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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1889.

NO. 47.

A COINCIDENCE,-According to the Kennebec Journal exactly twenty-one persons have been killed annually on Maine railroads since 1885. Thus far in 1889 twenty lives have been sacrificed, and the Journal says the question naturally arises: Who will be the other

A PART of the expected drop in the cost of aluminum has come, and though it is not sufficient to make the metal cheap, it will help to bring it into use. Not long ago aluminum brought six dollars a pound, later it was reduced to four dollars, and now it is said that it can be bought in thousandpound lots for two dollars per pound. At this rate, either pure or in bronzes, it will be available for making many small instruments and tools that can be improved by being lightened in weight.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE .- It is a curious coincidence that the figure 14 is | ble?" associated with Louis XIV all through his life. He was born on the 14th of September. He became of age good enough for them!" and nervous, and our nights filled with when he was 14, and was made king in 1643; add the latter figures together ing out one thing after another to dis and you obtain 14. He began his personal government in 1661: 1-6-6-1-14 and reigned for 72 years. His father died May 14, 1643, and his grand father, Henry IV, also died on that date, May 14. He himself died in 1751, at the age of 77 years .- Educard Harding, in American Notes and Queries.

EDWIN BOOTH'S health is again being talked about. A reporter of the answered sternly. Pittsburg Disputch, who visited the tragedian while he was playing there, ever have anything the rest of us says: "To tell the plain truth as it like?" appears to me, Mr. Booth's health is such as to give him and his friends considerable anxiety, although the wonderful will power and intellectual force of the man enable him to keep up the appearance of physical strength on the stage. His manager, Mr. Chase, stage. His manager, Mr. Chase, derful will power and intellectual force laughed at the idea that Mr. Booth was not in good health. 'He never was better, he said to me five minutes before I saw the actor myself, but Mr. Booth's face and his own words hardly

Japan se ms to have been even a greater sufferer from floods than this country during the year 1889, but some allowance must be made, perhaps, for floods of September are said to have swept away 100 houses and to have drowned over 685 people, and the Japanese Mail reports for the year of 1889 the less of 210 lives of 21 the loss of 2419 lives, the destruction of 50,000 houses and 600 bridges, and desrate, there is no doubt that Japan has suffered severely from storms, and 1889 will be noted in its calendar on that account, as it will be in Pennsylvania.

CARDINAL GIBBONS enters a strong protest against the common delay in executing the sentence of criminals condemned to capital punishment, but he goes a little too far when he says that this delay has "given plausible grounds for the application of lynch law." The same public sentiment that thinking her a selfish little beast. At on occasion sets aside the court and executes criminals without trial, could, and hungry. She had left me sewing, if properly directed, correct abuses in the administration of justice and provide for the prompt execution of the law's sentence after a fair trial has been butter, and a pitcher of water nothing had, Lynch law strikes at the very else. foundation of orderly Government, and should never be excused though its decrees may in themselves be whole-

It is a pleasant thing to read of the presentation to Miss Clara Barton, by citizens of Johnstown, of a testimonial of their good-will and esteem. It is an indication that they are recovering from the terrible strain to which they have been subjected, a recovery due in large measure to the unselfish labors of Miss Barton. The full story of Johnstown cannot be written, but that which is known of the generous efforts made to relieve the distress caused by the flood discloses the highly sympathetic nature of man. The Flood Commission has acknowledged the receipt of two and three quarter million of dollars, and large sums were distributed ind-pendently and do not appear in the Commission's accounts. Then, besides the contributors of money, there were unselfish workers in the field, such as General Hastings and Miss Barton whom the servivors must ever hold in grateful remembrance.

COUMANDER FRANCIS M. GREEN, United States Navy, now on duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, will be requested, through the Secretary of the Navy, to take command of the naval school-ship Saratoga, to be stationed at Philadelphia. This is the purport of a resolution adopted quite recently by the Pennsylvania Board of Directors of

Nautical Schools. Captain Green went into the navy from the merchant service, in which he had had large experience and had made a high reputation. During the Constitutional Centennial at Philadelphia, two years ago, he became favorably known to our people as the commander of the war ship Yantic, which was stationed in our port during that mem-

orable celebration. So far as good signs go, he is just exactly the naval officer wanted for the Saratoga. The Board of Directors had several applications, and a number of naval officers applied to the Navy Department to be detailed for the post. Most of these were very desirable, but, taking all things into account, Captain Green seemed to best fill all the requirements for this particlar school-ship. It is under tood that Captain Green will accept, and that the aratoga will be here by the end of the

HE TYRANNY FROM THE OTHER SIDE Of the Firm of Husband. Wife, &

The man who stints his family in order to indulge himself, has for so long been held up to the scorn of the read-ing public, that the other side of the subject has been entirely lost sight of. Some time ago, 1 was calling on an acquaintance, who had a number of new purchases to display, articles of furniture, decoration, etc., and some lovely tableware. Knowing her income to be no larger than my own, I asked:
"But how can you affor! such hand-

some things? I cannot even think of making such purchases." She gave me an intunt look, then, dropping her voice confidentially said:
"I save it out of the housekeeping

For a long time I have saved, at least, half of my monthly allowance, and this month I will save more. I want to buy me a new silk-something really "But," I said, "can you save so much

and still make your family comforta-"I suppose they are comfortable

She had detained me so long bring play, that tea time approached, and a nourishing diet! How we laughed her little boy, a child of nine or ten when he had gone! It was such a joke

"O-o-o Mal Nothing but cold corn-bread and milk! Oh!"

good enough for the rest of you," she wise Providence! "Yes, but Ma, you like it and all of

the rest of us hate it. Why can't we "That will do. If you are not hun-

can go without." I hastily took leave, and as I shut paid too dearly for them. After that I used to watch her children passing by used to watch her children passing by boundless faith on their way to school. Their once divine genius. ruddy faces grew sallow and pinched, while deep scowls of discontent and discomfort became habitdal to them.

"I have been making some estito to himself, "There is nothing so wonderful in all this; trees are not rare, the amount of money Mr. A. C. Gunneither is the earth, why should I stop In a few weeks, the mother returned my visit, arrayed in the "really elegant" silk dress. As soon as there was

an opportunity, I asked. "And how are your children?" she frowned. "I don't know what ails them, they

gance! May not such a woman be, without titution brought upon 90,000 people. exaggeration, likened to a vampire, while these returns may not be acculent, from the family to indulge herself! I never returned that visit, and could only think of her afterwards with loathin

A friend-I used to have lived a short distance from town, on a fruit farm. One spring day I heard she was getting ready for her usual summer trip, so ! thimble in pocket, went out to spend the day, and help with her preparawe were soon deep in the mysteries of ruffles and gores. Though not intimately acquainted, I had loved her dearly. That night I went home dinner time her husband came in tired and gone out half an hour before din-The taable was set with beautiful china, and there was a dish of squash and a small plate of bread and She made no reference scanty fare, but seemed to think it was all as it should be. I did not care for myself, knowing I would be at my own bountiful table at tea-time, but I did pity her husband. I knew he could have eaten every mouthful on the table and still be unsatisfied. The bread

plate was soon emptied. He looked hesitatingly at his wife, and then said 'My dear, is there any more bread?' "Yes," she said, without moving 'I only cut what I think will be eaten.

"The plate is empty," he said, "Perhaps Mrs. Sunshine would like some "Would you like some more, Mrs. Sunshine?" she said turning to me.

Of course I said no. He waited several minutes, then

"If it isn't too much trouble to get it. I would like another piece.' She looked unsmilingly at him for several seconds, the arose and cut him around wistfully at the empty dishes. sighed, and folded up his napkin. m to be the kindest, most indulgent husband, and I felt indignant to see him so imposed upon, returned to our sewing, I dexterously led the conversation to the subject. "How tired and hungry Mr. Walters

nust get, working as he does, out of doors all day!" I said. "Yes, I suppose he does," she answered carelessly. "I should think you would take a

great deal of pains to have things nice for him, he is so thoughtful for you!" ventured further. "Oh, no! He doesn't expect me to exert myself. He knows how frail I

This, uttered at the sewing machine, m the pauses of stitching a sixth ruffle on a "summer silk," did not impress me as being very consistent,

"Besides," she continued, presently, we must economize. My outfit is costing a great deal and my trip will be expensive, I cannot afford to spend much on our home living. I don't have any appetite myself, anyway, so I bother just as little with housework and cookery as I can."

This was so manifestly selfish, fairly took my breath away and I worked several button holes before speaking again. Then I said, "I wonder you are willing to go away and leave him here all summer. Supposing

he should get sick?"
"Well, I would rather he had some one here with him, but he will not be able to afford it. I must have money to spend while I am away. There are always little unlooked-for expenses. can't go empty handed, and I will go. mised me before we were married, that I should have a summer trip and I mean to keep him to it." These are not fancy sketches. They

are drawn from life, and many more might be added. In fact, I have known more wives than husband's who took the lion's share of the income and used it in selfish pleasures in which the others had no share.

One woman I know whose husband has broken down from over-work. Her house is a perfect museum of us-less pieces of furniture and finery, hideous chromos, "ornaments," silks, laces, etc., etc. She bores every visitor she has showing these, and bewailing the "better days" when she constantly haunted bargain counters, and ends by saying, "I litt e thought I would one day have to take borders for a living!" as if she, instead of her poor brokendown husband were the aggrieved one.

Some years ago, when we were younger and less wise, my husband and I resolved to cut down our living exenses in order to purchase a set of books for which our souls longed. We did so, and enloyed the possession of them as only book lovers can, but all enough," she said, as if offended. "I'm and nervous. and our nights filled with creased until alarmed, we "called the doctor in." He looked wise, asked years of age, came dashing in, saying, on us! When we viewed the condition of the family purse, after paying the that a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, the doctor and druggist bills, we real zed but so small be appeared much younger, "Certainly, my son, we will have the that it was useless to try to cheat nathus but so small be appeared much younger, if I had privately cut down the table of A — driving before him two or expenses to indulge some selfish "fad" three dozen sheep. The youthful shep-

An Author's Profits.

gry enough to eat what we have, you art of book manufacturing has given templation. me some interesting figures upon the

ter made because several publishers to look at an oak or a hill, forgetting declined his "Mr. Barnes of New everything? Without Fidele I would York," and the result is as follows in plain figures. If Mr. Gunter had been master would beat me. Why am I not so unfortunate as to get his books issued by a publisher, the most he could expect to have received would have been a copyright of 10 per cent. on the retail price, and his statement would be a solution of the retail price, and his statement would be as follows: as foll ws:

180,000 copies "Mr Barnes of New York."
regally 5 c per copy.
140,000 copies "Mr. Putter of Texas," royalty 5c, per copy.
60,000 copies "That Frenchman" (first edition), 5c, per copy.

Even this must have been a very fine profit for these three books. what he did do was to manufacture and sell the first book himself, because no one would manufacture it for him, and he followed the sams tactics on the others, because he saw no reason for dividing profits with any publisher. Now, look at the statement of the profits that Mr. Gunter actually did make, and I know the figures are accurate. He took the manuscript to Messrs, J. J. Little & Co., the printers, and told them to print 2,000 copies. The plates cost \$325 and the inding for this small quantity about ten cents each, making a total expense of \$525. As he only got \$40) for the whole edition, he was out of pocket \$125, but see the result as it stands to-day when his books have had

Cost of plates of the three books.

Mannfacturing on t of 180,000 cop es, distributed as per foregoing statement, at an average of 4% cents per copy.

Annaged and returned copies, mineral co oss on damaged and returned copies, ad-ver ising and expenses—a liberal exil-

their enormous run:

CREDITOR. Received from news company and trade for

Do you think it wonderful that Mr. Gunter now calls himself "The Home

The Bright Side of SoaP.

So ip has its attractive side, which is always its clean side. A dry piece of soap or a dirty soaplish is repulsive, tion (which is one of my failings) has with another laugh to her maid. convinced me that t'e soap question, which has not forced itself to any ex- drawing which was soon finished. tent upon the minds of the people. It may seem like carrying esthet cism a is only fair I should reward you for the little too far, to wish to reform the fatigue I have caused you, remaining soap-dish at t e kitchen-sink, but this still so long, like a rustic saint. begin. Have two tin or granite hanging scap-dishes, with holes in the bottom to let off the water, so that your scap is not always of the con-istis just where it is most important to your soap is not always of the con-ist-ency of jellyfish. In one of these keep Sunday fetes," she added. laundry soap for scrubbing, and like purposes; in the other a piece of Cas- half open album, stood transfixed with always rinse off the soap before laying where the new twenty frank piece t down. For dishwashing, there glittered. The scales fell from his comes a little tin box with holes in it and a long handle. It is much nearer and more economical to keep a bit of following the different portions of the soap in this, and shake it about in the drawing:
dishwater, than to use a large piece, which the servant will let lie in the dog-and water while washing her dishes, with | this paper!" the general result of flavoring your which has been carelessly left on the him other drawings-lakes, chateaux, spoon or the tine of a fork. Recepta-cles for soap in sleeping apartments she rose and with her maid disappeared should be cleansed as regularly as the beds are made. It is better to attend

On the road to a great chateau.

Petit Pierre followed her with his to this oneself than to leave it to the eyes as long as a 'old of her gown re-servant, who is often hurr'ed, if not mained in sight. The humble shepherd aversion to soap-and-water in her little aversion to soap-and-water in her little boy, which most children seem to share with kittens, by giving him a pratty rienced on seeing anything beautiful piece of pink toilet-soap, moided in the form of a shoe, and promising him one in the shape of a little girl's head and

A Weather Wail.

ometers? Silly the study of air and of sea Useless are weather-cocks, warnings, the mometers, Storm-drums and signals mean nothing

WHAT is the use of forecasts and bar

Hopeless the conning of clouds and hygro Mo one can tell what the weather will be. Captions the climate, I think you'll agree No one can tell what the weather will be.

Weather-wise prophets, precise and em phatical.

Heed not their prating at night or at Do not take notice of twinges rheumatical, Treat all catarrhical symptoms with

It is evident that she really thinks she is. Even now, she stints her family in every possible way, that she may save for fresh "bargains."

Learnical symptoms with account of the shoot of your favorite corn thoughtess the clerk of the weather is he no one can tell what the weather will be Lurked by the sunshine, so bright and

magnetical, How you will grieve if yourgamp you'v If in fur garments you're peripatetical, Doubtless you'll find that the day will

Should you wear clothes that are thin and Then the mor'easter will blow-will Coy as a woman, and ficle as she, No one can tell what the weather will be

AN ARTIST'S IDYL.

But how much better I felt than might have been seen in the province "Hushi If corn-bread and milk is good enough for me, it ought to be to a "mysterious dispensation of an all of their time in solitude. Romances of their time in solitude. Romances had not turned Petit Pierre's head, for such was his name. He did not know how to read, nevertheless he was a dreamer. Day after day he would lean against a tree, his eyes wandering over A friend who knows thoroughly the the horizon in a sort of ecstatic con-

What was he thinking of? He did books of Mr. Archibald Clavering not know himself. He saw the sunrise water, woods and sky. He would say

1,000 Entering a meadow covered with fine 3,900

rock, and leaning on his stick looked But not unlike a shepherd of Arcadla, while he gave himself up to his thoughts, HIs dog sagaciously judging the sheep would not go far from a spowhere the pasture was so inviting, with on his master, lay at his feet motionless. The sheep disported themselves in their happy, heedless fashion. It was a charming, peaceful picture-so a young girl thought as she entered the

meadow from another side. "What a lovely spot for sketching!" she cried, taking her drawing materials from her maid, who was with her. Throwing herself on a little knoll regardless of her fresh white robe, and arranging her drawing materials, she began with a firm hand to sketch the scene before her. A great straw hat cast a transparent shade over her lovely

features; a glimpse of her sunny hair. in a round knot at the back, made her not unlike one of Ruben's pictures, Petit Pierre, absorbed as he was, had not at first noticed the arrival of this charming apparition. Fidele had raised his head, but seeing nothing particularly antagonistic, returned to his or mer sphinx like attitude. When Petit Pierre glanced finally on the dainty white figure before him, he suddenly felt as if his heart had stopped beating To overcome this emotion he rose to

his feet, and whistling to his dog left the spot. But that had never entered into the young girl's calculation, who was about putting in the young shepherd with his Publishing Company" and issues his own novels? His experience has been flock as an indispensable accessory. She unique, but you can see that he is threw down her album and pencil and nearly \$35,000 better off than if his flew in the direction of Petit Pierre, book had been welcomed by the pub- and insisted on his returning to occupy his former position on the rock.

"You," she said, laughlingly, "must stay in this position until I tell you that you can go-this arm a little more forward, and your hand a little to the

As she spoke, with her white, delicate hands she placed and arranged shrinks from ablu- Petit Pierre in the position to suit her. tions which are to be performed with such aids. A certain hab t of observafor a peasant's eyes," she continued

The model arranged to suit her, the unlike "Is marriage a failure?" is one light-hearted young girl returned to her "You can get up now and go, but

The shepherd very shamefacedly, very

The she, herd glauced furtively on the member to amazement, without closing his hand eyes; a sudden revelation came over him. In a half stupefied voice he said,

> dog-and I am here, the sheep, too, on The young girl, amused at his admi-

The writer overcame the began to have a confused idea what it assumed different proportions. He was neither then a fool nor an imbecile. He

beautiful vision that had drawn him in

the afternoon came smiling towards arr," ws p tiently reproducing the him, saying:

Fidele dreaming in reality at his feet, work of the Creator.

Fidele dreaming in reality at his feet, The young woman gazed a long time "It is not sufficient to look-you So saying, she placed on his knees a

trembling a hand that the lines ran into each other. Petit Pierre would have given anything not to have been so awk ward—everything he drew grew into irregular and ridiculous zigzags. His anguish grew greater than he could bear, until the lady, seeing his misery, put a stop to it, by placing in his hand a pencil whose point flashed like fire. Petit Pierre's difficulties vanished as if by magic. Out of confusion came life and the shrubs each have the leaves that belong to them. You must have been a close observer before you could have reproduced anything from what you saw—how much more merit to be able to originate anything."

This was the first encouragement petit Pierre ever hal; it gave him the first confidence in his genius that was to be so great, "Go on, my son," continued the good pastor, "perhaps you have reproduced anything from what you saw—how much more merit to be able to originate anything."

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Suddenly, as if recollecting something, and the artist's name—but the latter was unknown to her, and the picture, the subject and the artist's name—but the latter was unknown to her, and the picture, the subject was unknown to her, and the picture, the subject was unknown to her, and the picture, the subject was unknown to her, and the picture, the subject and the artist's name—but the latter was unknown to her, and the picture, the subject was unknown to her, and the picture, the subject was unknown to her, and the picture, the subject was unknown to he air of approval, saying from time to

"Good, very good! that is the way-This dream made a great impression

on Petit Pierre. From that day he with his head. seemed a different person—his head and his heart alike seemed on fire. He had ing on the hearth, Petit Pierre began the priest. his studies in charcoal on the outside The int

walls of the cabin instead of on paper

of the canine race. To describe the severe, and you will have your reward. satisfaction that Petit Pierre felt when An event, very simple in itself, while he had accomplished this would be difficult. Michael Angelo, when he had Petit Pierre's life, suddenly came to given the last touch to the Sistine pass. "It is always the unexpected

the little artist. Entering a meadow covered with fine grass, dotted here and there with clumps of trees, altogether a picturesque spot, Petit Pierre threw himself on a was the statch have different from the content of the proper placing of the picture, repaired to the Cure's home, where the latter showed the visitor some of Petit Pierre's drawreal Fidele. The next time he tried heavily against the table, pressing his to draw a sheep, and did a little better; hand against his heart, for it seemed as he was gaining experience—but the though it would burst, then waited in charcoal broke in his fingers and the silence for the condemnation of all his rough boards were very exasperating. dreams. He could not imagine a man

> better, but how can I get them?" day confiding his flock to a comrade, in charcoal sketches on grey paper, marched resolutely to town and boldly. The painter picked up and threw aside entering a store asked for the necessaand pencils. Petit Pierre, elated at studio phrases. to drawing all the time that ordinary lamb is in Paul Potter's style." shepherds gave to play on the pipe,

carving crooks, or making snares the birds or foxes. Scarcely realizing the influence that guided his steps, he often led his flock not see her very soon-"the beautiful

One day he heard a horse galloping ful." full speed along the road. Fidele Peti: Pierre, well warned of the dan barked long and loud; in another mo- gers of modern Babylon, left with the ment he saw the lady of his dream on a painter, taking Fidele with him. The runaway horse. While she tried in painter, with that goodness of heart value to restrain him with curb and bit that usually accompanies he only ran the faster, and turning thought a familiar figure would have a suddenly threw ler violently to the beneficial effect on his pupil amid ground before Petit Pierre, who had strange surroundings. Fidele would run as quickly as he could, was able to not allow himself to be lifted into the reach her. He found she had fainted, stage, but followed on foot as fast as Paler than the unfortunate lady, Petit his astonishment would allow, reassured Pierre saw where the rain had collected from time to time by his master's face in the hollow of a fallen tree. Throwing some of this wat ron her face he Pierre's progress. The works of the discovered red drops slowly oozing from great masters, of whom he made freher forehead. She was wounded. Petit quent copies, were of the greatest rer-Pierre drew from his pocket a poor vice to him. He passed from the severe little ragged handkerchief and rever- style of Poussin to the languishing of ently wiped away the blood now ming- Claude Lorraine; from the bold hardiing with her ha r. Then she recovered | hood of Salvator Rosa to the mosaicconsciousness and looked at Petit Pierre like detail of Ruysdael; but he did no with a vague sort of recognition that adobt any particular style. Originality

wheels was heard, the rest of the party graphs or sketches from nature for six appeared, and after many exclamations weeks in summer to enlarge or finish raised her and put her in a carriage them in winter. Petit Pierre's pictures and drove away, leaving Petit Pierre seemed impregnated with the aroma of remind him of the event.

of the chateau returned to Paris, and of art had come soon enough to prevent though Petit Pierre had only seen at a his taking a wrong route in style, but distance the white gown and straw hat too late to spoil his originality. that he r cognized after the accident, had no master, no method came be- in this way the criticisms of the spectatween him and nature; he drew what- tors, ver he saw. His drawings were rude "The trees, the stones, the rock, the og-and I am here, the sheep, too, on expression. He worked solitary and would like this, and he prayed that she one, under the eye of God, without | might see it-as yet his wish to see her advice of a guide, only his own sad had never been gratified; he had sought soup or meat with yellow soap, a bit of ration and naive astonishment, showed heart to inspire him. Sometimes in his for her on the promenades, at the dreams he saw again the beautiful lady churches, at the theatres. He did not with the golden pencil, and flaming know her name, he only knew how she point, and with her by him drew won- looked, and he thought, as she drew derful pictures; but in the morning herself, it would be only natural she everything vanished—pencils were ob-stinate and Petit Pierre used up all his bread crusts rubbing out.

ascended between the branches of a she hardly remembered. It was the daily work over, stood on his doorstep

her seven arrows imbedded in her almost satisfied with himselt. Sudheart, but these coarse daubs, in yellow, denly there fell a shadow on his paper, red, or blue, unworthy of the savages of the shadow of a three cornered hat himself in the innermost recesses of his New Zealand, never awakened an idea that could only belong to the parish of art in his head. The drawings in priest. He it was, looking on silently the album of the young girl, with their at Petit Pierre's work, who blushed to crayon shading and precise forms, were his ears, detected in such employment. crayon shading and precise forms, were something entirely new to Petit Pierre. The pictures in the parish church were so black and smoky one could distinguish nothing. Besides that he hardly dared to raise his eyes to them from the porch where he knelt.

That night Petit Pierre dreamed he most brilliant future. The worthy may in a valley more heautiful than the price of the first picture, and the sheep speculative venture. The supportance was a tender-hearted good man. When he was young he had posed as models. Petit Pierre, in the simple adoration of his heart for the speculative venture.

—Bees that for seven years made a chosen this for his first picture. The exquisite verdure, with the gray rocks arising here and there; the dismantled oak, its trunk torn in twain by the price were all represented with this solitary lightning. was in a valley more beautiful than priest was touched with this solitary anything he had ever seen, while the pursuit, this unconscious genius that, "wasting its sweetness on the desert

"My young friend, modesty is a worthy sentiment, but you need not blush in that way. There is no harm and retreating as if not only judging and retreating as if not only judging The Mount Morgan Money in The Mount Mou board, drawing paper, and a sharp in drawing if one does not neglect other the effect, but as if weighing something pencil, and stood over him while he duties. There is a good deal of merit in her mind. In a preoccupied way duties. There is a good deal of merit in her mind. In a preoccupied way

This was the first encouragement with her, and looking in an absent monkey-catcher receives a rupee for

During the long winter evenings the

Pierre was once more abroad with his suddenly awoke to consciousness of the sheep, but this summer he had develtalent within him, and determined, if oped wonderfully, physically and menpossible, to make somethingfles of him tally. He had eaten of the tree of ceived at her house, and to make her who passed him. He soon had the Taking a coal from those smoulder- knowledge under the wise tuition of

or canvas. What should be begin with? no admiring friends-neither the trees ing a little oblong letter scented with be taken to the station house Make a picture of his best, or rather nor the rocks could flatter him. The violets was brought to him, containing only friend, Fidele! For this orphan's immensity of nature that he was contact with following:
family consisted only of his dog. His stantly brought into contact with "Sir I saw first effort, it must be confessed, re- showed him very soon his own littlesembled a hippopotamus more than a ness. Furnished by the Cure with all dog. By dint of trying over and over the paper and crayons he wanted, he again-fortunately Fidele was the most | made a great number of studies. But patient model in the world—the hippo- be never saw the beautiful lady again will not sell it to anyone else, and to patient model in the world—the hippopotamus was succeeded by a crocodile,
then a calf, and finally a figure that rethen a calf, and finally a figure that reappeared radiant and encouraging,
to Rue St. H—, number—. Your

6 A. M., 1851. Time, 9 days and 14 sembled nothing so much as a member saying: "That is well, my friend; per-An event, very simple in itself, which

Chapel, and lain down, with his arms that happens," and nothing could be crossed upon his breast to contemplate more so than the advent of a new picthis immortal work, never felt a dearer or deeper joy. "If that beautiful lady could only see Fidele's portrait!" cried attended to the transportation of this one himself, and, after the proper was the sketch, how different from the ings. The boy, pale as death, leared If I had paper and pencils I could do so well dressed, well-gloved, and with a knot of red ribbon in his buttonhole, Petit Pierre forgot he was a capital- the author of a picture surrounded ist. Suddenly he remembered, and one with a gold frame, could find any merit The painter picked up and threw aside several sketches without saying a word. ries for drawing. The astonished mer- Then the color mounted to his cheeks, chant gave him several kinds of paper and he uttered short exclamations in

having accomplished this heroic and difficult task in buying so many strange natural! And this, chic. Corot could objects-retourng a ses moutons, and not do better. This charcoal sketch without neglecting them, consecrated would craze Delaberg. This sleeping When he had finished he rose, walked

for over to Petit Pierre and shook him cordially by the hand, saving: "Pardieu! though it is not considered very honorable among artists to say so to the spot where he had posed as a I must tell you, my dear boy, you know model for the young girl but he did more than all my scholars put together, Come to Parts with me: in six mon ha la y," as he called her, more radiant I will teach you the details of manner than ever in his dream, with the golden and style; then you will be able to pencil in her hand. Though he did not | walk alone. If nothing unforseen haprealize t, she was the mine of inspira- pens, I can predict, wi hout compromising myself, you will be very success-

It would be difficult to follow Petit was too much a part of himself. He Suddenly the noise of approaching was no studio painter, who took photoalo e with his stained handkerch of to the woods; one felt, looking at them. as if one had passed into The season grew late, the inhabitants through the canvas. The instructions

After two years of hard study, Petit still be felt very lonely. When he was Pierre had a picture at the salon that saddest he took the handkerchief that had obtained Honorable Mention, and had staunched the unknown lady's every day he would linger in the neigh-wounds and kissed the stain. It was borhood of his picture, and leaning on his only consolation. He drew a great | the railing pretend to attentively condeal, and made rapid progress, for he sider paintings near his canvas, hearing With the delight of his first success

would visit the exhibitions. In fact, Petit Pierre saw a young lady in black One day he drew an old moss-covered | coming toward his picture as if attracted cottage. From the chimney blue smoke | irresistibly by the memory of something spreading oak. The husbandman his lady of his dream-the lady who had first inspired his waking genius. He smoking his pipe. In the interior sat recognized her, though in deep mourn-

"Whom has she lost? Her father, or heart. The landscape painted by the young artist was an exact representation of the spot drawn by the lady, where he himself, Fidele, and the sheep

by magic. Out of confusion came order, trees threw out bold and bardy trunks, the leaves looked natural, and plants with their foliage were true to life. His instructress, leaning on his shoulder, followed his work with an aboulder, followed his work with an aboulder of the source moment, while the driver whipped up to be perfect, and she has established good priest taught Petit Pierre how to read and write, the two keys of knowledge. The shepherd progressed rapidly, for he learnt with his heart as well as with his heart.

Another summer rolled around. Petit Pierre how to read and write, the two keys of knowledge. The shepherd progressed rapidly, for he learnt with his heart as well as with his heart. Here then the closed behind her. Here then the "beautiful lady" lived. To know the number of the street where one's ideal lived was a newthing.

Another summer rolled around. Petit I was a newthing and the courty was to be perfect, and she has established the custom of entering the duning hall at the hour mentioned for dinner. This agood lesson to guestis who are inclined to be unpunctual.

love him-three trifling formalities that pavement to himself, and he remained decidedly disturbed the artist. Fortu- in possession of it until an officer came; The intoxication of ambition fired nately charce came to his aid, and the struck the policeman, and not until the his soul-fortunately Petit Pierre had | way opened itself for him. One morn-

"Sin: I saw in the salon a charming picture painted by you. I would be sented by the passengers of the U. very glad to have it in my little gallery. M. S. Baltic to John L. Anders If I am not too late, if it still belongs to First Assistant Engineer, on the shortyou, be good enough to promise me you est passage ever made across the Atlanprice shall be mine. G. DE L'ESCARS."

The number and the street Petit lerre remembered was where the car- sex county, N. J. This has been arriage entered. He was not mistaken. Madame de l'Escars was the "beautiful lady" of his dreams, the inspirer of his general at genius, the donor of the golden louis with which he had bought his first In most cases the flags have been pur-

drawing materials. Petit Pierre was not long in going to pupils themselves. see Madame de l'Escars, and the most —He may build the dam. Charles friendly relations were soon established Hyde, a millionaire resident of Plainbetween them. The frank, straightfor- field, N. J., filed a bill in Chancery, wardness united to the great good sense of the former, met with great favor in French, a wealthy mill owner, to rethe eyes of the latter, who, though not duce the height of a mill dam, recognizing in the young artist the lit. breaking of which caused such devay tle shepherd who had served her as a tution in Plainfield during the freshet model, nevertheless could not free her- of July 30. Mr. Hyde also applied for self from the impression she had seen an injunction, after the dam was swept

him elsewhere told Petit Pierre (as he shall be called that Mr. French is all interty to do as to the end of the story, not to divulge he wishes in the case. a name that became afterwards justly celebrated) that she drew, but one evening she confessed what Petit Pierre tween the exercise of our mental facalready knew very well-she had made ulties and disorders of the nose some studies, some sketches that she opinion is expressed that if it were gen-would have shown him before if she had thought them worthy. She brought chronic headache, of inability to learn flock were represented, she said to the be notably reduced.

young artist:

"Yes, I spent some time there." "A charming country, and full of

Madame de l'Escars was thrown from her horse. He represented the Amazon on the ground, held by the young shepherd, who bathed her temples with his bankled bathed her temples with his handkerchief.

spot, but there was no witness of my accident but a little shepherd, that I dimly saw in my faint condition, but I have never seen him since. Who could three times as great as for have told you this?"

on her fingers a respectful kiss. Then pan, via San Francisco: In the in a voice tremulous from emotion, he related to her all his life, his vague as pirations, his dreams, his efforts, and at was called away one day, life of the was called away one day, life of the last his love. Now he read his heart boys, with the intention or playing a plainly, and if it had been the muse he loke on him, hid in empty coffins that now he loved the woman. end of the tale is not difficult to guess when the teacher appeared. Answer-

before many months Madame de l'Escars became Madame D—, the said his comrades had gone to heaven, wife of one of the rising young artists of the day, and Petit Pierre had the rare good luck to marry his deal. He rare good luck to marry his ideal. He loved the country and became a great landscapist; he loved a charming woman and he married her. But what will not a pure love and a strong will accomrare good luck to marry his ideal. He a pure love and a strong will accom- scared, started to run, when the t-acher

A white mark on the nail bespeaks Pale or lead-colored nails indicate nelancholy people. Broad nails indicate a gentle, timid

and bashful nature. People with narrow nails are ambitions and quarrelsome. Small nails indicate littleness of Several mind, obstinacy and concelt Choleric, martial men, delighting in

war, have red and spotted nails. ject to much infirmity of the flesh and

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Several firms of art dealers protest against the admission of "The Angelus," free of duty, on the ground that its purchase and importation was a

leaning on his crook with a dreamy air, Paris Exposition, it is stated, were honored with awards for oil paintings, The young woman gazed a long time and one of them was Mrs. Anna Lea

-The Mount Morgan Mine, Queensland, Australia, said to be "the began to trace a few lines, but with so in the picture—the trees are true to she opened the catalogue and looked for trembling a hand that the lines ran into life and the shrubs each have the leaves the number of the picture, the subject ounces of rold per day during the postounces of gold per day during the past

-A plague of monkeys afflicts Tanre, in Southern India. The creatures she said a few words to the companion do so much mischief that an official

-Several London correspondents

-Madame Carnot's dinners are said

lived was something.

There remained for him now to know the name of his lady-love, to be reman's arms were tied with a rope was -Among the articles sold at a Brook-

lyn auction room recently, was a silver medal bearing this description: "Prehours. -The American flag now floats over

nearly every public school in Middleranged at the request of County Super-

away, restraining Mr. Freuch from re Madame de l'Escars as yet had not building the dam. The court decided

the album to the table, and turned the or to perform mental work were due to leaves more or sess rapidly, as she chronic disease of the nose, many of thought them worthy or unworthy of these cases would be easily cared, and examination. When she had reached the number of child-victims of the so-the spot where Petit Pierre and his called overpressure in education would

"This is the same place you depicted to the Canadian Institute, the Eskimos in the picture I bought to realize what of Hudson Strait have a right to be I wanted to do. You have been at called keen observers of nature. The author found them of great assistance beauties that one might seek long for elsewhere and not find. Ahl there is a blank page, will you not draw something?"

birds, insects and plants. "If an insect was shown them" he says, "they could usually take me where more of the same species might be found. On Petit Pierre sketched the valley where the approach of nummer they watched

of the season ended Friday, Oct. 19th, "What a strange coincidence!" cried The rain extended as far south as Los Madame de l'Escars, "I was really Angeles, The rainfall in San Franthrown from my horse in that very claco for the season is \$11-100 inche period last year. The rainfall in the chief wheat districts is from twice to ponding period of last year. "The "I am Petit Pierre, and here is the rain ruined the grapes in Sonoma, but adderchief with which I wiped the everywhere else it will do great good." blood from your temple from a slight Rainfall of an inch an hour for eight wound. I see you have the mark of it hours was reported early that week from the vicinity of San Diego.

Madame de l'Escars held out her __The following grucsome and probhand to the young artist, who imprinted ably imaginative story comes from Jaadored in Madame de l'Escars, were in the temple. The boy who was There is not much more to say—the down the lids over his companions death.

-In one of the law courts of He's ingborg, Sweden, a queer case of har-notism has puzzied the judges. A young medical student brought suit against a practicing physician in the town Io. having hypnotized him several timeagainst his will, with the result tout his nervous system was injured and his mind somewhat enfeebled. Severawitnesses appeared for to plaintiff, and, to the astonishment of the court, they all appeared to be crass and gave the most contradictory an Nails growing into the fiesh at the astounding testimony. Hereupon points or sides indicate inxurious medical gentleman came upon the tastes. People with very pale nails are sub-ect to much infirmity of the flesh and frere, the defendant, had hypnothesi persecution by neighbors and friends. the witnesses and Finally the court whatever he liked. Finally the court in the shape of a little girl's head and face when he had used the fermer, if in the meantime I never saw him at table the meantime I never saw him at table the Mother of Sorrows, with limit to the meantime I never saw him at table to the mea