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B. F. SCHWEIER.

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NO. 6

GOT TO HUSTLE NOW.

Lay away the new diploma,
With the ribbon tied around;
With the big bouquet's aroma
Let it be securely bound.
File away the long oration
With its words of learned leagu;
"Let the Daughters of the Nation"
Rest a year and gather strength.
Take the books of Greek and Latin,
Sell them all at second-hand,
Let some other brain space fade
Up a flabby adverbial gland.
Burn the song to Alma Mater,
Never more beneath the moon
Must the singer linger later
Than the solemn midnight noon.
Spare only the fattened wailer,
Do not kill the little cow,
Wait until the led gets leaver,
Johnnie's get to hustle now.
—Buffalo Express.

FIN

When everything appears unusually fresh we say the season is forward, and when a person is unusually forward we say he is too fresh.—Boston Transcript.

A Chicago paper reports that Savannah has a flock of red-headed geese. Their favorite resort is probably beneath the shade of a white horse-chestnut tree.—Chicago Herald.

Mr. Sharpnose—What! Want to get a new maid for Fashion Beach? Why don't you take the one you have? Mrs. Sharpnose—She knows how we live when we are at home.—New York Weekly.

Effie—Mamma, why does the beat make that dreadful noise? Mamma—That is because she is just going to start.
Effie—If I was as sorry as that I wouldn't go.—Pick me up.

"I want the library," said Mr. Gaswell to the architect, "to be the largest and most room in the house." "I don't see what you want with a library," interposed Mrs. Gaswell, "you know very well you don't smoke."—Burdette.

Mr. Popinjay—My dear, I have invited Mr. Forinland, the distinguished explorer, to tea to-morrow.
Mrs. Popinjay—Whatever put it into your head to do that?
Mr. Popinjay—I want to see if he can find that collar button I lost last Monday.—Burlington Free Press.

A young Englishman the other day was relating his first experience at an ice cream table with a Philadelphia girl. He said: "I was utterly broken up and astounded, don't you know, when, after finding a strawberry in her half-finished plate of cream, she fished it out on her spoon and offered it to me."
"Would you have it?" she asked.
"No, indeed," I replied, no doubt looking the horror I felt in my soul.
"Why not?" she demanded, seeming to be hurt by my refusal.
"Why, my dear girl, don't you know," I explained, "you have had the spoon in your mouth?"
"Well, what of that?" she pouted prettily, as she made her perfectly paralyzing reply. "You'd kiss that mouth if I'd let you, wouldn't you?"
I confessed that I would be only too glad to do so, and since then I have made it my business to get better accustomed to the ways of the place.—Philadelphia Press.

The Summer Hotel Bored Her.
"Why don't I go to a hotel?" replied a Boston woman the other day to a remark of a friend that it would be a pleasant change for her summer housekeeping. "This is why I don't board. I have to say 'good morning' to fifty people I don't care a straw about. Every time I step out on the piazza the other women ask me how I do. If I am going to drive, if my book is 'nice,' if—well, you know the formula. Now, some of these people I like and some I detest; but I have to be civil whether I feel in the mood or not. If I remain in my room I am 'silled' 'received,' disagreeable and worse. I loathe fancy work, and all the boarders expect me to 'amine or admire what they are making for Christmas and church fairs. Any serious reading out of doors is not to be thought of, because it is impossible to concentrate the average mind in a chatter about the relative merits of a Rosenbauer or a Redfern gown or whether foulard is preferable to India silk, or what boat or train somebody's husband comes on that afternoon. No I am not adapted to the summer hotel.

One Way to Cross.
There are more ways of taking a journey by water than to swim or employ a boat. Not long ago Mrs. E. Parks, who lives near Bangor, wanted to cross the flume of the Forbsterman Ditch company, going from her place to the residence of her daughter near by. As she could not jump, she placed a board over the ditch and started across. On the second step the board broke and she was precipitated into the water, which was running very rapidly. She was carried through the ditch and flume down to the "dump" about three-quarters of a mile distant. Remarkable to relate, she escaped without injury and accomplished the errand she had set out to do, before she returned to her home.

Lucas Silva, who was a doctor in the Independent Army of Bolivia, is still alive. He has reached his 129th year.

Wanted—An Owner.

There were a dozen passengers on a Broadway car the other rainy day, who noticed a very large, showily dressed man get aboard at the corner of Seventh-st. He had a gold-headed silk umbrella, and he leaned it against the front door and set down. When the car got down to Wall street the large man suddenly rose up and hurried out of the car, never thinking of his umbrella. Then human nature began to show itself. A young man with a very loud suit of clothes, changed his seat from rear to front to get nearer the prize. A very solid woman, with a bandbox, pushed a boy along to bring herself nearer. A man on the other side, who had been very busy with his paper, now folded it up and fixed his eye on the umbrella. A shop girl, who seemed to be out on an errand, cast covetous eyes, and thought of the well she could cut over the other girls if she had that particular piece of personal property. An old man with a very prominent nose finally observed in subdued tones:

"I live next door to Johnson, and I'll return him his umbrella."
"Johnson?" exclaimed the young man in the loud suit, "Why, that's our superintendent, and as I am going to the office, I'll carry it to him."
"Seems to me he's my grocer, but I won't be sure of it," remarked the solid woman. "However, I'm an honest woman, and it will be safe with me."

"Look here!" exclaimed the man, with the paper. "You are a nice crowd, I must remark. I was just saying how low for you. The gent is my brother, and I'd like to see some of you try to walk off with his umbrella!"
This settled all but the shop girl, she turned white and red, moved about anxiously, and finally decided it was so or never. She suddenly rose up, walked to the end of the car, picked up the umbrella, and tipped her way to the rear door and passed out.
"Thank you, miss!"
It was the large, showily dressed man, who was standing on the platform with his hand extended.
"Don't mention it!" snapped the girl in reply, as she turned over the property and dropped off.
And then everybody chuckled and slapped himself on the back to think he had been wise enough to let the umbrella alone.

All the Athenians know Dan Talliferro, the colored barber, who did business in this city and afterward moved to Jacksonville, Fla., and narrated. Dan was a polite and respectful man, and had the good will of our people, who will be glad to know that he will soon come in possession of a handsome fortune estimated at \$100,000 or more.

His story is a strange one. On Dan's removal to the land of flowers is met a colored girl of Key West, and after a brief courtship the pair were married. It now seems that the roughest blood of Castile flows in the veins of this octopus, for she is a lineal descendant from a Spanish General who commanded troops in St. Augustine when it was under the domination of that country. This old general was a great rove, and becoming attached to a mulatto girl, a descendant of the Minorcas, raised a family of children by her. On his deathbed he repented of his liaison, and left these children his entire and undivided property in Florida, including 10,000 acres, much of it lying in the principal cities of that State.

A portion of the ground on which the Ponce de Leon Hotel stands was purchased from the heirs, while they still own valuable possessions all over that city, as also in Key West, Tampa, Tallahassee and other places. This property has never been divided, being controlled by an old aunt to Dan's wife, who lives in fine style at St. Augustine, and was recognized as the head of the family. There are now only seventeen heirs to this vast property, and, as they are all of age, have demanded that a division be made, arrangements for which are now in progress. The best lawyers in the State are employed. There is no question of doubt about the title to this property, and not an acre is in dispute. When Florida was sold by Spain to the United States there was a clause in the trade treaty which the Government was pledged to protect the titles of the Spaniards who had private landed interests. Under this clause does Dan's wife come in.—Athens (Ga.) Banner.

Fooled the Farmer.
A swindler sold a Clinton County, Mich., farmer a receipt for making his wheat weigh twice as much as it ought to, and signed a contract to divide the money gained by the extra weight with the scientific swindler. The "contract" eventually turned up a promissory note and the farmer paid \$300 for it—and didn't advertise the matter with a brass band either.

A very expensive fad is having your portrait cut as an oxeye cameo. The work is very slow, difficult and laborious. The image when done is permanent and will last for centuries. There are enough people in New York who enjoy this kind of extravagance to give constant employment to five cameo portrait carvers.

Concerning American Railroads.

It is claimed that the fastest time on record was made over the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. The time was ninety-two miles in ninety-three minutes, one mile being made in forty-six seconds.
The chances for loss of life in railroad accidents in this country are one person killed for every 10,000,000 carried. Statisticians claim that more people are killed every year by falling out of windows than there are in railroad accidents.
The Canadian Pacific Railway extends further east and west than any other road in the country. It runs from Quebec to the Pacific Ocean.
The cantilever span of the Poughkeepsie bridge is the longest railway bridge span in the United States. Its length is 540 feet.
The Kinzua viaduct, on the Erie Railroad, is the highest railroad bridge in the United States. It is 305 feet high.
The longest railway tunnel in America is the Hoosac tunnel, on the Fitchburg Railroad. It is four and three-fourths miles long.
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system operates more mileage than any other single corporation in the United States. It covers about 8,000 miles.—American Commercial Traveller.

Grant's Devotion.

It is doubtful, says the N.Y. Graph, whether any chronicle or romance of the days of chivalry contains so touching an instance of matrimonial devotion as that lately told of General Grant. When the honors came upon the Grants, like sorrows to the house of Denmark, not single spies, but in battalions, the mistress of the White House began to renew the dream of her girlhood—to have her cross eyes straightened. Wishing to surprise the president, Mrs. Grant, telling nobody, sent for the most eminent oculist in America. He willingly promised to undertake the operation, which he assured her would be easy to accomplish and without danger. The good lady could not contain herself for joy, and, woman-like (as I right, mesdames!), gave way when she saw her husband, and confided to him her secret, the pleasure she had in store for him. He looked wistfully into those dear eyes which had held him with tender gaze through all the trials of a checked career, and said, in a simple way, "Julia, I wish you would not change them. I love them as they are, and they might seem strange if altered." Nor Launcelot, nor Romeo, nor lover of any clime or age, ever spoke words of tenderer gallantry than those of the hero of Appomattox.

An Innovation in Family Discipline.

Atlanta, Ga., is said to have a queer way of punishing profanity in the public schools. The boys caught at using bad language are made to wash their mouths out with water infused with quassia. The bitter stuff is considered a cure; at least it is not so easily forgotten as a licking or a scolding. Is it not an invention worth more general use? Our family discipline is a poverty-stricken affair—mostly made up of jawing and thrashing. Why not have a family quassia cup, with say another containing salts, and a third with ricinus communis, that is to say, castor oil.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Congress of Americans.

The Congress of the Three Americas, which will meet in Washington in the autumn, is attracting a good deal of attention in England and on the continent. The State Department has sent out circulars, explaining the purpose of the meeting, far and wide. These circulars state, in substance, that it is proposed, by a congress of representatives of all the American governments, to improve commercial relations between the different countries, to establish a system of arbitration in international disputes, and to adopt a uniform monetary system.

Canadian Indians.

The total number of Indians in the Dominion of Canada is given at 124,589, of whom 97,944 are in British Columbia, 26,365 in Manitoba and the Northwest Territory, 17,700 in Ontario, 12,465 in Quebec, 8,000 in Athabaska, 7,000 in the Mackenzie district, 4,016 in Eastern Rupert's Land, 4,000 on the Arctic coast, 2,145 in New Scotland, 2,038 in the Peace River district, 1,594 in New Brunswick, 1,000 in the interior of Labrador, 919 in Prince Edward Island.

A Delted Emigrant.

A German peasant who arrived at Castle Garden recently, with only seven francs in his pocket, had been told by an emigration agent that gold was so plenty in this country that people gave golden trinkets to their children to play with, and trimmed the carriages, buildings and streets with the precious metal. He therefore sold his little place, bought a ticket for New York, and gave a farewell feast to his neighbors. He was sent back.

It Served His Purpose.

One of the Spanish provincial papers publishes a singular obituary notice. It says: This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweler, Siebaldo Illingao, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married. The funeral will take place to-morrow. Signed Illingao.

It Served His Purpose.

P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual. Only our place of business will be removed from Calle de Comercio to No. 4 Rue de Mission, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent.

The Terrible Tcherkesses.

The Tcherkesses—the term now most used in Europe to designate the different Caucasian tribes—are a wild, bellicose, and rapacious nation. The Tcherkess is a warrior in his very soul, sly, cruel, and blood-thirsty. The sufferings of an enemy awaken in him only a moment's smile of enjoyment. He tortures his prisoner, kills him, and mutilates him terribly. How many loved comrades have I found with their arms twisted out of joint, and other parts of their bodies cut off and stuck in their mouths! The Tcherkess is not a fanatic, but he is a great fatalist; and now he is in the Russian service attacks with the same ruthless ardor and blood-thirstiness the Moslem man with whom thirty years ago he used to fight side by side against the Russians. He always seeks to attack his enemy on the sly, but when he does not succeed in surprising him, he dashes upon him and displays prodigious courage.

A Sure Cure for Drunkenness.

A Russian physician named Portogallo declares that strychnine is an infallible cure for drunkenness administered by means of a subcutaneous injection. He asserts that the experience of physicians has shown the cure to be as rapid as it is certain. The effect of the strychnine solution is to change the craving for drink into positive aversion, and this change is effected in a day. After a treatment of eight or ten days a patient may be discharged. The strychnine is administered by dissolving one grain in 200 drops of water and injecting five drops of the solution every twenty-four hours.—Journal of Health.

The Well Bred Man.

Things that a well bred man doesn't do:
He doesn't wear large check clothes.
He doesn't use perfumes.
He doesn't beg a woman's pardon for neglecting to call her.
He doesn't criticize one woman to another.
He isn't always trying to tell a good story or make a brilliant remark.
He doesn't make gifts that he can't afford.
He doesn't try to turn a compliment with every breath he draws in a woman's presence.
He doesn't use a crest on his writing paper.
He doesn't take his women friends into his business or love matters.
He doesn't ask to be allowed to smoke in the presence of a woman unless he is morally certain she doesn't object to it.

Love Letter Writing.

The latest device of girlhood is a fancy for stuffing pillows with their old love letters. There is one thing about the contents of these pillows that can be depended upon with a marked degree of certainty—they are sure to be soft.

First Newspaper.

The first newspaper published in Virginia was issued at Williamsburg in 1739. It was entitled the Virginia Gazette, edited by William Parks, who, during the nine preceding years, had published the Maryland Gazette, at Annapolis. In 1771 the first number of the Massachusetts Spy, edited by Isaiah Thomas, appeared in Boston. It was removed to Worcester in 1773, where it is still published under the title of the Worcester Spy. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War there were in existence seven newspapers in Massachusetts, one in New Hampshire, two in Rhode Island, four in Connecticut, four in New York, nine in Pennsylvania, two each in Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, three in South Carolina and one in Georgia, a total of thirty-seven. With the exception of the Philadelphia Gazette, which was published semi-weekly, all were weeklies. In 1800 the number had increased to 200, of which several were dailies.

NATURE'S MASTERPIECE.

The lovely maiden in the hammock swings
Beneath the umbrageous tree,
While robin in the rippling orchard sings
His thrilling melodies.
In dotted muslin dressed, of snowy lawn
Adorned with cherry bows,
She is a vision finer than the dawn,
Sweet as the new-blown rose.
The shining tresses of her silken hair
About her shoulders play;
There Cupid hides—each ringlet is a snare,
Avoid her while you may!
For who can look upon her lovely face,
Her brightly beaming eyes,
Behold her smile, her form's bewitching grace
And ceaseless pass her by?
Turn back, O youth! another path pursue;
Turn back, O youth! another path pursue;
If thou wouldst keep thy heart, avoid her,
The sweet vacation girl.
—Eaton Courier

THE RUNAWAY.

"Would they put her in the asylum, she wondered, 'if they caught her?'
Folks would surely think she was crazy."
She stopped at the stone wall to rest, and looked back timorously at the old familiar scene.
Far behind her stretched the meadow, a symphony of olive and green in the late fall. Here and there by a sunken boulder stood soldierly golden-rod, or berry bushes clothed now in scarlet and gold. At intervals in the long slope stood solitary trees, where, fluttering, brittle leaves fell in the gentle chill air. In summer time she remembered well the hay-makers rosted in the shade, and the jug with ginger water she made for the men was kept there to be cool.
She seemed, as she sat there, to remember everything. The house was all right, she was sure of that; the key was under the kitchen door mat, the fire was out in the stove, and the cat lived in the barn.
She held her work-hardened hand to her side, pausing a little, for it was a good bit of a walk across the meadow, and she was eighty years old on her last birthday. The cows feeding, looked home-like and pleasant.
"Good-by, critters," she said aloud, "meny's the time I've druv' ye home an' milked ye, an' I allus let ye eat by the way, nor never hurried ye as the boys do."
With a farewell glance she went on again, smoothing as she walked the scattered locks of gray hair falling under the pumpkin hood, and keeping her scant black gown out of the reach of briars. Across another field, then on through a leafy lane where the wood was hauled in winter, then out through a gap in a stump fence, with its great branching arms like a petrified octopus, to the dusty high-road.
Not a soul in sight in the coming twilight. John, the children, and the scolding wife who made her so unhappy would not be home for an hour yet, for East Mills was a long drive.
Down the steep hill went the brave, little figure, followed by an odd shadow of itself in the waning light, and by tiny stones that rolled so swiftly they passed her often and made her look behind with a start to see if a pursuer were coming.
"They'd put me in the asylum, sure," she muttered wildly as she trudged along.
At the foot of the hill she sat down upon an old log and waited for the train.
Across the road, guarded by a big sign, "Look out for the Engine," ran two parallel iron rails, that were to be her road when the big monster should come pausing around the curve.
At last the dull rattle sounded, a shrill whistle, and she hurried to the track, waving her shawl to signal.
This, in the conductor's vernacular, was a cross-roads station, where he was used to watch for people waving articles frantically. The train stopped, and this passenger was helped aboard. He noticed she was a bright-eyed old lady very neat and precise.
"How far?" he asked.
"Boston,"
"Gitt her in the mornin'," he said kindly, waiting for the money, as she opened a queer little redicule, where, under her knitting, wrapped in a clean cotton handkerchief, was her purse with her savings of long years—the little sums Sam had sent her when he first began to prosper in the West, and some money she had earned herself by knitting and berry-picking.
At a cross-roads, as they went swiftly on, she saw the old sorrel horse, the rattling wagon, and John with his family driving homeward. She drew back with a little cry, fearing he might see her and stop the train, but they went on so fast that could not be, and the old horse jogged into the woods, and John never thought his old Aunt Hannah, his charge for twenty long years, was running away.
At Boston a kindly conductor bought her a through ticket for Denver.
"It's a long journey for an old lady like you," he said.
"But I'm peart for my age," she said anxiously; "I never had a day's sickness since I was a gal."
"Going all the way alone?"
"With Providence," she answered brightly, alert and eager to help herself, but silent and thoughtful as the train took her into strange landscapes where the miles went so swiftly it seemed like the past years of her life as she looked back on them.

"Thy works is marvellous," she murmured often, sitting with her hands folded, and few idle days had there been in her world where she had sat and rested so long.

In the day coach the people were kind and generous, sharing their baskets with her and seeing she changed cars right and her carpet-bag was safe. She was like any of the dear old grandmas in Eastern homes, or to grizzled men and weary women, like the memory of a dead mother as faint and far away as the scent of wild roses in a hillside burying-ground. She tended babies for tired women and talked to the men of farming and crops, or told the children bible stories; but never a word she said of herself, not one.
On again, guided by kindly hand through the great bewildering city by the great lake, and now through yet a stranger land. Tired and worn by lights in the uncomfortable seats, her brave spirit began to fail a little. At the wide, level plains, lonely and drear, dawned on her sight, she sighed often.
"It's a dre'ful big world," she said to a gray-bearded old farmer near her: "so big I feel 'most lost in it, but, hopefullly, 'cross this desert like this long ago Providence sent a star to guide them wise men of the East, an' I hain't lost my faith."
But as the day wore on, and still the long, monotonous land showed no human habitation, no oasis of green, her eyes dimmed, something like a sob rose under the black kerchief on her bowed shoulders, and the spectacles were taken off with trembling hand and put away in the worn tin case.
"Be ye goin' fur, mother?" said the old farmer.
He had brought her a cup of coffee as the last station, and had pointed out on the way things he thought might interest her.
"To Denver."
"Wal, wal; you're from New England, I'll be bound?"
"From Maine," she answered; that she grew communicative, for she was always a chatty old lady, and she had possessed her soul in silence so long, and it was a relief to tell the story of her weary years of waiting to a kindly listener.
She told him all the relations she had were two grand-nephews and their families. That twenty years ago Sam (for she had brought them both up when their parents died of consumption, that takes so many of our folks) went out West. He was always adventurous, and for ten years she did not hear from him; but John was different and steady, and when he came of age she had given him her farm, with the provision she should always have a home, otherwise he would have gone away too. Well, for five years they were happy, then John married, and his wife had grown to think her a burden as the years went on, and the children when they grew big did not care for her, she felt she had lived too long.
"I growed so lonesome," she said pathetically, "it seems I couldn't take up heart to live day by day, an' yet I knowed our folks was longed lived. Ten years back, when Sam wrote he was doin' fair an' sent me money, I begun to think of him; fur he was allus generous an' kind, an' the gratefullest boy, an' so I begun to save to go to him, fur I knowed I could work my board for a good many years of some. Fur three years he ain't hardly wrote, but I laid that to the wild kentry he lived in. I said 'bairn an' injuns don't skeer me none, for when I was a gal up an' Aroostook kentry there was plenty of both, an' as fur skeerers, them horned cattle don't 'bfool me gone, fur I've been used to a farm allus. But the lonesomeness of these meeders has sorter upset me an' made me think every day Sam was further off than I ever calculated on."
"But what will you do if Sam ain't in Denver?" asked the farmer.
"I've put my faith in Providence," she answered simply, and the stranger could not but trust that by any word of warning.
He gave her his address as he got off at the Nebraska line, and told her to send him word if she needed help. With a warm hand-clasp he parted from her to join the phantoms in her memory of "folks that hed bin kind to her, God bless em," and then the train went rumbling on.
But many of the passengers had listened to her story and were interested, and they came to sit with her.
One pale little lad in the seat in front turned round to look at her now and then and ever her smile. He was going to the new country for health and wealth, poor lad, only to find eternal rest in the sunny land, but his last days brightened by the reward for his thoughtful act of kindness.
"She probably brought these boys up," he thought, "and denied her life for them. Is she to die unrequited, I wonder. There cannot be any good in the world if that be so." He thought of her and took out his poor purse; there is so little money in it, too. Every cent made a big hole in his store; but the consciousness of a good deed was worth something. "I mayn't have the chance to do any more," thought the lad, buttoning up his worn overcoat.
He slipped off without a word at a station and sent a telegram to Denver.

"Ye Sammel Blair!"—for he had caught the name from her talk—"You Aunt Hannah Blair of Maine is on the W. & W. train coming to you."

It was only a straw, but a kindly wind might blow it to the right one, after all.
When he was sitting there after his message had gone on its way, she leaned over and handed him a peppermint drop from a package in her pocket.
"You don't look strong, dearie," she said; "hain't ye no folks with ye?"
"None on earth."
"We're both lone ones," she smiled, "an' how sad it be there ain't no one to fuss over ye. An' be keeful of the drafts, and keep flannel allus on your chest; that is good fur the lungs."
"You are very kind to take an interest in me," he smiled; "but I am afraid it is too late."
Another night of weary slumber in the cramped seats, and then the plain began to be dotted with villages, and soon appeared the straggling outskirts of a city, the smoke of mills, the gleam of iron rails, bright and shining, as the train ran shrieking into the labyrinth of its destination.
"This is Denver," said the lad to her, "and I'll look after you as well as I can."
"I won't be no burden," she said brightly. "I've twenty dollars yet, an' that's a sight of money."
The train halted to let the eastern bound express pass, there was an air of excitement in the car, passengers getting ready to depart, gathering up luggage and wraps, and some watching the new comers and the rows of strange faces on the outward bound.
The door of the car slammed suddenly, and a big bearded man with eager blue eyes came down the aisle looking sharply from right to left. He had left Denver on the express to meet this train. His glance fell on the tiny black figure.
"Why, Aunt Hannah!" he cried, with a break in his voice, and she—she put out her trembling hands and fell into the big arms, tears streaming down the wrinkled face.
"I knowed Providence would let me find ye, Sam," she said brokenly, and no one smiled when the big man sat down beside her and with gentle hand wiped her tears away.
"Wal, I've sent John twenty dollars a month for five years fur you," he said angrily, as she told him why she ran away, "and he said you could not write, fur you had a stroke and was helpless, and I have written to you often and sent you money. It's hard for a man to call his own brother a 'lilkin'."
"We wasn't, Sam," she said gently, "but just furt; an' I ain't had a burden to ye, fur I can work yet, an' for years to come."
"Work, indeed! Don't I owe you everything?" he cried. "And my wife has longed for you to come. There are so few dear old aunts in this country, they're prized I tell you. Why, it's as good as a royal coat-of-arms to have a dear handsome old woman like you for a relation."
Then he found out who sent the telegram and paid the lad, who blushed and stammered like a girl had did not want to take it.
"I suppose you want a job," said the big man. "Well, I can give you one; I'm in the food commission business. Give you something light. Lots of your sort, poor lad, out here. All the reference I want is that little kindness of yours to Aunt Hannah."
"Here's the depot, Aunt Hannah, and you won't see 'bairn an' injuns," nor the buffaloes you were talking about, but the prettiest and sunniest city you ever set your dear eyes on."
He picked up the big carpet bag, faded and old-fashioned, not a bit ashamed of it, though it looked like Noah might have carried it to the ark. They said good-by, and the last seen of her was her happy old face beaming from a carriage window as she rolled away to what all knew would be a pleasant home for all her waning years.

A King's Joke.

A Swedish statesman recently inveighed most eloquently in Parliament against oleomargarine. Next evening he was invited to dine with the King, who loves a joke. There was only oleomargarine on the royal table, and the statesman liberally partook thereof.
At the close of the meal the King asked him: "Well, sir, how do you like our butter?" "It is excellent," replied the statesman; "the contrast between it and artificial butter is very marked."
"But," said the King, "that is artificial butter!" The other guests roared with laughter, but the "old parliamentary hand" returned, quick as a flash: "Your Majesty, if one can be deceived so easily, there is all the more need of strict laws against bogus goods!"

The Educated Boy's Error.

The trouble is that a boy who graduates from our public or high schools or colleges would feel it a disgrace to become a tip-top carpenter or cabinet-maker, and so chooses to be a counter jumper, sell plus by the penny's worth and take by the yard, bow and scrape to his lady customers, and delude himself with the idea that he is in one of the gentlemanly callings.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher.
—The greater part of the ocean bed is pitch dark.
—The raven has been taught to retrieve most creatures.
—The latest fad in Parisian society is the decorated shirt front.
—Claude Lorraine, the Italian painter, was bred a pastry cook.
—There are at least ten million nerve fibres in the human body.
—Fish have no eyelids and necessarily sleep with their eyes open.
—An orange containing a foot in circumference has been found in Starke, Fla.
—Executions are public in Ecuador, and the musket is the instrument of death.
—Dublin is better provided with open spaces than other towns in the United Kingdom.
—One dog of the Convent of St. Bernard is said to have saved more than forty human lives.
—The blood of clams, lobsters and nearly all other invertebrates contains no red cells but only white.
—A pension has just been granted to an Oregon man who is a veteran of the War of 1812. He is 102 years old.
—There are a hundred chances that any boy or girl will be struck by lightning for every one chance of having hydrophobia.

—A novelty of an electrical exhibition at Frankfurt, Germany, is to be the transmission of 500 horse power to a distance of 150 miles.
—By a new device, pieces of metal may be shaped with great rapidity by being forced under dies while running on a belt or elastic by an electric current.
—By electrolysis of a fluoride in a molten state, M. Minet extracts 21.6 grammes of aluminium for an expenditure of one horse-power hour.
—Chinese pheasants were introduced into the vast forests of Oregon ten years ago, and now it is estimated that there are 1,000,000 of them in the country.

—The use of electricity for slaughtering hogs is proposed. It is claimed that the current will not only kill the hogs, but will kill trichinae at the same time.
—A luminous crayon has recently been invented to enable lecturers to draw the blackboard when the lecture is darkened for the use of the lantern.
—One cause given for the failure of the peach crop in Delaware and Maryland is that the elements of the soil required by the peach have been exhausted.

—A French electrician has constructed a Winshurst machine, having twelve glass discs, each 29 inches in diameter. The machine will give a spark 16 inches long.
—The loveliest summer resort on earth is probably the plateau of New Zealand, the "Klug's Summit," as the natives call it, in the highlands of Southern Ceylon.
—The rapidity with which the hawk and many other birds occasionally fly is probably not less than that of 150 miles an hour, when either pursued or pursuing.

—Lemons originally came from India. They were used by the Romans to keep another kind of their garments, and in the time of Pliny were considered an excellent poison.
—Swifts and swallows fly every year from England to Southern Africa and to the Moluccas, and the rest ease, wandering flight of various oceanic birds is still more surprising.

—"Better late than never" was used over three hundred years ago by Thomas Tucker in his "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry." Later on Bunyan used it in his "Pilgrim's Progress."
—Justices of the peace were first appointed in England by Edward I. In the year 1828, and in 1891 they were empowered to try felonies, while their wages were fixed by Richard II. in 1389.

—It is interesting to know that their hair which waves from the heads of French dragoons, and is so artistic, being the product of Chinese and Tonkin's skulls. It is finer and lighter than horse hair.
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