VOL. XLV.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1891.

NO. 8.

She calls away on the sea of dreams. This little skipper with eyes of brown As the firefly's torch in the twillight gleams. And the garish sun goes down; Her bank floats over the grimy town To Shumberland and its sliver sea:

The spotless folds of her slumber gown Are no whit fairer than she, There are angel birds in the warm, still ste-And the skipper laughs with her eves

As they sing to her old songs, sweet and rare Vhile her bark billows up and down; They sing of a prince of high renown.

And a princess ever so young and fair: But where is the princess had ever a crown Like the crown of her soft brown hair? Cometh a storm over the silver sea. That able on the dreamer's land. And the angel birds fade out to the lee Of this singular slumber strand; is there a harbor by angels planned. From all storms, whatever they be, From the wicked fairles of Slumberland And the waves in its silver sea?

Up, like a flash, comes the little brown head And the brown eyes only see A billowy blanket of silk outspread

On an ocean of dimity; But it's fearlessly the skipper will flee With a soft little burefoot trend, By the chart she learned on her bended knee

J. P. Bocock in Boston Globe.

GHAIST O' GHAIRLEE

occurred to myself when on a visit to an old house far in the wilds of Ross-Scotland Is the land of visions. Few are the places that have not some tradition attached to them. Gloomy, and grim stand the old houses, and there is a cause for their forbidding aspect. The sullen shadow of past rimes hangs over them.

make one of a shooting-party assembling there. Sport is good there, if anywhere; and, moreover, the laird who would be sure to make things lively and pleasant.

I strived, then, at Ghairlee Station full of hope, and prepared for enjoyment. I brought with me my guns and my beloved violin, without which

Chairlee itself is a curious old nouse; the passages run about it in an toward my door. extremely complicated fashion, up one step to a room, down two steps into it. and so on. The hall is g portion of Many additions have been made by different lairds, long since gathered to their fathers.

I did not see all this the night of my arrival-in sooth, it was so dark that I could distinguish very little as the dogcart spun up the avenue; but I did notice the black mass on my left as we turned a very sharp corner round a block of buildings, and on my right, a sallen roar as if angry waters boiled over in a torrent to dash upon rocks in

the dark depths, far, far below. The next moment we drew up before the door, barred and studded with great iron nails. Light was pouring from the hall, and the Laird stood in the doorway surrounded by a howling body-guard of terriers.

"Whist, dogs! Come in, laddie!" And my old friend gathered me into his ancestral hall with Highland hospitality. We passed up a low stairway, and across a thickly carpeted corridor furnished with strange pieces of workmanship-frowning cabinets and carved chairs from which uncanny faces leered in the firelight. The drawing-room was at the far end and there were again two or three steps leading to it alone. By the side of these steps and against the wall, stood a fine, old press of marquetrie, quaintly inlaid and used, as I afterward learned, for the stowing away of odds and ends, of nothings and all-things. It was here, that my violin soon found a place, and I laid it. in its modern embroidered case, by the side of a quaint, old lute about which was twist-

ed a faded, moth-eaten ribbon. "This," said the Laird's pretty daughter, touching it reverently, "has a history. We keep it here-pretty as, it is because none of us like to look on it ... " But all this belongs else-

where in my story. Report had not exaggerated the charms of the old Laird's daughters. Four of them he had-the youngest, a charming child-the eldest, already, appropriated. But there remained the adorable second and the exquisite third and after a day of painful uncertainty, I fell before the first of these two, who was called by the tuneful name of Mavis, and who had a musical fever akin to my own. Together we trilled and turmed and turned leaves and played love songs and madrigals, serenades and sonatas, and when we did not play-we talked music and when we did not talk music, we talked ah well? suffice it to say that the days hurried by and the weeks flew after them and I had been a guest at Chairlee nigh on to a second mouth, and my heart belonged to Mavis.

The cream of the shooting was over and the party much diminished. One or two men only remained beside myself, and a pretty young woman-s neighbor of the Laird's who had come for a two weeks' visit. We were somebody asked for music. I went cabinet to get my violin, and Marvis went with me, We lingered there,

THE VOYAGE TO SLUMBERLAND, of lingering. It was then Marvis spoke reached it in my usual prosaic manner, about the lute. I took it in my hands and, as I did so, a thin, faraway wail of melody seemed to sweep past us and lose itself in the dimness beyond the glow of the firelight.

"What was that?" I asked sharply, Then, seeing that Marvis only trembled in reply, I added quickly-"I must have jarred the old thing."

"Put it down," said Marvis; "it is uncanny." We never touch it. It belonged to the Ghaist o' Ghairlee!"

"To the ghaist!" cried I. laughingperhaps not altogether heartily-for though I certainly did not believe in ghosts, there had been something in that wailing strain to set one's nerves on a quiver; "you Scotch lassies-forsooth, must still believe in your ghaists! There was never a decent bluided Highland body without a ghaist in his Castle! You must introduce me some day to yours!" And so, laughing and teasing her to bring back the roses to her cheeks, if indeed, I could, I led her again to the drawing-room, where a merry crowd, and an hour or two of my beloved music with my dear violin soon chased the Ghaist o' Ghairlee from my houghts.

My rooms were in the tower-in hat same black pile of stone round which I swept on the evening of my arrival, and my windows looked out over the torrent which roared its way ceaselessly from rock to rock to shuddering depth, and then tore on in a dark sullen stream.

I bade Mavis good-night with hurried pressure of her little fingersfor they all stood around us in the drawing-room and she did not offer to Last autumn I was invited by my lightly up the steps, humming a strain dear old friend the Laird o' Ghairlee, to of the bit of Beethoven we had been going over.

The large corridor was illumined by owned a covey of pretty daughters, from it, and my room opened into this a lamp. A smaller passage led away passage-now in profound darkness. There were candlesticks on a table at the head of the flight of steps, but after I found out the way to my rooms and had grown accustomed to it, I rarely stopped to light one. To-night, I made no exception to this custom and went swinging down the passage

I had found it, and was about it turn the handle, when I saw before me, a few feet distant, a man crouchthe old tower; the walls of immense irg, with his ear close against the wall level with my door. He slowly turned and stared straight at me. A more evil expression I had never encountered, so full was it of threatening bate and devilish purpose.

I stood fascinated, watching the nan. Presently, with hand outspread feeling along the wall, he began creeping toward me; at the same moment the dismal howling of a dog, ap parently in one of the rooms, became audible. This sound and the action on his part seemed to release my fac ulties. I dashed at him-made a grab at his coat-struck the wall; the man was gone! I stood stupidly; the passage was dark as pitch. Could be have slipped aside, and be waiting to strike?

Then-THEN, with a revulsion that sent my blood curdling back to my heart, it shot through me:

How did I see him, being in the dark?

That he was there for no good wa sufficiently demonstrated; but how could I have seen him? I experienced a curious sensation, as it broke upon me that the man I had beheld was not included in the census of this planet. I felt a tingling in my limbs and a was physical only-mentally, I may say there was a complete and instant

As the shock passed over I pulled myself together, and retraced my steps down the passage and into the drawlighted room and the commonplace oc-

My step had been almost noiseless on the thick carpet of the corridor, and no one had noticed my approach. I stood, perhaps, for five minutes in the doorway, shadowed by a portier, and gradually the perfectly natural and human expression of the room and the people, chatting pleasantly, with the clear lamp-light full upon their familiar faces, sobered my excited senses, and I began to feel that I had come very near making myself supremely ridiculous. What I saw-or rather what I believed I had fancied I sawwas one of those strange optical illusions, born of mental exaltation, and taking, as is usually the case, a most unexpected and unfamiliar form. I had been carried away by the musicby the presence and close sympathy of the girl I deeply loved, and I had seen no heaven-born vision-but something directly opposed to every image, which, just then, should have possessed my mental vision. I had seen a stealthy, creeping, lurking, murderousves! murderous-that is what was written in every line of the evil face

and crouching form-murder! I shuddered from head to foot. Then I pulled myself together again and thankful that my return to the gathered in the drawing-room and drawing-room had been unobserved, I determined to depart as quietly as I out into the fire-lighted hall to the old had come. This I managed successfully and lighting a candle this time at the head of the staircase, I entered the Albne, for a moment just for the sake passage leading to my room, and

Although now thoroughly convinced that I had been the victim of a temporary hallucination, I felt by no means comfortable. My new accomplishment was not an agreeable one, and my

Imiata Sentinel La and

zerves were badly shaken. "Fool!" I apostrophized myself poitely, and glad, after all, that I had not absolutely appeared one in the eyes of Mavis and her family, I began to andress. First, however, I searched my sleeping and dressing rooms thoroughly and found them quite free from the presence of my ill-looking friend of the passage. The dressingroom was a queer little place-one of the few rooms in the Tower that had stood the ravages of time and the only one in the house which had not been, from Laird to Laird, added to and improved upon. It was curious enough, and some of its old worm-eaten oak had stood since the earliest days of Ghairlee

I went to hed and very soon, it seemed to me, I fell asleep. Very soon, too, it seemed to me, I was awakened by-I know not what!

I sat up in bed and listened intently,

thoroughly awake. For several minutes, I heard nothng. Then, the dismal howling of a dog came to me as if from the adjoining room-and vet, it had a smothered sound as if, although near me, its howls were being stifled. Suddenly, this sound ceased and then came a stealthy, reeping sound, and I saw a crouching figure against my wall-the same figure-the same evil face now turned straight toward me-the same murderous expression-all-as it had, just a suddenly, appeared in the hall.

And my room was in perfect dark-But though the man continued

caze straight into my eyes, he moved from, not toward me, slowly and stealthily, until he reached the door eading into the dressing-room and through this he disappeared.

With one bound, I followed him. forgot the deadly fear that had seized upon me at sight of this monster, as I believed him, of my imagination. I rushed after him and would have thrown myself upon him in another nstant had not something rooted me to the threshold powerless. In vain I endeavored to move hand or limb-in vain I attempted to cry aloud when I found myself incapable of motion-I stood as if chained—gagged—helple the man, always skulking along the treas of snow extend for miles to meet

Now my eyes traveled beyond him to divine his destination and therebefore the mirror of the old dressingtable, with her bonny brown hair all unbound and her little, white bare feet, showing beneath her loose nightrobe, and in her hands the old lute with a pale ribbon wound about it. there-oh, my God! stood Mavis! Kneeling beside her, was an old waiting woman; even in my speechless agony, I knew I paused, trying to place her, but she was some one I could not remember to have seen about Ghairlee. She stroked and kissed her lady's hand-my lady's hand-and seemed to say some soothing word, but though I saw her lips move,-try

as I would I could hear no sounds. I struggled frantically for the power o cry aloud, but my tongue was held by some terrible force and I could neither save nor warn my darling of that ghastly shadow that is creeping nearer, ever nearer!

Merciful God! Without a sound-noiscless as Fatemerciless - death-giving - the figure buzzing in my ears. The sensation rose from its cronching posture and stood behind the two women. With some hideous, gleaming weapon up lifted to strike, with his evil face dis torted by the passion and intent to kill reflected in all its ghastly horror in the long, dim glass, into which my poor ing-room. It seemed strange, that lost Marvis stared as if already stricken, the man stood for an instantenjoying in anticipation this dark and bloody deed. Then there was a sudden flash, as the thing he carried descended-a dull, crushing blow, and a last-too late-my voice came to me. One shrick that should have rallied

> long-forgotton Lairds to the defense and then-unconsciousness. When I opened my eyes, my Marvis,

> my own Marvis, stood beside me Then I saw the kindly face of the

After awhile, I told my story. Then he told his.

Many years ago, there was a Laird at Ghairlee who had a cruel, wicked brother. This brother plotted to overthrow all who stood in his way, but the Laird was too strong for him and found him out for a wicked, murderous dog; so the gates of Ghairlee were closed upon him. But though he said nothing, he waited until the Liard was away, and then he stole into the little passage leading to the Tower rooms and hid there, and that night he murdered the Liard's young bride when none was within call but the feeble old

"Her picture hangs below, poor ieddy." added the Liard, "Marvis ts enough like her to be herself! But you should have told us of the warning in the passage, laddie, and I myself should have minded what night it was, and told you to sleep with Dugald. For who passes the night in the Tower rooms on the 7th of October, must aye see the Ghaist o' Ghairlee!"

Exquisite viemish Embroidery in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth

It was during this period that embroidery lost its distinctly religious character and came into common use in lay dress. And if we wish to see to what a pass the sumptuous dress of Flanders came, we have but to consult the pictures of the time. On Van Evck's and Memling's marvelous canvases the lay life of Bruges is brought before us as a setting to the most sacred subjects-brought before us, too, with such naif and serious realism that it never jars upon our taste. Melchior and Gaspard, as they kneel before the Holy Child, Herod and his courtiers as they sit at the table or look on the headless corpse of St. John the Baptist, in Memling's pictures at the Hospital St. John, are but portraits of princes and courtiers at the Prinsenhof hard

by. The gorgeous fabrics of their dresset, stiff with gold, are fresh from the looms of Bruges, which were then famous throughout all northern Europe. While the magnificent robe, with its hem embroidered in gold, pearls and jewels, which is worn by the Virgin in Van Eyck's great picture at Ghent of the 'Adoration of the Sacred Lamb,' is almost a duplicate of the state mantle in which Mary of Burgundy lies wrapped in her brass effigy on the altartomb at Notre Dame in Bruges,

On the Summit of Mount Shasta.

The wind and cold were so severe hat our stay on the summit was shorter han one could wish; however, one hour s about as good as two for a scene to which weeks could not do justice, Northern California and part of Oregon ay spread out like a great bird's eye nap. To the south-east, seventy-five niles away, the snows of Lassen's peak seemed quite near, and far beyond it were visible the white tops of other peaks n the great Sierra; while at an equal listance north the beautiful symmetry of Mount Pitt in Oregon shows white above the Cascades, which stretch ridge ifter ridge for leagues beyond. Beyond the rugged and broken ranges toward the coast the air is cloudy, and we are unable to see the Pacific. The valleys it our feet are so smoky that the lower part of our view is much limited. The riew of Mount Shasta itself is grand beyond description. West of us, more than half a mile lower, and two or three niles distant, is the great crater of the moutain. More than half of the great rim is yet intact-what is left of a huge lowl a mile in diameter, whose side seems to have been burst out by its molten contents. In other directions, from the summit, great serrated ridges speechless. And before me crept while between them ever narrowing he trees, like guards to keep the green from infringing on its white domain, From our great height the lower part f the snow, steep though it really is, ooks nearly level, as do the wooder slopes and valleys beyond; and a passing oud looks in the sunshine like a white sheet spread on the dark green carpet

Where the Day Begins,

According to the way in which this rangement is now carried out, the rst land that the new day dawns upon Easter Island, about 230 miles west of the coast of Chili, South America. That is to say the 2d of July breaks' here within a few hours of the 1st havng broken on the American coast to he east, and the two days run on dongside—the 2d in Easter Island and laces west, the 1st in all places on the American continent. We may, thereore realize this idea—that at 7.20 clock any morning of our lives in Freat Britain, the next day is commening on the world, and is to be found it this little island in the Pacific ocean. whence in due course it will travel ound to us. But to have thus the tart of the world is not an unmitigated ulvantage to these islanders. Suppose one of them sails east to America, what s the result? He will find they keep he day there under a different date, and he will have to reckon one day in his calendar twice over to put himself right with their notions. On the other hand, if an American crosses from east o west this wonderful magic line where he day begins, he will find the dates in advance of him, and he must needs strike a day out of his calendar to keep ap with the times. This fact was curjously illustrated in the case of Magellan, the Portuguese captain, who sailed cound the world from east to west in 1522, and having crossed the magic line calendar became of course a day in arrear. The sailors were completely ignorant of this, and finding, on landing at home, that their Sabbath was falling on Monday, they accused one another of tampering with the reckontrue explanation was discovered.

When any one of their number dies, friends and neighbors hasten to the mountains, hew down a tree, hollow it out, and, after having washed and dressed the body, put sugar cane into its mouth and invoked the shades of the dead, place it in this rude coffin, open the eves so as to look heavenward, and then carefully seal it up. On the day of the deceased. The grave is usually trees therein is superstitiously avoided. A soothsayer, or priest, plants two reeds at the border of a stream in such a manner that the parents of the dead can pass underneath; while doing this he sprinkles water upon them which reproaches them, restores order, and prinkles a kind of holy water in order o drive out the evil spirits.

RICH WOMEN.

THEY CAN BOAST OF MILLIONS. How They Came by Their Wealth.

Mrs. Moses Taylor, the widow of the famous dry-goods merchant, comes generally first in the mind of a New Yorker who bethinks him of the faously rich women of Manhattan Island. Mrs. Taylor is carefully estimated to be worth not less than fifteen millions of dollars.

Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, the widow of the successful sugar merchant, whose refineries were so long objects of interest along the North River, inherited from him \$500,000 outright and a life interest in \$10,000,000.

now Her Grace the Duchess of Mart- paying mortgages. She bought these borough, has a life interest in \$5,000,-

maintenance of even such a fine old

Mrs. Josephine Aver, the widow of he doctor who made a fortune in patent medicine, is said to have received from him about \$5,000,000; Mrs. Martin Bates was left by her husband \$1,-000,000, which he made in dry goods, and Mrs. James Brown, who lives in a fine house on Park avenue and Thirty-seventh street, received from her husband's estate about \$4,000,000. which he accumulated as a banker; Mrs. W. E. Dodge is worth \$4,000,-000, much of the income of which she sends to the heathen. Mrs. Robert Seolet is worth \$3,000,000, and Mrs. John C. Green, the widow of the Princeton College patron, is reputed be worth \$10,000,000; Mrs. John Minturn is another wealthy New York widow : she is said to be worth \$2,000,-00 and her father was an Aspinwall; Gov. Morgan's widow is worth several millions; Clarkson Potter's widow has Mrs. Edward Stevens, who owns Castle Point," at Hoboken, is one of the richest widows in America counts

otels and left ber the Victoria and ? hare in the Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Craig Wadsworth, who lives in Washington, but is a New Yorker, is said to be worth a million. Mrs. Sarah Hitchcock is not only a society woman out is said to have in her own right. several millions with which to comnand society. Mrs. Levi P. Morton

is said to have well over a million of Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant from the pen ion and book of her famous husband, has, it is said, an income which entitles her to rank among the very rich women of New York, although her capital is small. Mrs. Cleveland has about \$150,000 of her own. Mrs. Garfield is a millionaire, judged by the standard of income. Of the other three surviying ex-queens of the White House Mrs. Polk and Mrs. Johnson are poor, and Mrs. Haves is rich.

But after this plethora of millions feminine, which is the richest woman n New York and consequently, without much doubt, the richest woman in the United States and perhaps in the world? She isn't young and she isn't handsome, but she made her money and keeps it. Where does "Hetty" Green live? Look in directories and on won't find out. Ask the Chemical this fresh part of the world are one in Bank people and you might, if they thought proper to tell you. Who knows where "the richest woman is New York" lives? -

She is about forty-seven years old and is worth at a conservative estimate about \$25,000,000. She married E. of "day's birth" in his wandering, his H. Green, of New York. Mr. Green was worth about \$700,000, and it is said Miss Hetty had an ante-nuptial contract with him whereby he agreed to pay all of the household expenses and to leave her property of \$20,000 .ing. It was not for some time that the 300 and more in her own name. After her wedding she kept up her activity, and through her husband got into Wall-Street speculation. She did the specplating herself, and made while her husband lost. She could buy large blocks of stock, and would bull and bear the market as she thought best. She made money right along, and is now "reputed" to be worth forty odd of the burial sacrifices are indulged in, withal, and though her income must according to the means of the relatives be immense her total household expenses are not over \$5,000. She rides made in a forest, and the hewing of down Broadway in a street car carrying perhaps, \$100,000 in her hand-bag, and she used, it is said, in her younger days, to walk to parties through the snow, pulling old woollen stockings over her shoes to keep her feet had been used to clean rice. After iry and save buying rubbers. When washing their clothes and cutting their she got to the place of entertainment hair, they enter the house, and, in she would pull off her socks and hang order to show the depth of their sorrow, them on the hat-rack to dry. She kept throw everything about the house into her securities and silver at John Cisco's confusion. The priest arriving, he Bank, and the bankers said she came periodically to the bank with a box of at Salem, Mass., aged ninety-five years whiting and polished her silver herself. and eix roonths.

When Cisco failed it took two cabs to earry away the plate, and the securities which Mrs. Green had on deposit were found to be over \$20,000,000. "Hetty" Green has two children, a boy and a girl. The girl is thirteen and the boy is fourteen years old. The boy is an invalid, but his mother says she intends to make him the richest nan in America. Everybody down in "the street"

calls her "Hetty" Green. Her mother was somewhat of an heiress and her father had increased the family pile to \$9,000,000 at the time of his death. This fortune Hetty, as the only child, inherited, and she at once went to work to increase it. Much of her fortune was invested in ships, but these she considered dangerous and sold, "The widow Hamersley," that was, placing the proceeds in good interestmortgages in small towns all over England, travelling about and investi-Mrs. Paran Stevens, of whom every- gating the securities for herself. Shortbody knows, has a million and makes ly after her father's death a maiden the most of it, both here and abroad. of here died and left her \$4,000,000 Mrs. Robert I. Livingston, who is more. The \$13,000,000 that Hetty Elbridge Gerry's mother-in-law, is Green thus inherited she had increased worth \$5,000,000 "if she's worth , by careful speculation to about \$20,-000,000 at the time of her mar-Mrs. Robert Winthrop has a private riage. This is the romance of the fortune more than adequate to the mating of "the richest woman in the world." There were no turtle doves family name as hers. She has \$10,- In the words she whispered though. 000,000. Mrs. Percy Pyne has \$10,- It is said she picked out that particular 000,000 of her own. Mrs. Fred Nel- young man for her husband because son, Freddy Gebhardt's sister, has r he happened to send her a tailor's bill receipted instead of a valentine by mistaken direction of the envelope. The bill was for a cheap suit of clothes, and "Hettie" thought if a man with \$700,000 could get along on twentyfive dollar suits of clothes he could not be very extravagant. A few days ago she made a half dozen men give up to her \$3,000,000 worth of securities to which she claimed she had a right. They gave them up without a struggle teo. There are plenty of Wall Street operators who are afraid to cope with "Hettie." She isn't pretty, but she's as smart as chained lightning.

The Romance of a Store Clerk, To-day I want to tell you a most comantic story about a young salesman who was employed in a celebrated clothing house on Chestnut street, until about eighteen months ago, at a salary of \$30 a week. This young salesman is Mr. E. L. Robinson. If on are familiar with New York have often seen "Caswell & Hazzard" signs. They hang upon half a dozen retail drug stores in various parts of Gotham. Some years ago Mr. Caswell er wealth by millions; Mrs. Paran died, leaving his widow, as I am inteven's husband made \$6,000,000 in formed, a fortune of considerably over \$500,000. Two years ago Mr. E. L. Robinson

went to Newport to visit his sister, and there was introduced to Mrs. Caswell, a lady about his own age. It was case of love at first sight on both sides. Newport society remarked it; and the disappointed suitors, setting to work to learn Mr. Robinson's antecedents, soon found out that he was a salesman in a Philadelphia retail clothing store. They spread this report, but it had no effect on Mrs. Caswell, who seemed to be as completely in love as was ever girl of 16. The engagement was soon announced, and this was followed by a quiet marriage. Many of the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Newport attended the reception held by the newly married pair after their return from a short wedding trip. This was about eighteen months ago.

Considerable astonishment was excited in this city by what was widely termed "Mr. Robinson's lucky catch." When he resigned his position as a thirty-dollar-a-week salesman his former comrades congratulated him, but in such a melancholy fashion that it was plain to see that they slightly envied his good fortune. The strangest thing about the whole affair was that nothing got into the newspapers at the time. For five months the bride and bridegroom led a life without a cloud. The possession of so such money did not make Mr. Robinson lose his head, and the change in his circumstances did not make him distant with old friends. Every one who saw the couple remarked their evident affection. They were devoted to each other, and this perhaps will account for the fact that they were seen so little in fashionable society. Their honeymoon went on like a "Midsummer Night's Dream." all poetry and roses and love, and it seemed that it would never end. They

travelled occasionally, and made plans for the future, when about five months after the wedding Mrs. Robinson fell The physicians did not consider her ailment anything but a slight malady, and so her husband regarded it. He millions. She is very economical cared for her with all the tenderness of a lover, and she never seemed at ease when he was out of her sight. But as the days went on and the bride grew steadily worse, forebodings came to the young Philadelphian, and he pictured to himself only too truly the future. His worst fears were fulfilled and his wife died, leaving to him, as her sole beir, her fortune of considerably over half a million dollars. For ae time after she passed away he was inconsolable, but his doctors advised travel, and he left the country .-Philadelphia News.

Mrs. Joseph Lefavour died July 8

THE EARLY FLY.

Republican.

It is in the morning early, When we're sometimes cross and surly d we feel that we must sleep a triffe more That the worst of all annovers, The great prince of rest destroyers.

The pesky fly begins his gay and festive soar. We pretend we do not hear him, That it's not worth while to fear him. And we try to make ourselves believe

Then he lights on arm or shoulder, But he very soon grows bolder, and directly for our ears begins to creep.

Then it is we give up dreaming, When our brain with wild thoughts teem

We proceed to kill him with a fearful slap; With a slam we spread our fingers All about the spot he lingers, But the fly escapes with nothing but the slap

This performance oft repeated Gets our patience overheated. And we swear the house of flies shall now

Then we presently forget it, But we grievously refret it When we try to sleep again tomorrow Washington Post.

GLOOM DISPELLERS.

America's national flour is cornmea' -Washington Critic.

A good resolution is a fine starting point, but as a terminus it has no value.-Scranton truth.

The watermelon comes again, On greedy lips to sweetly melt. And Johnny, feebly will complain, Because it hits below the belt. - Washington Capital

What a glorious world this would be if people lived up to the epitaphs on their tombstones ! - Hutchinson

A Boston Pharaphrase.-Miss Back bey-I wonder if President Harrison will receive a synonyme?

Miss Wobbash-A which? Miss Backbey-A synonyme-ar other term you know .- Puck.

Husband-Wife, the doctor said I was to have but one ounce of liquor

Wife-Sixteen drams.

Husband-Wife, I believe that docfor understands my case thoroughly. Let's see; I've eleven more drinks due me yet to-day .- Omaha World.

Squibley-I am writing a book about the barnstorming actor. Don't you think that "Before the Footlights" would be a good name for it? Makeshift (who has been there)-

"Before the Headlights" would be more appropriate, it seems to me .-Lawrence American.

Young Coachman (to keeper of livery stable)-I'd like to get kicked by a have lived to be over seventy, mule if you've got one. Stablekeeper-What for?

"I'm going to ask the boss if I can narry his daughter, and I want to see if I'm in condition to receive his reply -The Whistler.

Omaha Wife-That sticky fly paper you brought home vesterday is a great success, as you see

Omaha Husband-How can you say that when it hasn't caught one of the

bothersome pests? Omaha Wife-Well, don't you cal. anything a success that has no flies on

it?-Exchange. "Maria," said a Chicago husband, "I beg of you to listen to me." "No, sir; I am resolved, and you

cau say nothing to change me. 1 will have a divorce.' "But, Maria, one word."

"Well." "Even your best friend would tell you that you haven't the ghost of a show on the stage."-Washington Capital.

Merchant-You want a place in my store, you say? Applicant-Yes, sir "Ever worked in a store before?"

"Yes, sir." "Let me try you. Suppose a lady should come in with a piece of cloth, and want to get a number of yards to match it, what would you do?"

"I'd send her to the next counter." "I guess you have had experience."

Attorney-General Miller. it is a somewhat singular fact that

no picture of Mr. Miller yet given to the public bears the slightest resemblance to that gentleman. His face is a hard one to reproduce, as it is devoid of any marked feature. The pictures generally show him to be a dark-haired man, while the truth is that the rather small amount of hair growing upon his legal head is just a little darker than straw color. It is worn twisted gives musical tones of varying pitch across the somewhat deficient forehead and volume. in a manner intended to conceal the fact that the back and crown of the living wild thrme, so called on account head are nearly bald. Mr. Miller of the herb found by the early explorwears whiskers all over his face, and they are of the same thin, colorless style as his hair, and worn pretty closely cropped. The eyes are blue, omewhat faded, and the face has a habitual flush of color, which is the most healthy and attractive feature of the Attorney General's makeup. He is not a large man, a little taller

than his Presidential law partner, but not so squarely-shouldered and solidly built. He looks a good deal like he has for many years—a hard-working, methodical, small-town lawyer. He wears country-cut clothes and has the peculiarly careless manner of wearing them that distinguishes a man from the West from his Eastern brother .-Rochester Post-Express

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Pasteboard pulleys are made in

ermany. -Matches have been in common use dnce 1829.

-Two Iowa legislators are named Ham and Mustard.

-Powderly only eats two meals a day and they are light. -In bats the heart is aided by rhyhmic contraction of velns in the wings.

-Daniel De'oe, author of "Robinson Prusoe," was a hosier and the son of a outcher.

-The one part of the world in which native pipes and no native smokers have Leen found is Austrulia.

-The largest bear skin in the world is in Kansas City, Mo., taken from an mimal weighing 2800 pounds.

-There is an old school house at Pownill, Vt., in which President Garfield and Arthur acted as teachers.

-The New York Central Railroad has twenty-six women employed as sta-

ion agents, it is said. -The heirs of a wealthy Austrian

have given \$15,000 to found a school of lousekeeping for girls. -A velocity of about six or seven niles a second would suffice to carry . oody away from the gravitation of the

-It is asserted by men of high proessional ability that, when the system needs a stimulant, nothing equals a cup of strong coffee.

-The total production of steel rails it all the mills in this country for the current yeas will probably run 400,000 ions ahead of 1889's figures.

-Within 62 years Mexico has had 52 Presidents, one regency and one empire, and nearly every change of government has been effected by violence

-A Pennsylvania convict recently

scaped from the state prison. After trying liberty for a short while he re--In Belgium the white insulators on telegraph poles are so frequently broken that grayish brown ones are being used

to re place them. -The wielding of the spokes of metillic wheels to the hubs by means of electricity has recently been proposed

and a process patented. -An English geologist predicts that within fifty years a convulsion of natper day. How much is an ounce, are will sink the whole of New Zealand afty feet below the surface of the sea.

-Want of wholesome and adequate food docks one-quarter, one-third or one-half from the natural term of the industrial force for all those who come to man's estate. -The submarine war boat has led to

he flying of balloons from war ships.

A baileon hovering over a ship can de-

lect every movement of a submarine boat coming to the attack. -When the chickens first begin to move in the egg, just before hatching he mother h crooning song, very sweet, and never

heard at any other time. -There have been during the hunfred years of its organization only fiftythree Justices of the Supreme Ber the United States, and twenty of these

-In his message to the Legislature of California, Governor Waterman recommends an appropriation of at least

\$1,000,000 to display the resources of California at the World's Fair. -The Hatfield-McCoy vendetta. which has been quiet for some months, has broken out again in Logan County W. Va., near the Kentucky line. in

recent fight between adherents of th respective faction six men were killed It has been proposed to make the upper half of war balloons of very this steel and the lower portion of ordinary balloon material, the whole so constructed as to hold hydrogen instead of

ordinary gas. -Data of the trials of three large steamers, showing the comparative of large and small screws, show that propellers of small idiameter have in ea ease proved the more economical and effective, both increasing the speed and decreasing the coal consumpti

-California diamonds are crystals of quartz, the most abundant of all minerals. They are sometimes cut and set by jewelers, and sold as "white topaz," but oftener as California diamonds. -A salt lake has been discovered in Persia, the waters of which are saltes

than those of any lake in the world

According to a consular report, the

proportion of salt is nearly twenty-two per cent. -There are but two ways by which one can hear animals really converse. One is to listen to them when they are not aware of your presence always a difficult feat; the other is to win theli

entire love and confidence -The gardener of the Kew Gardens. England, after numerous failures, has at last succeeded in growing the de Mer, or double cocoanut, which often obtains a height of 150 feet, with a smooth trunk about a foot in diameter

-The question has arisen, whether Polynesian architecture is of Asiatic or South American origin; and it is thought that the preponderance of evidence in favor of the Asiatic theory. Indeed it seems probable that the American continent was influenced by the same migration from Asia which gave the

copper-colored race to Polynesia. -The first electrical production of music is credited to George Breed, of the United States Navy, by whose method the passage of a broken current over a conductor in a magnetic field

-The word Oregon is said to have been derived from a Spanish word signers. Credit of discovery is generally given to Captain Gray, of Boston,

The pupil of the eye is incessantly

There are thousands and thousands of wives and mothers in New York who make ends meet by sewing on overalls that pay seventy-five cents, shirts sixty cents, vests ninety-five cents, trousers \$3, flannel shirts \$1 a dozen. They are obliged to find their own thread for the overalls and shirts and carry the work to and from the shop.

A new variety of sea gull bas made its appearance on the New Jersey coast. It is darker than the old kind, and t'e nost remarkable peculiarity is that its tall is narrowed to a share point. More than 8,000,000 tons of hon ore

were shipped from Lake Superior mi