Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

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ABOUT WOMEN.

News and Gossip from Far and Near for the Fair Sex.

In a village in the canton of Lucerne, Switzerland, there is a society of old maids. It numbers eighty members, and, queer enough, it is under the patronage of the St. Catherine Matrimonial Agency. They perform acts of Charity, and are highly esteemed in their neighborhood. The Municipal Council lately presented them with a banner, on which there is the startling inscription: "Women are an evil, but they are also a blessing. They remind us of the onions, that make us weep, but that we love all the same."

Forty years ago, says Susan B. Anthony, a woman could not sue or go into court to testify. In Illinois I knew a married woman who had a set of false teeth made. The dentist declared them a fit, but the woman said they were not a fit, but on the contrary it gave her life to wear them. Well, the husband went to court about it. The lawyer tried to have the woman testify, but the judge said no. A married woman, he ruled, could not testify in matters of joint interest to herself and husband. Of course it is very different now.

Four hundred hairs of average thickness would cover an inch of space on a woman's head. The blonde has about 140,000 filaments to comb and brush, while the red-haired beauty has to be satisfied with 88,000; the brown-haired damsel may have 109,000; the black-haired but 102,000. Few ladies consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their head; the fair-haired may even have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning. A German experimentalist has proved that a single hair will suspend four ounces without breaking, stretching under the process and contracting again. But the hair thus heavily weighted must be dark brown, for blonde hair breaks down under two and one-half ounces.

In all the large cities there are thousands of women who give themselves up to the habit of using pernicious drugs—the most common vice being the opium habit. Some women buy the crude gum and eat it regularly every day, while others buy laudanum and drink it in quarter-ounce, half-ounce, and even ounce portions. Some delicate stomachs cannot take laudanum, and so paregoric is resorted to, and soothing syrups, that are put upon the market for the soothing of babies, become the ruin of grown persons. And then there are the Dover powders and morphine pills, both of which act rapidly, especially the latter. The habit seems more a disease than a vice, for the whole nature of the victim undergoes a complete revolution, moral, mental, and physical.

The greatest beautifier in a woman's trousseau is a fur-trimmed wrap. She may have a shock of hair that bristles like a shoe brush, a complexion like a ham, features that grow at right angles with one another and five-cent cheese cloth for a dress, but muffed in a white or printed cloth robe, lined or quilted with pale satin, and bordered with ermine, fox or lamb, she will look well. These warm, elegant mantles that envelop the defects of a woman and her wardrobe are planned to touch the ground in length, to fit close about the neck and waist by means of a cord and a ribbon.

There is nothing handsomer in the way of material than eiffel cloth—a soft, warm, woolen stuff, stamped with a leaf or flower pattern in a darker tint than the surface of the cloth. There are cinnamon, cafe au lait, cream and pearl, with the design in oak, seal, camee and amber to choose from, and, lined with quilted surah and trimmed with Angora lamb, the robe need not cost but $60. If the buyer is any sort of a needlewoman a saving of $30 may be made by home industry and a fifty cent pattern.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bridegroom goes to bring the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house. The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, after which the friends of the bride follow. The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive branches, amid much laughter.

In the evening, on such occasions, the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing each other, nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only circling round occasionally. But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate to the music; they shake; they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils, and their minds seem lost in the abandon and frenzy of the dance, while the other women, looking on, encourage by their high, piercing, trilling cries, which add to the noise of the pipes and drums.

To the traveller, the scene is one not alone of interest but full of a wierd and strange fascinat on that absorbs the mind and attention.

The longest railway tunnel in the world is in Hungary.

OLD COINS WORTH $75,000.

The Unequalled Parmelee Collection, Lately Sold to a New Yorker.

Coin Dealer E. Locke Mason was sitting in his six-foot square office in Boston carefully scrutinizing a tarnished-looking, circular piece of metal, when a reporter recently, entered, and asked if there was any truth in the rumor that there had been, within a few days, an important sale of old coins. Instantly Mr. Mason was all attention. "I should say that there had, my friend," said he, "and in all my 30 years' experience I have never known it to be equalled in importance. The collection just sold was valued at no less than $75,000, and was the property of Mr. Loring G. Parmelee of No. 15 Chester park, who for 20 years has been one of the most enthusiastic coin collectors whom I have ever known. It was his ambition to collect a perfect specimen of every American coin and medal ever issued, whether in gold, silver, bronze, copper or nickel—and he succeeded.

"His collection was the most perfect in the country, surpassing even that at the United States mint in Philadelphia. You haven't space in the Herald to mention half the notable coins which he got together. Take, for instance, his silver dollar of 1804. It cost him $750, and when it is sold again, as it will be in May or June, it will undoubtedly bring $1500. There are only 12 of these coins in existence, and six of that number are restrikes—that is, they were struck from the original dies at a later date and have never been in circulation. Col. Stickney of Salem has one of the originals; there was one in the Davis collection which was recently sold in New York; another is in the possession of Mr. Walter, a wealthy corn merchant of Liverpool, Eng.; Col. Adams of the Stark mills at Manchester, N. H., has a fifth, and Mr. William S. Appleton of Beacon street has the sixth. The six restrikes were struck surreptitiously, in the dead of night, at the Philadelphia mint, about 1859, from the original dies. A great to-do was made about it at the time. These restrikes are in various parts of the country.

"Two of the 1804 dollars are exhibited in a securely fastened case at the Philadelphia mint. I think they are restrikes, though the mint officials, I believe, consider them originals. I made a special journey from this country to Liverpool, a few years ago, to buy the dollar owned by Mr. Walter, but I came back empty-handed. He refused $1200 for it; in fact, he said that money was no object to him. He saw it somewhere and bought it for a small fraction of its real value. I think he told me he wanted it because it was issued in the year of his own birth. He carries it as a pocket piece; and as he is a man of wealth, he can gratify his taste by holding on to it if he likes.

"But to go back to the Parmelee collection. Its most important department, perhaps, was that of gold coins, it containing a specimen of every gold coin minted in the country from 1795, when the coinage of this class of money was begun, down to date. A large part of this portion of the collection was purchased by Mr. Parmelee from Mr. George Seavey of Cambridge, a few years ago, for $15,000. It is believed to be the only complete assortment of the kind in the world. The Parmelee collection, too, contained about 25 absolutely unique pieces of United States and colonial coinage, in gold, silver and copper. These are worth anywhere from $500 to $5000 each. The government ought to have bought the collection, but the members of Congress to whose attention it was brought did not seem to appreciate the value of the treasures which it contained, and so it was permitted to fall into private hands. The purchaser was a New York man, and I am informed that it is to be subdivided and sold at auction in sections in the coming May and June. It is too bad that this highly valuable collection should be again scattered, but such seems likely to be the case."

"Locked Antlers" Made to Order.

"Locked horns are becoming quite a fad with some of the swells at the metropolis," said a gentleman the other day, "and some of the Adirondack hunters and guides are making nice little sums by occasional sales of the curiosity that is demanded. You see the old story about the bucks that fall to fighting and in some manner get their horns locked so they can't get apart and then starve to death, has taken a strong hold upon the romantic natures of many persons, and if they can only get a set of locked horns mounted they are happy.

"So the hunters select nice horns that correspond as to size, and by the use of a twisted cord and case spring them together as if locked in their death embrace by the maddened thrust of fighting bucks. Then, on account of their great rarity and the difficulty of finding them, they are sold to the rich curiosity hundter for a big price. His friends look in wonder and envy at them, while he recounts the story told him by the guide who found their skeletons held together by the horns and the earth all trodden down around the place so solidly that vegetation had not grown there in years, etc., and the guide goes back to the woods and fixes up ano her pair for the next curiosity seeker."—Utica Observer.

Canadian Population.

The French Canadians are not Malthusians. Since the cession of French Canada to England, thirty years ago, they have increased from 60,000 to 3,000,000, and still they are not satisfied. Englishmen and Scotchmen and the half-breed race born of the Scotch servants of the old Hudson's Bay Company and their Indian wives are multiplying round them rapidly, and the French Canadians are afraid they will be swamped. Hence the proposal now being discussed by the Quebec Parliament to offer a prize of a fre hold homestead to every French Canadian woman who is the mother of twelve children. It is estimated that at this moment 20,000 Canadian mothers will be able to claim the reward proposed by the Quebec Minister of Agriculture; but it appear he has no definite statistics bearing on the point.

Ostentation is the signal flag of hypocrisy.

THE STORY RETOLD.

Account of the Assassination of Lincoln as Told in "the Century."

Graphic Description of the Scene in Ford's Theatre at the Awful Moment—The Leap of the Assassin, His Flight and the Pursuit.

No one, not even the commedian on the stage, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were uttered that night—the last Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth. The whole performance remains in the memory of those who heard it a vague phantasmagoria, the actors the thinnest of specters. The awful tragedy in the box makes everything else seem pale and unreal. Here were five human beings in a narrow space—the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come; his beloved wife, proud and happy; a pair of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and this young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmos, the pet of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness, and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company—the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly—fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curse of the world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other and then end his life a raving maniac.

"The murderer seemed to himself to be taking part in a play. The fumes of brandy and of partisan hate had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He felt as if he were playing Brutus off the boards; he posed, expecting applause. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to sieze him he struck savagly at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound. Booth, rushing forward, then vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays. In 'Macbeth,' where he met the weird sisters, he leaped from a rock twelve feet high. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg, turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife and shouting the State motto of Virginia, 'Sic Semper Tyrannis,' and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted, 'stop him!' The cry went out, 'he has shot the President.' From the audience, at first stupid with surprise and afterwards wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, which was in waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and a curse the call-boy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon.

"The president scarcely moved; his head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Colonel Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grevious hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred and on the outside some one was beating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; one or two army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterwards ascertained that a large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, and, passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left eye. By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. Mrs. Lincoln followed, half distracted, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted, and was carried home. Messengers were sent for the members of the Cabinet, for the Surgeon-General, for Dr. Stone, the President's family physician; a crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and, bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. They ran down stairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it to go to Tenth street. As they were driving away, a friend came up and told them that Mr. Seward and most of the Cabinet had been murdered. The news was all so improbable that they could not help hoping it was all untrue. But when they got to Tenth street and found every thoroughfare blocked by the swiftly gathering thousands, agitated by tumultuous excitement, they were prepared for the worst. In a few minutes all who had been sent for, and many others, were gathered in the little chamber where the Chief of the State lay in agony. His son was met at the door by Dr. Stone, who with grave tenderness informed him that there was no hope. After a natural outburst of grief young Lincoln devoted himself the rest of the night to soothing and comforting his mother.

"The President had been shot a few minutes past ten. The wound would have brought instant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary. He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment; but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamplight grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying, 'now he belongs to the ages.' Dr. Gurley kneeled by the bedside and prayed fervently. The widow came in from the adjoining room supported by her son and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body."—From the "History of Lincoln" by Nicolay and Hay, in the Century.

THE CITY OF GEMS.

Ceylon's Treasures Which First Became Known in London.

Ratnapura, the city of gems, is the center of a district twenty or thirty miles square, in almost all of which a stratum of gravel six feet to twenty feet under the surface exists. Throughout this area gem pits are to be seen near the villages, some being worked now, others being abandoned. The natives work there in companies of six or eight, and pay a rupee per man per month for the privilege of working a certain allotment, where they begin by marking off a square of about ten feet. After removing about three feet of soil, the sounding rod, a piece of iron about half an inch in diameter and six feet long, is used to sound for the gravel. If successful, the digging is begun in earnest till about four feet deep. On the second day gravel is taken out by baskets handed from one man to another till all within the square is excavated. Should the miners find the soil fairly firm at the bottom of the pit, they tunnel all around for about two feet, drawing out the gravel and sending it up also to be heaped with the rest, which usually completes the work of the second day, a watchman remaining near it all night. On the third day, it is all washed in wicker baskets by a circular jerking motion, which throws out all the surplus light stone and rubbish, till a good quantity of heavy gravel is left in the bottom, which is carefully examined. There is hardly a basketful that does not contain some gems of inferior value, which are usually sold by the pound for about nine rupees. Should no valuable stones be found, another pit is sunk, and so on till one or two or perhaps three really valuable gems are unearthed, when the work is stopped and the whole party goes off to Ratnapura with the prizes. If these are worth, say a few thousand rupees, they are kept secret, and only shown to one or two men of money who make the owners an advance and look after the safe custody of the precious stones. Then they gamble and drink for some time till another advance becomes necessary, and so on till half the value is obtained. Then the party, with the mortgagee, proceeds to Columbo, or Italutara, where rich Moorish traders are summoned to purchase, and the gems soon find their way to London. The general public know nothing about these transactions, and valuable gems are never heard of in Ceylon, and scarcely see the light of day till they reach Bond street. The natives have a great fear of exposing their finds till they are sold, and they have most extraordinary superstitious ideas about showing them. This system has been in vogue for centuries past. It is only occasionally one hears of any native having enterprise enough to dig a few feet below the first gravel to see, if by sounding, a second bed of gravel is within reach, for they fear the expense of bailing out water, which increases as the greater depth is attained, although the second gravel is well known to be much richer than the first.—Ceylon Observer.

A Petrified Man with Whiskers.

Joseph Sweshenger, who resides near Stanford, writes to the River Press particulars of a wonderful discovery he recently made in an unfrequented mountain near his residence. The discovery consists of a petrified man, with all his limbs in a perfect state of preservation. The body stands against a massive bowlder, of which it seems to have become a part, and cannot be removed without much labor and considerable expense. A tiny stream of water flowing from a spring above falls directly upon the head of the body, and after passing over it loses itself in the surrounding rock.

The body measures six feet and nine inches from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet and is well proportioned, the chest and limbs being of ponderous width and size. The features are of the severe Roman type, surmounted by a broad, high forehead and a luxuriant growth of hair, which is as firm as a rock itself. A beard reaching to the waist completes a picture which inspires a feeling of awe and reverence in the beholder. Certain hieroglyphics are cut upon the rock, a true copy of which Mr. Sweshenger promises to send us. Thus far he has kept his discovery a secret but will in due time divulge its locality. It will doubtless attract the savants of the day and a large sum may be realized from it. It is indeed, a wonderful discovery, indicating as it does that the first inhabitants of this great country were giants.—Tacoma News.

Love's Universal Language.

I was a stranger to her speech,
And knew no way her love to reach,
Our languages were different quite
And left me in a sorry plight.
But when her eyes my own dared seek
I looked the thought I could not speak.
And though her tongue could not confess
She smiled me back her answer, "Yes."

Words, so I found, are needless things.
The heart has swifter, surer wings,
And love its messengers will find
To carry its thoughts from mind to mind.
Tongues are confused in speech and name,
Love's language ever is the same.
We sealed our bond of perfect bliss
In one deep universal kiss.

A Missouri Wild.

In the southwest counties of Missouri bordering on the state of Arkansas and along the slopes of the Ozark mountains, nature has made the finest hunting and fishing park on the American continent. Splendid rivers and mountain streams abound in game fish of every description, while forest, dell, copse and jungle afford safety from gun shot and scent of hounds to bear, elk, deer, wolf and fox. It is said thousands of acres of this mountainous region still belong to the United States government. If this be true, why not ask Missouri's representatives in Congress to unite in an effort to secure the cession of these lands by the federal government to the state of Missouri for the purposes of a game park. This cession might be made conditional.

The Centennial anniversary of the founding of Paterson, N. J., by Alexander Hamilton in 1792 will occur on the 4th of July, 1892 and the Board of Trade has appointed a committee to arrange for a proper celebration, including an industrial parade and an exhibition.

The Author of "Looking Backward."

Miss Willard sends to Our Day an account of Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward." Of good old New England stock, son of a Baptist pastor, a journalist and author both born and made,—such, in a word, is Edward Bellamy. In figure of medium height, in forehead full and broad, with thoughtful dark-blue eyes, radiating good will; with mobile lips, parenthesized by a dark-brown moustache, the cheeks covered by a stubby beard; and the dress a little careless—this he is to look upon.

He said: "I am a married man with a boy four and a girl three years old. I believe a man must have a daughter of his own before he really learns how to sympathise with women in their difficult relations of life. It would make women absolutely independent of men to the extent that material values are concerned. Under my system men will be chosen on their individual merit, and not because they can "support a wife." The present misunderstandings and jealousies of the sexes toward each other will be largely eliminated by this perfect independence each of the other in financial matters. The vast change must come by evolution rather than revolution. Little by little changes will be wrought out, as for instance the nationalisation of railways, not by confiscating stocks, as some have ignorantly supposed, but by the United States becoming the great receiver alike of solvent and insolvent, and paying dividends on a reasonable valuation.

"In like manner, coal mines would be turned over, paying a suitable interest to the present owners, and doing away with artificial rates. They now have artificial rates because they shut down in order to raise the price of coal; we would open the mines to lower it. The telegraph and telephone naturally belong to the national service, and we would make them part and parcel of it. Municipalities are now lighted, heated, and the means of transportation furnished by great corporations. But why not let the municipality be itself that corporation? But the working people are confederating: Knights of Labor, Locomotive engineers, Trainsmen, etc., are going to work together after a little, and thus condense their power. We who believe in nationalism are forming clubs in all centres. Women are very friendly to our movement. Howells is strongly sympathetic, as his recent story of "Annie Kilburn" proves.

"Mark Twain is looking our way with great interest. The clergy are sympathetic too. This movement will bring the common people back to the church; they always heard Christ gladly. Substantially His sermons were on the unity and brotherhood of man. A resume of the Ten Commandments contains all we are working for,—that and the socialism of the early church, as stated in the accounts of Pentecost. Christians form the best class in society, but they have lacked a practical working plan, and our movement supplies that lack. The partnership principle is the backbone of our philosophy. Some say we do not need a new religion, I think we need the old sort, only we might well talk about it less, and live it out more."

Some Good Texas Shooting.

Monday a party of four, among whom were two Boston gentlemen, visited Mitchell's Lake, a ducking reserve nine miles south of San Antonio, Texas. The lake, which has been formed by building a dam across a ravine, is one mile long and half a mile wide, four feet deep, and is overgrown with tula and smartweed. It is claimed to be the finest preserve in America. The party reached there at daylight, shot until ten o'clock, then got into the wagon and shot quail along the road to town. The score made by the party was 23 mallards, 35 pintails, 10 gadwell's 7 black jacks and 2 spoonbills; total, 77. The quail bagged numbered 67 to the four guns.

Shibboleth of the New York Tough.

A clergyman, who has labored as a missionary in New York city for many years, has discovered the New York tough's shibboleth. He finds it in the sound of th. As soon as a young tough, in the course of his efforts at reclamation, begins to say "the" and not "de," and "fourth," and not "fourt," he regards him as having crossed the Rubicon and on the high road toward the making of a useful citizen. If the hoodlum finds it impossible to conquer this difficulty of pronunciation he is lost to all efforts looking toward his reformation.

A Solitary Winter in the Alps.

An old man named Peter Lechner lives, year in and year out, in a round tower on the top of the Sonnblick Mountain in the Austrian Alps—the highest meteorological station in Europe, and perhaps in the world. Throughout the long Alpine winter he sees no living soul, save for an hour or two on Christmas Day, when a party cuts its way to him from the valley below laden with presents subscribed for in Vienna. His business in his eyrie between earth and heaven is to take, three times a day, the readings of various instruments, and to telegraph or telephone them to the clerk of the weather in Vienna. For months his only chance of hearing a human voice is through the telephone. And all this Peter Lechner is willing to do for two hundred dollars a year.

What You Might Call Calculating.

Lewiston Journal: I never hear an instance of meanness mentioned without thinking of an aged man whom I met one day last summer on the Kennebec Valley camp-ground. In speaking of the late war he dwelt upon its horrors so pathetically that I was led to inquire if he had participated in the struggle.

"No," he answered, "I wasn't in the army, but my son was a soldier. He was drafted and wanted me to get him a substitute. 'Twould have cost $400. I couldn't see any money in it, and there's where I was short-sighted. My son was killed before he'd been a month at the front, and I've been hiring a man ever since to help carry on the farm. It's cost me hundreds and hundreds of dollars over and above the price of a substitute, and, besides, my son was a master hand to work, and the smallest eater I ever saw."

HEART FEELINGS.

What doth it mean? that flashing eye,
That stern and lowering brow,
Those hurried, bitter, venomed words
From proud, set lips that flow;
And why that sudden tremor
Pulsing through every part?
Oh, 'tis indeed a fearful thing,
'Tis anger in the heart.

What doth it mean? that tearful eye,
That weary, drooping brow;
Why do those proud lips quiver so,
Why are they silent now?
What makes that dull and aching pain
Keep throbing through each part?
Oh, 'tis indeed a piteous thing,
'Tis sorrow in the heart.

What doth it mean? that sparkling eye,
That free, fair open brow,
That sound of rippling laughte.
From lips grown rosy now;
What makes that quivering feeling
Dance lightly through each part?
Oh, 'tis indeed a joyous thing
'Tis gladness in the heart.

A SCREEN'S SECRET.

"Phyllis!"

"Yes, auntie."

"Mrs. Van Roosevelt was here again to-day."

"The girl busying herself around the little kitchen paused at the words.

"About the screen, auntie?" she asked wistfully.

"About the screen, my love."

"And she offered?"

"Seventy-five dollars this time."

"And," rather hopelessly, "you——"

"I refused it, dear," very promptly and proudly.

"Phyllis pressed her red lips very tightly together.

How she wished her aunt would sell the article in question! They were so very poor. Her salary as teacher in the village school barely paid for their necessaries, and she did so long to be able to spend a few dollars foolishly sometimes.

She was a pretty girl—an extraordinarily pretty girl. Her slender but well-rounded form was mostly alertly and charmingly broad graceful, and the face, with its smooth, brow, its sunbright hair, its short, arch features, its delicate coloring, and dreamy, violet eyes, deserved better gowning to emphasize its exquisiteness than the faded and mended old blue cashmere which she wore.

"But, Auntie, all your other old heirlooms went long ago to buy bread and butter for us both—went in the time before I was old enough to earn the little I do. Why do you prize this so much more highly than the rest?"

The small, withered old lady, dressed in black alpaca, with a net handkerchief crossed over her bosom, ceased her slow rocking and looked up into the questioning young face.

"I'm keeping it to give you for a wedding present."

"That is very kind of you, auntie, but indeed I would rather have you sell it and enjoy some comfort now."

Mrs. Merritt's little brown, bird-like eyes twinkled shrewdly.

"I would if I were offered enough for it."

"But," cried Phyllis, stopping in the act of filling the tea-kettle, "$75, auntie."

"Seventy-five dollars can't touch it!" declared the old lady with asperity.

Phyllis sighed.

It was quite useless to argue with her aunt when she got an idea in her head.

As the girl washed up the supper dishes and tidied up the tiny room, which was both dining-room and kitchen and which with two other apartments formed their whole establishment, she recalled many of the odd stories she had heard about her aunt.

A peculiar character every one seemed to consider her—demented, many intimated. Certain it was that one episode related of her seemed to justify suspicion of her sanity.

Very wealthy in her own right was she when she had married a handsome adventurer named Oswald Merrit. She had converted all her property into money, invested the money into bonds, and then made a bonfire of the bonds! Her jewels disappeared, no one knew where. She said she wished to test the sincerity of her husband's love, and believed a husband should solely support his wife.

But a test so severe Oswald Merrit could not and did not stand. Infuriated at his bride's deed and doctrine he told her he had only married her for her money, and took himself off.

For years, worthless, abusive, dissipated, he hung around the neighborhood, seeking no reconciliation with his wife, but ever to her proving a persistent and malicious menace.

To her immense relief she learned one day that he had fallen out of a third-story window and broken his neck.

His widow devoted herself to the care of her brother's orphan child, Phyllis Clyde, till the latter was of an age to work, had supported them both by nursing, doing plain sewing, and occasionally selling a bit of her antique furniture and old family silver. Now the only relic left was the fire screen, with which Mrs. Merrit so stubbornly refused to part.

That night, when she had given her aunt her regular cup of cocoa and tucked her snugly away in bed, Phyllis went into the wee box of a parlor and stood before the screen in question.

"Worth more than $75 indeed!" she murmured, disgustedly. "That clumsy, ugly, useless old thing! But then it is just the articles which are ugly, clumsy, and useless that rich people seem to run crazy after nowadays."

It was oval in shape, bound in dull silver, and swung in a slender frame of black mahogany. The back—it was a couple of inches deep—was of papier mache, the front, a queer jumble of appliqued pictures in oil, India ink, and water colors, all being protected from the dust by glass.

The following day was Saturday, and Phyllis, in her best gown—a pretty, soft rose and white challie—set off for the Van Roosevelts', where she was engaged to instruct tri-weekly the younger children in music.

Quite the show place of the neighborhood was the Van Roosevelts'. Built in the most elaborate style of modern architecture, it was surrounded by conservatories, orchid houses, and terraces of emerald velvet.

Phyllis was endeavoring to make the most diminutive Miss Van Roosevelt comprehend the difference between a crotchet and a quaver, when Archie came into the room.

Archie was the Van Roosevelt's eldest son, their pride and heir. And Archie was most tremendously in love with Phyllis Clyde. This, to the girl's decided embarrassment and consternation. Not that she didn't like Archie—one couldn't help that, so frank, and kind, and handsome, and honorable was he—but Phyllis felt their paths lay in widely different worlds, and that she would be more content with her prosaic existence if she barred out from it the dreams which never, never could culminate in realization. So that was why she gave him now the merest nod of recognition when he entered the music-room.

To half a dozen random remarks she made no reply. He tried the strategy of questions.

"My mother went to see your aunt yesterday, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"About that curious screen?"

"Yes."

"Why, won't she sell it? My mother has her heart set on securing it."

Phyllis looked up and laughed.

She says she is keeping it for a wedding present for me."

"Phyllis!"

"Well, one, two, three, Bessie!"

"Oh, infantile tuition be blessed!" cried Archie in exasperation as he flung out of the room.

But he managed to meet Phyllis on her way home.

"Phillis," he said, "I've thought of a great scheme. Marry me!"

"You've said that before," with a shake of her head.

"Yes, but about the screen, you know. We'll give it to mother as a peace offering when you are her daughter-in-law."

Phyllis laughed merrily. But she was absolutely unrelenting.

"No, no, no, Archie!"

"I shan't take no for an answer!" avowed the young fellow stoutly.

"You must!"

"I won't!"

"That is a nice way to contradict a lady," reproved Phyllis, with great indignation, and at her heart a warm, glad thrill.

That evening Archie presented himself at the door of Mrs. Merrit's domicile.

Regardless of his sweetheart's protest he marched boldly in to see her aunt.

He quite dwarfed the little parlor and its furniture.

The wrinkled old lady in the window looked at him in amazement.

"Mrs. Merrit, I presume?" he said, standing, hat in hand, before her. "I'm Archie Van Roosevelt, and I want to marry Phillis, if she will accept a man who has to depend on his brain and hands for a living."

"But your father and mother?"

"Have disinherited me."

"For wanting to marry Phyllis?"

"Yes."

"Then I shan't," began the girl promptly.

"Oh, yes," in a voice both coaxing and confident. "Oh, yes, you will Phyllis!"

Mrs. Merrit turned her gimlet eyes on her niece.

"You'd better!" she advised dryly. "You won't find such a lover every day. Look at my luck!"

The remark was effective. The eyes of the young people met, and out on each soft cheek of Phyllis Clyde glowed a bright flag of surrender.

The following day Archie Van Roosevelt went to the city and secured work, and Phyllis received a note from his mother, dispensing with her services.

A year passed, during which Archie worked hard and saved every cent he could, and Phyllis, half regretful that she had made such a sacrifice as his necessary, and wholly glad of his royal love, counted the weeks till she should see him again.

It was in September that he came back—golden, fragrant, delicious September. Very quiet was their wedding. And Phyllis, in her simple, snowy wedding gown, looked more radiant and lovely than ever.

Just as soon as the cottage could be disposed of Mrs. Merrit was to go to the city to live with the young couple.

When the sacred ceremony was over the little old widow said briskly:

"Now, Phyllis, I'm going to give you the present I promised."

"The screen, auntie?"

"Yes, dear."

She took a tiny key from her bosom—went toward the heirloom.

"Does it open?" cried Phyllis Van Roosevelt in amazement.

Mrs. Merrit smiled.

In the heart of a papier-mache rose she thrust the tiny key—turned it. The whole back of the screen opened like a door and down came tumbling on the carpet folded papers and heavy little packages wrapped in tissue paper.

"Bonds," explained the eccentric widow briefly. "The bonds I told Oswald Merrit I had burned just to test his affection. And my jewels—all the old Clyde jewels. They are yours now, my dear—yours and Archie's. I was bound you shouldn't be married for your money, as I was. There is $15,000 there, Phyllis, not to mention the stones."

"Ju piter!" cried Archie.

"Oh, gasped the bride "it sounds like a fairy tale."

But it wasn't. It was every dollar as true as it was delightful.

"Now," declared Mrs. Merrit, "you know why I said I never was offered enough for that screen."

When she joined them in their charming little home she proved herself once more the blessed magician of their destinies.

"I've heard Archie's mother is heart-broken over her quarrel with him, Phyllis. You should send her that screen with your love."

The bride took her advice. The result of the gift was a visit from Archie's parents and their proud acceptance of their lovely daughter.

"Whoever would have thought," queried Phyllis, ecstatically, "that the old screen held such a secret? But beautiful things do happen outside of books, don't they—sometimes?"—Kate M. Kleary in Philadelphia Saturday Night.

Tobacco Poisons Meat.

Cases of poisoning due to meat which seemed thoroughly wholesome have sometimes occured and have remained unexplained. In the Revue d' Hygiene of this month M. Bourrier, inspector of meat for the town of Paris, makes a valuable suggestion. He describes his experiments with meat impregnated with tobacco smoke. Some thin slices of beef were exposed for a considerable time to the fumes of tobacco, and afterwards offered to a dog which had been deprived of food for twelve hours. The dog, after smelling the meat, refused to eat it. Some of the meat was then cut into small pieces and concealed within bread. This the dog ate with avidity, but in twenty minutes commenced to display the most distressing symptoms, and soon died in great agony. All sorts of meat, both raw and cooked, some grilled, roasted and boiled, were exposed to tobacco smoke and then given to animals, and in all cases produced symptoms of acute poisoning. Even the process of boiling could not extract from the meat the nicotine poisoning.—Lancet.

—The proportion of married couples who live to celebrate their golden wedding is under one in a thousand.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—A Bowery museum advertises the "biggest dwarf" in the world.

—Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning-wheel.

—To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the East.

—Germany manufactures over $10,000,000 worth of children's toys every year.

—It is estimated that the sun raises 37,000,000,000 tons of water from the earth to the minute.

—It is proposed to apply electricity to the irrigation of some of the dry and sterile districts of California.

—Lewis Ledger, of New York city, on a wager recently ate thirty hard-boiled eggs in fifteen minutes.

—A New York broker has just paid $15,000 for a half interest in a salmon stream that flows into the Restigouche, in Canada.

—In the maw of a cow killed near Darien, Ga., a few days ago, was found a pound of six penny nails and a five cent piece.

—The presence of a well developed apple growing on the grapevine at Portsmouth, Ohio, is ascribed to skillful grafting.

—M. Lavasseur finds that the chances of a person in the nineteenth century reaching 100 years of age are one in 18,100.

—Joseph Smith, the President and prophet of the reorganized Mormons, and the son of the founder of Mormonism, is in Boston.

—A sparrow at Colestown, Penn., built a nest in the running gear of a farmer's wagon, and makes a trip to market every week.

—A room is ventilated best by opening the upper sash of a window, because the hottest and worst air is always near the ceiling.

—With the present rate of increase as a basis, it is estimated that a century hence this country will have a population of 994,921,686.

—If the salt held in solution in the ocean were spread over the earth, it would form a layer of more than thirty feet deep covering the whole globe.

—The ratio of suicides is large in Northern and small in Southern nations of Europe. The same holds good of the States of the United States.

—A marine on duty at the Brooklyn (N. Y.) navy yard, is unable to speak above a whisper, in consequence of having habitually eaten gunpowder for years.

—Napoleon, III, got his title, the third, for the second never reigned, by a compositor mistaking the exclamation points—"!!!" for the Roman numerals III.

—The reason why fire crackers are always covered with red paper is that red is the festive color in China, and that firecrackers are used chiefly on festive occasions.

—The boundary line between the United States and Canada is distinctly marked from Lake Michigan to the Pacific by cairns, pillars of iron, earth mounds and timber clearings.

—The fact, as reported, that the German Army has the lowest death rate of any in Europe is attributed to the practice of frequent bathing in warm water being made compulsory.

—The oldest man in Great Britain is Hugh MacLeod, a Scotch crofter, who was born on the 24th of November, 1783. He lives in County Ross, and is still healthy and vigorous.

—Prince Herbert Bismark cherishes carefully the wreck of a watch which he carried during the Franco-Prussian war and which stopped a bullet that otherwise might have ended his life.

—The great exhibition held in London, England, in 1851, was attended by 6,039,195 persons and left a profit of $1,006,525. It remained open from the first of May to the 11th of October.

—The bones of some prehistoric giants have been unearthed near Anniston, Ala. One of the thigh bones was sixty-two inches long and the skulls averged thirty-four inches in circumference.

—An electric hair curler is a new and convenient instrument. It is said to be equal to the most exacting demands of the feminine coiffure, and the beard or mustache can be curled in any style in two minutes.

—A Mme. Clermont is dead at St. Martin, near Montreal, at the age of 92. She was married at the age of 13 and had 17 children, 145 grandchildren and 286 great grandchildren. Of her descendants 203 are living.

—The Pacific coast has not a complete monopoly of big trees. There is a cypress tree at Enterprise, Fla., that is over ten feet in diameter and has a trunk reaching up forty feet to the first branch.

—Few people know of the origin of the name Bismarck. The castle of the Chancellor's ancestors received its name from the "marca," or boundary line, formed by the River Biese, Biese-Marca became Bismarck.

—A queer white and red robin astonishes the fishermen at Quonochontaug, R. I. It has built its nest in a shaggy reach of pasture near the thundering ocean breakwater. The bird's body is of a snowy white, even to the tip of its tail, except its breast, which is of a ros