel groaned inwardly, as he took up his paper, 'since there's no help for it. By terday at dinner, wants more chillies, and I'm sick of rabbits. We have eaten a warren of them, lately, I

'Don't grumble, papa; you shall have a brace of partridges to-day.'

The colonel nodded approvingly, and commenced to read his newspaper, whilst his daughter hastened to hold a

conference with the housekeeper. At eight o'clock on the same evening, whust Colonel Kemp was lingering over his coffee and Victoria singing to him a series of Scotch ballads, 1 which the old soldiers delighted, M Sydney Chevilstone was announced, The colonel rose hastily from his sent with an air of doubt and curiosity, treading so violently on the paw of his favorite setter Psyche, who had been crouched at his feet, as to cause her to

set up a dismal howl and growl angrily at the stranger. Victoria, following her father's example, stopped short in the middle of Auld Robin Gray, and rose myoluntarily. But, as their guest, with a pleasant smile and extended hand, adranced toward the master of the house, it required all the good breeding and elf-possession of the veteran and his cloud. daughter to prevent their uttering an

exclamation of extreme surprise. The new comer was neither a 'hobbledehoy' nor 'a very little boy,' as surmised by father and daugnter. He was a tall, handsome, and particularly dignified man of about eight-andtwenty; Sydney Chevilstone, in fact, was so striking in appearance that he would attract attention anywhere.

pected from his never having resided out of India, exceedingly dark, so dark been almost disagreeable to the eye of a European but for the great inteld- his daughter. gence in his dark eyes and the dazzling whiteness of his teeth, which set off the dusky hue of his skin to advantage. curly, and a small well trimmed mustache shaded his upper lip.

'I guardian to that stately animal? Pooh! muttered the colonel to himself. But he bade him welcome with all the self-possession he could at the moment | daughter. So declared everybody. muster, and introduced him to his

ughter. happily concluded; the colonel with one Victoria, who had been prepared to or two of the older men were defying sixteen, for once entirely lost her pres-ence of mind, and colored deeply as she while, as a matter of course, the returned young Chevils one's graceful younger members of the party had bow. She felt that she was positively paired off, and were talking all sorts of awkward, that her demeanor was more that of a village girl than of a well-bred young lady. She was angry with herself accordingly, and the consciousness glades of the park, were at a consider-of her gaucherie did not assist her to able distance from their companions; look less gauche. Sydney Chevilstone came to her relief.

'You were singing, Miss Kemp. Pray do not let me disturb you.' 'But,' put in the Colonel, have you 'Oh, yes, before I left town!'
'But your traps?'

'Oh, your butler is seeing to them. They are being carried to my room." 'His room!' thought the Colonel. 'Confound his impudence!' 'At least you will let us offer you a cup of co!fee?' he said aloud, and rang the bell for a fresh supply of cake. "With much pleasure," said the vis-

tor, 'on condition that I do not disturb 'Oh, my daughter was only singing me a Scotch ballad. I have a foolish partiality for Scotch airs.' 'Ah, so have I! Miss Kemp was inging Auld Robin Gray, I think I glanced merrily at his six foot figure, caught the air as I came up stairs,' and

'Go on then, Vic, since Mr. Chevilstone permits it,' said the Colonel.
Victoria hesitated. It seemed, at so early a stage of acquaintanceship, very

looked with interest at the young

But she felt that to be occupied anyhow was preferable to sitting unemployed under the searching gaze of the new come's large dark eyes; and some nervousness - a thing

very unusual with Victoria - she resumed her seat at the piano, and commenced the beautiful and touching ballad. Was it wonderful that, interpreted by such an exquisite contralto voice as that of Victoria Kemp, the sad story should go straight to Sydney Chevilstone's heart? Never had the young man in his Auglo-Indian experience had the opportunity of listening to so pure and beautiful a voice. So it was not surprising that Sydney Chevilstone was quite taken by storm and when, at the conclusion of her ballad, Victoria ventured to glauce furtively at him, she was astonished and gratifled to perceive that the tears had actually

'Ab,' said be, 'that's something like music? I don't know whether it's out from our party, Mr. Chevilstonel Had tended in the course of years to scores 'Ah,' said he, 'that's something like of my regard for the old Highlanders, but the very name of anything Scotch warms my heart. Kiss your old father,

Vic. darling. You sing like a seraph. Victoria bent over her father. me!' burst in Sydney impulsively; and and saidthen he looked embarrassed, The Colonel and Victoria turned to

him in surprise. 'You were going to say something?' said the father. more confused. After a few moments he stammered out-

'Well, I was going to ask Miss Kemp not to sing any more.'
'Ah,' exclaimed the old soldier, delighted. 'There's a compliment for blood dyed her cheek and brow. you Vic, Mr. Chevilstone thinks as I do; that after that nothing will do. He tobin. Isn't it so, Mr. Chevilstone?' 'Yes, I confess it is.' returned the visitor, looking at Victoria in a fashion that made her feel strangely agitated, and cast down her eyes involuntarily, 'How absurd I am!' she said to her-

singing.
'Was there ever such a charming woman?' thought Chevilstone. A month or six weeks had elapsed,

and Sydney Chevilstone had become thoroughly domiciled at the Beeches, Colonel Kemp's seat. Already was the young Anglo-Indian on such friendly and affectionate terms with his host that they had many a laugh over the ambiguous wording of the letter written by the former's father. Indeed the young man habitually called the Colonel 'guardian,' and the soldier's 'ward' had to undergo much bandinage from the visitors to the Beeches, the fact of course being that there was no real guardianship in question. The whole mistake had arisen from the Colonel's oo hasty interpretation of the letter by Mr. Chevilstone senior. Yet the veteran could not but notice that when the subject was alluded to there was a sort of a sly smile on the young man's lips, as if there were some secret behind all this that he-the Co'onel-was not a sharer It was not long, however, before

ened on this head. As to Victoria Kemp and Sydney Chevilstone, both being young, goodlooking, intellectual, accomplished, and of similar tastes, what possible termination save one could there be to such an acquaintanceship? Sydney Chevilstone and Victoria Kemp were 'over head and ears' in love with each other; and though no explanation had yet taken place between them, each was

conscious of the truth, It was in the mouth of October. The woods were one mass of brown, purple, copper and gold. The copse bushes bent beneath their weight of nuts, and the pheasant and hare reveled over their banquet of beech-mast. The gardens were ablaze with scarlet geraniums, China asters, chrysanthemums, and a few late dablias. The air was pure and warm and the sky blue and without a

For a day in mid October the Colonel and Victoria had planned their last picule of the year, and by permission of the Ranger it was to take place in Windsor Great Park.

Victoria Kemp understood the art of making a fete champetre go off well. She possessed the tact necessary for amusing a crowd composed of miscellaneous elements, and people strove to The visitor was, as was to be ex- get an invitation to her out-door gatherings. The picule now on the tapis however, was to be small and select, indeed, that his complexion would have and to consist of only fifteen or sixteen very intimate friends of the colonel and

For a more exquisite day than it turned out for this their last picnic of the season it would have been impossiwas charmed with the success of the undertaking. Never were there such champagne and such lobster salads, or such genial master or mistress of the ceremonies as the old colonel and his The eating part of the business was

se a boy of certainly not more than the rheumatism by laying at full length nonsense in couples. Victoria Kemp and Sydney Chevilstone, walking in one of the beautiful

> the fact, or if they were, it did not cause them any uneasiness. They were laughingly discussing the mysterious letter of Mr. Chevilstone senior, which had introduced his son to the household of the Kemps, and Victoria maintained that any one, after perusing it, would have supposed that a little boy, or at any rate a great growing lad, was about to be inflicted on

but they did not appear to be aware of

had been ber own opinion,
'Well, I confess,' said Victoria, smiling, 'that I fancled we were to receive a little fellow, aged perhaps some twelve years. So persuaded was I of it that I told the hou-ekeeper to get ready a little room which has never been used since the death of my brother. and which contains a cot,' here she

Chevilstone smiled, and asked what

that you could not by any possibility have used.' 'Oh, hol' cried her amused listener. 'Then how was it I found such a charming domicile awaiting me? 'Why, we always keep a spare ready for any chance arrival; and of

course the butler, when he had seen you, had sense enough to conduct you to the right apartment.

'Ah, just so! And your father?' 'Oh, papa's idea was that we were to be troubled with a great hobbledehoy who would eat enormously, and-and-

'Well, Mis Kemp, and' Victoria colored, and looked a little con used. 'It was only some of papa's nonsense;

'I insist,' said he mischievously, oking full into her eyes, 'Well, then, papa thought you might take love to the maids. Sydney Chevilstone frowned for a

noment, and then laughed aloud, 'I am honored, I am sure! But listen, victoria. This was the first time he had ever called her by her Christian name, and though, with instinctive subtlety, she birth, found the noble college founded

we not better return?'
'Not yet, I think,' he answered, in a

then become aware of the fact-

powerless to resist, However, she made one more effort 'Shall I sing another, papa dear?' to escape hearing the words she wished 'Oh, no-I-that is-pray excuse to hear; so she looked at her watch, o escape bearing the words she wished

'Past five! We really must return and see the sun set over Woodlands; it is a lovely estate, and almost adjoins papa's. It is quite a site to see the last aid the father.

The young man looked more and range of copper-beeches. The young man smiled a curious

'You admire Woodlands, then, Victoria?" Again 'Victorial' This time the hot

'Oh, yes, of course I do, anybody would! Its owner died only a year ago, prefers to retain the impression of Auld and paper knew him well. We often visited there. It is a most lovely place.' 'You do not know its present owner

All we know is that he is a gentleman who has lived much abroad. I dare self angrily; yet she felt pleased and say we shall become acquainted with gratified, as by the compliment to her him some day.' 'I dare say you will.' 'No doubt he is some crusty old nabob with a worn-out liver, who lives on curries and mulligatawny soup, and

'No; he has not yet taken pos

black servants. 'No doubt he is,' 'Bu: then, one must be civil to next door neighbors, you know.' 'Oh, of course. Good breeding enoins that. But I do not fancy the new owner of Woodlands will be such an

throws the dishes at the heads of his

gre as you imagine.' Why not? 'Possibly I have the honor of his equalntance. You?' and Victoria looked up at him with unfeigned surprise.

What is there so extraordinary in 'You do know the owner of Wood lands then! 'He stands before you. Victoria Kemp's surprise was so eat she could not utter a word. 'Listen, Victoria, dearest,' said the bung man, taking both her hands.

You and your father have been the 'A plot!' exclaimed the young lady; but she did not withdraw her hands, 'Yes, but before I tell you about it, I wish to ask you one question. We are neither of us children, we are neither of us, I think, likely to express our feelings in many words. You must

have seen that I love you, will you be my wife? It was a straightforward wooing indeed! No protestations-not a single nunecessary word! How different from the general run of lovers. But Victoria understood the straightforward, manly nature of Sydney Chevilstone; she mired his character and she loved him-So she simply answered

He put his arm around her, and osed her passionately.
'But about the plot, Sydney!' asked etoria after a brief interval, 'On, yes! Well, then, that letter ras concocted expressly to deceive your-

self and the colone'." 'Yes, dearest, the medical adviser who recommended me to pass two years n Europe was 10 other than myself. was surgeon to the -th, as any army st would have shown the colonel had consulted it,"

'To think we should have been de-'Yes; you fell into the trap easily. But, you see, this was it. The late owner of Woodlands, who, as you, know, had neither kith nor kin, was my godfather; and at his death he be-queathed the e-tate and a large sum of money in the Funds to myself. Of course upon this I determined to quit the army. Whilst my father and I were making inquiries about my new property, it cozed out that the owner

of the adjoinging estate, the Beeches,

was no other than Colonel Kemp, my father's old comrade in arms, ' 'Well, though my father and yours and not seen each other for some years, they had occasionally corresponded; and so, when my match-making sire neard that Colonel Kemp had an only child—a daughter—he proposed a very little scheme. It was neither more nor ess than to join the two estates.' 'It was very impertment!' said Vic-

'It was, I owe,' 'And I have a great mind to retract what I have said, she added with a charming smile. 'Ab, I am not afraid! But listen. Of course my father and I thought that if I announced myself as a man I

should not be received at the Beeches

as a permanent inmate, but if we so

'For what?'

rded the letter as to leave it in doubt-'Yes, yes; you knew that, once our guest, we should not be so rude as to turn you out.' "That's just it. And now you forgive me, Victoria."

'For having descended to subterfuge unworthy of a gentleman.' She looked up at him, her brown eyes full of a tender light, 'It was not the right thing to do,' she

said, 'but I am the gainer by it, and so I forgive you, Sydney.' The young man took his pardon from

'But,' added Victoria, 'I don't know what papa will say to all of this,'
'But, after having heard the story of his 'ward,' the colonel came to the conclusion that 'all's well that end's well.'

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Editor of the illustrated works of Harper & Brother, filled the position creditably for twenty years. Fred, B. Schell, who succeeds him, recently returned to his home in Philadelphia from a three years' art career in Sydney, Australia, and a subsequent trip around the world.

-The German Emperor received a novel Easter egg last Easter. It was of candied sugar and was supported by statuettes in sugar of Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke. Upon the egg was a group representing the Imperial family egg itself contained a music box which played the Prussian national hymn,

-The 139th anniversary of Girard's gathered in his eyes, and that he was incapable of uttering a single word of thanks. Even the old colonel sighed as he stroked Psyche's long silky brown thanks. go on perpetually. The orphans come

-A passenger who recently arrived very tender but firm tone that she felt by the Catalonia has written a public letter asking why so much condemna-tion is visited on the tenament house on land and so little on the same system, aggravated, on shipboard. He says the alties for more than 852 passeng whereas he was one of over 1550 aboard.

ed to regard the threatened visit of the Shah with social and pecuniary pangs. When he was last quartered in Buck-ingham (in 1873), it was an open secret that she regarded him and his entourage as a nuisance and a bore, and the London journals afterward stated that it cost thousands of dollars to put his suite of apartments in proper shape -The Bank of England is said to be

the most extensive banking institution

in the world. It employs over 1,000 clerks and its buildings cover more than eight acres. Several other inter-esting things might be mentioned about this famous institution. issues no note but once. If a customer were to receive a note at the paying teller's window and immediately it in again at the receiving teller's desk. the note would be at once retired. -There is a shooting gatlery at the Paris Exhibition where, in a painted jungle, painted bares, rabbits, and other game (even including fexes!) run about

for the amusement of the sportsmen.

The other day a gentleman, who had a dog with him, took a shot and rolled over a rabbit. At once the dog jumped the barrier and leaped into the jungle to retrieve the painted built . The shoot ing-gallery artist is evidently a second Zeuxis, -London Globe. -The largest diamond as discovered was the Koh-r-noor, or "Mountain of Light," now belonging to the B itish selects fourtid it waight reduced its weight to 1024 carats. largest diamond now in existence is the Russia; it weighs 195 carats. The King of Portugal possesses a diamond

about the genuineness of which there is some doubt; it weighs in the rough 1,680 grains, or 420 carats. -A quite singular marriage has just been brought to light. It was celebrated tracting parties reade in West Virginia, and the disparity of their ages, as well as the near relationship existing be-tween them, has occasioned no little amusement among their friends. The bridegroom is a wealthy bachelor who mera, while the bride is a handsome blonde of 25. The gailant lover is the great-uncle of his youthful spouse, and his marriage to her makes his wife the aunt of her father, the great-aunt of her sisters and the daughter-in-law of her

father's grandfather. -Workmen, while digging an excavation for a cellar on the corner of George and Howe streets, New Haven, unearthed the perfect skeleton of a mun. "The land on which the skeleton was tound," says an exchange, "has a peculiar history. Years ago it was the site of what was known as the Wayside Inn,' kept by Mark Travers. The inn was a popular place for travelers to sleep at, and continued so until about 1826, when a man named Francis Thom, a traveling peddler, mysteriously disappeared. He was known to have entered there, but was never seen alive afterskeleton may probably clear up a mys-tery which at that time was one of the most sensational disappearances on

record. -The audience at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, were treated to a real fire scene. During the performance of the "still Alarm," the wood work un-der the gallery took fire. The city fire department was called in, and a few but Fireman Coleman dealt one man a powerful blow with his fist. This had the effect of stopping the rush, which might have resulted in a panic. The audience watched intently the fireman as they battled with and subdued the flames. The orchestra played with commendable, vigor, which impurted con-fidence during the excitement. When the fire had been subdued, the leading actor, addressed the audience, compl menting them on the pluck displayed,

—Among Washington relies called to notice this year is the epitaph of John Curtis, father of Martha Washington's first husband. His wife was a good deal of a Tartar; and so, indeed, was he; but she generally managed to say the last word in their wrangles. When he died he left orders to his son, on pain of disinheritance, to put this legend on his disinferitance, to put this legend on his tombstone, which was done: "Under this marble tomb lies the body of the Hon. John Curtis, Esq., of the city of Williamsburg, parish of Bruton, formerly of Hungar's Parish, on the eastern shore of Virginia, and county of Northernton." Northampton, aged 71 years, and yee lived but seven years, which was the space of time he kept a bachelor's home at Arlington, on the eastern shore of Virginia " And so he had the last word.—New York Tribune.

A YOUNGSTER, while handling a big army musket in the streets recently was promptly arrested and taken before a magistrate

'Where did you buy this gun?' ired his Honor.
"Didn't buy it," returned the young-, rather sulkily. "Where did you get it, then?"

What, the gun?"

"Why, that has been in our family ever since it was a little pistol."