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

NEXT

A row of human forms, With faces upturned, white, Arrayed in shrouds and motionless. I saw one fateful night.

The group who sat around And talked on slight pretext. Tould not conceal their questioning-Whose turn will happen next?

Was battle field in view. Where shot and shell had ceased? Dissecting room or hospital.

Where souls had been released? Were tenants of the Morque Uplifting mute appeal That charity's swift burial

Might sanction loss of zeal Oh, no: 'twas none of these Impatient gaze enslaved-The forms were in the barber shop And slowly being shaved!

A Fiendish Deed.

"Married again!" cried Miss Euphemia Thorpe, clasping her hands to-

Clarissa, tipping over her basket of word or n Berlin wools in her consternation, husband. greatly to the delight of the kitten. "At his age!" cried Miss Phemy. "Two and fifty, if he's a day-and a widower of fifteen good years' stand-

nim," added Miss Clary; "and dinner always ready at 6 precisely, and his lent type. slippers warmed by the fire, just as surely as he crossed the threshold!"

"He don't say at all," responded Miss professional nurse could not be ob-Clary, scrutinizing the pages of the tained. letter that had brought such dismal to Miss Marian Russell, and that he too, was stricken down by the baleful will bring her home on the 1st of disease.

October !? dumb with amazement and dismay disease, and don't fear it." when, at the end of the honeyat Thorpe Homestead, with his care." they were pre-

child of seventeen. "Brother Paul," cried both ladies in chorus, "is this your wife?"

fire, Marian, and warm yourself; it is two sick women. chilly evening and you look

"I am afraid of them! I don't think they like me!"

said Mr. Thorpe, stroking down the blunt Dr. Maynard. "She has nursed golden curls of his child-like wife. you as tenderly and faithfully as if gether when you're a little better idence, you owe your lives to her. acquainted with one another." Euphemia," sald Miss Clarises as

scanty hair up in papers, "what do you think of Mrs. Paul Thorpe?" "I hate her," said Miss Euphemia.

opening and shutting the cameo box wherein she kept her few jewels, with a snap as if it were a guillotine and Mrs. Paul's white neck lay under-"Hate her, Phemy!" cried Clarissa.

"I don't like her myself, but-"Ah!" said Miss Euphemia, "but you didn't see; you were getting out my brother's claret, else you would scarcely be surprised at my words."

My false teeth slipped and came out while I was trying to eat that crust of toast," confessed Miss Euphemia, turning red. "I'll never have dry for 'em. And she-she laughed out-

Marian to herself; "but I will be so herself chanced to open the door to good and loving that they shall be sure him. to forcet it! But Miss Euphemia was not one

readily to forget or forgive.

Paul Thorpe had not been married quite a year to his daisy-faced little plete. wife, when Miss Euphemia came to him one day.

"Can I speak to you alone, Paul?" "Of course, you can, Phemy; but once more," said Marian simply. what is all the mystery about?" he anwered, gaily.

"That is for you to judge," Misa Thorpe answered primly, "when you have read the letter." "What letter? Who wrote it?"

"One of your wife's admirers, prob- reason why is easily discovered after toss of her head. "I found it in the things, who seem to think no more of the wash this morning!"

was doing a base and dishonorable can find out, but I believe it comes thing, Paul Thorpe glanced at the let- from a caprice of the divine Sarah, ter, whose signature had been torn who walks around stately and statuaway-a letter written in a bold, masculine chirography. It began thus: "My Own Darling Marian: Your and more that your love is still mine,

even though"-"Stop!" he cried, aloud, between his firmly set teeth. "Who dares to given to a little bit of horse-play and call my wife his darling? Who

And then he stopped a second. "Euphemia," he said, huskily. thank you for opening my eyes. was a mad fool for thinking that a child of seventeen could ever care for are searched for the daintiest of weapme. Perhaps it is not so much her fault as it is mine."

He turned away, with a face like "Paul!" his sister called after him:

But the door had already closed behind his retreating footsteps, and Miss Euphemia felt that the hour of her

vengeance was near. Paul Thorpe returned no more. brief, cold letter to his wife announced that business of importance would necessitate a few years' residence in

Canada, and bade her farewell. "But why didn't he come himself?" wailed Marian, wringing her little white hands. "Why could I not have gone with him? Have I offended him? Have I done wrong in any unconscious

Way? Miss Euphemia made no reply. The letter she herself had received by the same post contained these words, and

she lives I am an exile from my home.

I leave her to your care. Be kind to her, for perhaps she is the creature of untoward circumstances. I will remit all necessary funds regularly. Yours truly, P. T."

truly,

Miss Phemy sat staring at the fire,
with the letter in her hand. The mischief was all done; it was too late to repair her own handiwork. She had parted man and wife; she had made them both wretched; for, in her heart of hearts, she believed that Marian loved Paul Thorpe as truly as if he had been a gay young lover of threeand-twenty, instead of three-and-fifty. "I dare not tell the truth now," she thought. "I dare not confess that I myself tore the signature away from the letter, and that it was written by that ne'er-do-well brother of hers, out in Australia, that she never speaks of, because, poor fellow, he forged a ckeck once, and had to flee the country. But I dare say it will all come right after a while-and Marian ought to suffer something to pay her for laugh-

ing at me." But even the callous heart of Miss Phemy reproached her for her craft, when she saw the roses fading away from poor Marian's cheeks, the elasticity deserting her light, graceful fig-"Married again!" echoed Miss ure, as day by day crept by, and no word or message came from the absent

"If I only knew what it was I had done!" sighed poor Marian. But one day Miss Clarissa came home from the Charity School, pale, languid and heavy-eyed, and within a "And with us to keep house for day or two the disease declared itself

Servants fled the house, neighbors discovered that they needed change of "Men are fools!" sharply ejaculated air, friends and acquaintances contentthe elder sister. "How old does he say ed themselves by sending cards of inquiry through the post, and even a

"I'm sure I don't know what we news. "He only says that he was mar- | are to do," said Dr. Maynard, when it ried on the 3rd day of September last was discovered that Miss Euphemia,

"I will take care of them, doctor, But both the ladies were stricken said Marian, simply. "I have had the "Young lady," said the old physi-

Mr. Paul Thorpe arrived cian, "you are undertaking a great "They are my husband's sisters, sented to a blue-eyed, timid-looking said Marian. "It is all I can de for him now."

The doctor thought it was a singular speech, but he could not stop to ana-"This is my wife," said Paul lyze words just then; and so Marian Thorpe, complacently. "Come to the took her place at the pillows of the

And through long days and nights of anguish and delirium she remained "Paul," she whispered, when at constant to her charge until the ballast she had her husband to herself, ance turned and they recovered. "You would both of you have been

m your graves, under six feet of earth. Nonsense, my dear, nonsense! if it hadn't been for this girl!" said

Miss Claricon ellently leaned forward to kiss Marian's blanched countenance: she sat before the glass rolling her Euphemia only drew a sort of short, quick sob and asked for her writing-

> "I would not try to write just yet," said Marian, gently. "Only one letter. I must!" said Miss Phemy; and Marian let her have

> her way. So she wrote thus! "DEAR BROTHER: I have deceived you about Marian, though I swear before heaven's tribunal I didn't know at the time how much mischief I was working. She is as pure and good as an angel, and through doing good to them that spitefully used her, she has wrought out her own salvation. I inclose the signature I myself tore off that fatal letter which has estranged you both—the signature of Marian's own brother, Guy Russell. Do not reproach me. I have suffered enough already for my crime Yours repentantly,
>
> EUPHEMIA THORPE."

Directed to the care of his lawyer, toast on the table again. I had to look the letter reached Paul Thorpe at Glasgow, whither he had just arrived from Canada, and three days afterwards he stood upon his own threshold. Marion

> "Paul! Oh Paul! My husband! she cried out wildly. "My Marion!" was all that he an-

> And then the reconciliation was com-Neither of them ever spoke a word

of reproach to poor Miss Phemy. "It is enough that we are happy

The Girl with the Dagger.

The man of to-day is not very much to blame if he concludes that he is in Corsica, and that all womankind have unpracticed and unknown. declared a vendetta against him. The they do of a ring upon their fingers. Involuntarily, although he knew he Just how this fashion arose nobody esque in her long, black widow's gowns, with a dull silver-handled dagger stuck through the belt about her stuck into him. Indeed, some women, dirk, have been warned off by the ner- teeth, and cut out large eyes and places vous brothers about whom they per- for ears. form a war dance, dagger in hand, to until he is dead!" The curio shops and fastened it upon his head. ons, and the man who has a Japanese collection soon finds that his tiniest and his sisters, and that if he has enough

Not His Lookout. A horse attached to a wagon loaded with light wood was slipping and sprawling along State street in the heavy frost of Saturday morning, when a policeman halted the rig and said to the colored driver:

"Your horse hasn't got a shoe on any foot.' "No, sah. He's jist like de Lawd dun made him."

"But how do you expect he's to get along in this frost?" "Dat's not my bizness, sah. If de Lawd makes a hoss wklout shoes an' den brings a frost to make him slip down, it hain't fur me to find fault. Reckon dar's an objeck in it, an' it's a head up higher!'

NAT TURNER'S CRIMES. & CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF BEN there. C. DUGGAR.

The Novel Method by Which He Put His Enemies to Flight.

Inniata Sentinel Sentinel

The career of Hon. Ben C. Duggar, as narrated in the Blue Ridge Post, is thrilling indeed: During the year 1832 the tariff was revised by congress, and that body, instead of diminishing the duties, as the people of the south-ern states desired, and hoped it would Germany in 1813. He was born in do, increased many of them. The 1812 at Birkenbush, a village about reprehensible act was very odious to two hours journey from Wittenburg the couthern states, which they cousidered unjust and greatly militating ment of the town the villagers all lef against their interest. They, ever willing to submit to a tariff amply sufficient for a revenue, but, for valid reasons were utterly opposed to, and with that genuine patriotism which is an eminent characteristic of the for money. The young mother tren southern people, bitterly denounced this obnoxious act. And this was the upon they siezed her and her child cause and theme of that memorable debate which occurred in congress be- with their knouts until they were both tween the eloquent and sagacious insensible.

achusetts.

The state of South Carolina, holding the doctrine advocated by Colonel Hayne in the senate and a convention of the people of the state was held and adopted the measure known as the 'Nullification Ordinance." Intense excitement prevailed, and the dark cloud of civil war was brewing. In the meantime flagrant and incendiary speeches were made in the north, and circulated by the press; and cavils upon the southern people for not sub-mitting as vassets to the north. During this time Nat Turner, a negro preacher recently," writes an English friend to guns. Every one of the doors from living near Jerusalem, Virginia, im- me. "It was at the annual flower the outer gate into the sanctum sanctobibed the spurious doctrine which was show at Hazelmere, Surrey, and the rum was instantly thrown open, and borne upon the noxious breeze from poet had been prevailed upon to leave the courier, dismounting from his the north, emanating from the slime his seclusion for the botanical display. horse, was met by the Viceroy in richpools of depravity. Nat was a good It was his first public appearance since ly embroidered robes of state. After slave and a trustworthy negro until his illness, and I had not seen him for greetings, the courier was conducted mind was poisoned by the baneful six months. That the poet-hureate is into the great hall of justice, where a hetrodoxy of a meddlesome and fa- rapidly ageing I saw at a glance, and table with incense and candles was set natic people of the north, who is a this became more impressed upon me facing northward. The courier source of aid upon whose shoulders during our brief conversation. | walked up to the table and took from rest the heinous crimes of Nat Turner. | "He is no longer the Tennyson of a the folds of his dress the imperial

whatever he did.

ravenous beasts to prey upon whatever they could find. The number was insuggested to me the Tennyson of old going out as he had come in, by the said she, "Mr. Todgilt stopped here to inquire the way to the parsonage."

would have resulted in a terrible conconversation, manner or appearance."

"But I'll tell you who I have seen, suggested to me the Tennyson of old going out as he had come in, by the front door, he went by an obscure side door suitable to his rank, as, once the door suitable to his rank, as, once the object was delivered, he reverted to his "Dear me, did he?" said Mississipping the distance of the Mississipping the distance of th You'll all get along splendidly to- you were babes in arms. Under Prov flict between the whites and blacks -Philadelphia Times. edict was delivered, he reverted to his throughout the south, had it not been for Colonel Duggar, who, although a subordinate officer at the time, was the

principal man in suppressing it. Nat commenced his work by massacring in the most horrible manner a lady teacher, and her school of twentyfive children. This most atrocious crime, without a parallel in a civilized

country, spread like wild fire.

President Jackson, being engaged with the affairs of South Carolina at that time, sent orders to Colonel Duggar to suppress Nat Turner's insurrection at once; but before the order reached Duggar he was upon the scene

and had Nat and all his men in chains. When Duggar reached the place where Nat and his men were fortified. Duggar's men wanted to charge right in upon them and butcher them like sheep. But Duggar, with the usual coolness which he possessed at all times, quieted his men. After thoroughly reconoitering the place where they had fortified themselves, he saw that he could not take them without a heavy loss, as there were several hundred find lodgment in the young mi.l.

negroes, well fortified and well armed He tried to induce them to come out and give up, but without effect. So he decided to besiege them in their stronghold, and perish them out; but it was soon made know to him that they had rations enough to last them many months. Colonel Duggar then decided to resort to strategem, in

which he is an expert. Duggar knowing that the negro the most superstitions race of people living, and that even the name of ghost frightens them to death, resolved to try his luck upon tactics hitherte

He hired twenty-six negro boys to meet him in the woods some distance ably," retorted Miss Euphemia with a you have looked at several sweet young from Nat's fortification that evening about sundown, without telling them pocket of the white dress she sent to a dagger sticking in their belts than what he wanted with them. This was the number Nat Turner had massa-

cred a few days previous. Duggar gave orders to his men to form on one side of the fortification, and as soon as it was dark to intercept

the negroes as they came out. During the day Duggar had twentysix winding sheets, white caps and letter of yesterday convinced me more waist. The daggers themselves are by face cloths prepared, and about sunno means play toys, and not even the down he met the boys and had them bravest of men would care to have one put on their ghostly apparel. Duggar had prepared for himself a black suit, and had gotten a large pumpkin and inclined to flourish the dangerous cut out a mouth, showing big, broad

> In this pumpkin he placed cotton the tune of, "We'll stab him all over and thoroughly saturated it with oil. When the last vestige of day had gently died away upon the landscape and all the air a solemn stillness held. fiercest-looking daggers are seized by Duggar silently mustered his cadaverous host, and instructing them to make to go around even his cousins expect sure their novel uniforms were in perfect order, he then ordered them to attacked by a young bull calf and was follow him. He proceeded to the severely bruised. Just as the victim negroes' fortification. When but a had landed on the safe side of the short distance from it he stuck a match fence, an old negro came out of a to the cotton in the pumpkin on his cabin near by, and, calling the man. head and gave double time, and ad- said: vanced in a long trot. Over the breastworks Duggar went with blue sah?" sulphuric flames streaming from his

> > heels, and altogether presented s frightful appearance. There were about 500 negroes, some of them fainted, but all who were able ter be buttin'. He thought he wuz copper got there, and didn't Jerkey to run dropped their arms and went pell mell, rolling and tumbling over

ly-like host followed close upon his

each other. This so amused the young "coons" "I can never see her again. While good 'un. Hey, Douglass—hole yer with young Duggar they commenced rheumatiz I couldn'ter got erlong widdon't number 10,000. It's the scienbook written by a clergyman or a toilst some. squalling and clapping their hands, out him."-Arkansaw Traveler

which frightened the negroes the more. They ran right over the soldiers, as it seemed, without knowing they were there. The soldiers shot, knocked down and captured as many of them as they could, and all was captured the next day. Some of them were cap-tured over in North Carolina, forty miles away and still running.

A Memorial of Invasion. Aunichen, the deaf and dumb land scape painter, whose death from a accident is just announced from Wit tenburg, was a walking memorial o the horrors of the Russian invasion of One day during the Russian bombar their homes to watch the firing from the heights, and Frau Hunichen, with her infant was left alone in her cot tage. Suddenly there appeared at th door two brutal Cossacks, who aske blingly told them she had none, where

Colonel Hayne, senator from South Carolina, and Daniel Webster, of Mass. Were restored to consciousness by med ical aid, but, as a result of the injuries he had received, Hunichen remained deaf and dumb until the end of his Mrs. Frederick Neilson 4,000,000 the following the first Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, the in-had received seventy-six years ago, inasmuch as he was run over by a wagon, the approach of which he was unable to hear. Hunichen was a very capable painter and was much patronized by the German Imperial family.

bound them together, and flogged then

A Poet's Venerable Age.

of the slaves' deliverance, and the swing in moments of thought had be- kneeling, the courier read out in a soleader of a second Exodus from bondage, gathered around him all the negroes in the country.

come almost a staff. He told me his norous, sing-song style the imperial command. The Viceroy then rose, and pearance scarcely verified his state-The negroes armed and fortified ment. The strong aroma of a pipe, it aloft.

the Three Militia Men, Commodore Decatur, Commodore Perry, Admiral Farragut, the Battle of Bunker Hill the coming over of Lafavette, Tecumseh, Ben Franklin, the pioneers of the great West, the building of the Brooklyn Bridge, the jetties of the Missis-Henry, Clay and Webster.

These things captivate the young only when they are related in detail,

with simplicity and truth. stories, pass lightly over most wars.

After all, our boys and girls are already very patriotic. What they now need is to be taught the duties we all owe to such a country as ours-to led the miners to the spot. This time keep it pure and good .- Youth's they made a voluntary contract to give Companion.

Talkative Parrot in a Car.

parrot, hid behind a paper which Willie streaming down her back. had placed over the cage. The old maid looked startled, says a Philadelphia paper, and a grin appeared on the faces of the other passen

"Oh, mamma!" croaked the hird The old maid glared at each passen ger, highly indignant.

Where did you get that hat, I'd like to know?" went on the irrepressible The clerical passenger looked up in alarm and then felt his hat in hasty confusion. Every one noted the action

and a ripple of suppressed laughter went over the car. "Ah, there, whiskers!" The clerical man leaped to his feet and

frowned at a smooth-faced young man near the front. "I won't be insulted!" he cried. "Ding, ding; two more fares out of

the company's pockets." The conductor flushed and hastened into the car from the back platform. "Who said that?" he demanded. Willie looked as demure as an angel.

"Johnnie, get your hair cut." An old man with long hair made precipitate departure from the car. At Bend street Willie lifted the paper, grabbed the cage and got off the

Then the passengers tumbled.

A man, while crossing a lot, was

"Does you wanter buy dat animal, "No; I want to kill the infernamouth, eyes and ears, and with no thing, and I'm going to do it if I have weapon save an iron fork. His ghost- to walk ten miles for a gun." "W'y, what is you got agin him?"

Didn't you see him butt me over

the fence?" "W'v, look here, he didn' mean I's trained him to be'p folks ober de fence, an' dat's w'y he so valTAKE YOUR PICK.

flere is a List of New York Helresses and Their Market Value. Here is a list showing the market quotations of the heiresses of New York:

*	200 0 00 00	and the last terms of	
ş	Miss Sallie Hargous	1,000,000	
ч	Miles Mary Leiter	2,500,000	
	Miss Jennie Flood	5,000,000	
	Miss Teresa Fair	3,000,000	
	Miss Gwendoline Caldwell	3,000,000	
	Miss Huntington	2,000,000	
Ŀ	Miss Celeste Stauffer	500,000	
E	Miss Havemeyer.	1,000,000	
	Mtss Helen Gould	5,000,000	
	Miss Morgan	1,000,000	
1	Miss Corbin	2,000,000	
1	Miss Florence Pullman	1,000,000	
n	Miss Marion Langdon	500,000	
11	Miss Helen Beckwith	750,000	
86	Miss Gerry	2,000,000	
ζ.,	Miss Eva Morris	1,000,000	
ŀ	Miss Maud Jaffray	500,000	
ft	Miss Florence Hurst	500,000	
	Miss Margaret Schieffelm	500,000	
11	Miss Marie Terry	2,000,000	
b	Miss Estelle Schuyler	500,000	
	The MissesIselin	1,000,000	
	Miss Lillian Nathan	250,000	P
e	alss Alice Seligman	300,000	
đ	Miss Shafer	1,000,000	
	Miss Grace Wilson	500,000	
	Miss Remsen	250,000	
	Miss Louise Shepard	500,000	
,	Miss Martin, daughter of Bradley		ì
n		1,000,000	
b	Miss Green, daughter of Hetty		
•	Green	1,000,000	
U	Miss Edith Kip	250,000	
y,	The Misses Jeanne and Mamie Tur-		Ú
		1,000,000	
	Miss Sallia Hawitt	500,000	

An Imperial Courier. The Chinese papers describe the reception of the imperial courier from Pekin, who conveyed to the Viceroy of Canton the news of his transfer to another province. Arriving at the Viceroy's Yamen in the afternoon, he 'I saw and talked with Tennyson was received with a salute of nine Nat Turner, only exhibiting that year ago; talk meant distress to him, edict, gorgeous in yellow satin, and, short-sightedness and brutish disposi- and references to persons very close to with averted face unfurled the roll in tion, which is characteristic of the negro him in friendship, which formerly en-, front of the Viceroy. Suddenly every race, cherished the idea that the north listed his interest, seemed to meet with one in the room, from the Viceroy to would stand to him and protect him in but little response. In his walk he the lowest attendant, fell down on his shuffled heavily, and the cane that he knees and performed the nine prostra-Therefore, styling himself the Moses once carried as a companion to idly tions, at the end of which, all still

themselves, and would sally forth like carelessly jammed into one of his coat | The courier then retired, not a word ravenous beasts to prey upon whatever pockets, was about the only thing that having been spoken, but instead of festations as she had described. message, lost all his honors as an im-Boys want pages and pages about perial message, lost at its few moments be-Washington, Old Put, Old Hickory, fore he was treated as all but an emperor; now he was only a small official. - London Truth.

The Belle of Deadwood. The belle of Deadwood is a young and dashing girl who turned her 19th sippi River, and the oratory of Patrick year a few days ago. Her name is Margaret Sanford and she is an orphan. Who her mother was no one seems to know. Her father entered a mining camp about twelve years ago, footsore, By and by they will want history of ragged, and almost starved, having another kind, which will relate few walked across the canons from Nevada. | Bruce. The miners gave him food and clothand dwell only upon events which ling and began to constitute themselves affected the lot of the people perma- little Margaret's bodyguard. One night Boys and girls want to know the old man was found dead before his what Major Andre said when he was door, which the drifting snow had captured, and how thick the rope was fastened so he could not enter. The with which Farragut tied himself to child was asleep inside. After the the rigging. Such facts are the vehicle funeral she became a sort of wanderer. through which more important truths going and coming at will, and making many valuable discoveries of ore. She learned to use the rifle and revolver A year ago she struck an ore bed richer than most in that vicinity, and again her one-fourth of the yield. They kept their word and she is now a rich woman. She is tall, slender, and good "Ah, there, baby!" screamed the looking, and wears long golden hair

What to do for Squeaking Shoes.

The squeaking of shoes, as the Listener believes he once before explained. is due to the rubbing of the upper upon the under sole. This is prevented by putting soapstone powder between the two thicknesses of leather, which acts as a sort of lubricator. A shoe which has squeaked can be cured by the dealer or cobbler simply by ripping the soles apart, putting in soapstone and sewing or pegging the leathers together again Some people like to have their shoes squeak; it serves very much the purpose of an announcement of their prescence and takes the place of the runner who, in India, precedes the great man's carriage, shouting, "Make way for the sahib!" The Listener is not one of those persons. He prefers mute shoes. But he can stand anything except a pair of shoes one of which squeaks and the other does not. To go down a room in the face of a considerable company, with a pair of shoes making unlike and alternating noises, thus, "Squeak, clump! Squeak, clump!" is one of the greatest trials in the world. .

Humpy Came Up. "Boys, what's the meaning of that crowd down there?" he asked, as he pointed down Congress street.

"Awful time down there." was the

But what is it?" "You know Jerkey, the boot-black?" 44 No." "Know Humpy, the newsboy?" "No.

"Well, you know, Jerkey was sittin' on the hydrant eatin' an apple, when Humpy cum up and---' "Oh, it was only a quarrel between Funny why such a thing should draw a crowd." "Only a quarrel! What ar' ye giv-

in' me ! Quarrel! Didn't Humpy git in two square knock-downs before the 'commerdatin' you, sah, in he'nin you reach out with his right and get in a blow over the heart which is goin' to keep the other fellow in bed for two uable. W'y las' winter w'en I had do weeks? Wonder to me that the crowd tifickedest mill we have had in a year."

Appearances Deceiving. Miss Mixon had just been listening

o her neighbor, Mrs. Poppleton, re-late how she had been bothered by a persistent chromo men, who could not be persuaded to go until he had sold something. She made up her mind to make things warm for that man if he ever attempted to show him-

self in her house. When she got home again, however, she had forgotten all about her conversation, being so interested in fixing up her dress that she was to wear to the parsonage on the morrow. There was going to be a high time there in honor of Mr. Todgilt, the missionary from Japan, whose motive in returning to this country was partly to get himself a wife. Miss Mixon was in the midst of

delightful revery, when a hoarse cough suddenly interrupted her thoughts. A neatly dressed individual, with round face and a bald head, was bowing in the doorway.

'The chromo man," she exclaimed, half to herself. "Madam," he began.

"No, I don't want anything. Go away!" she cried, angrily stamping her foot. "I beg your pardon, madam, but-Miss Mixon bethought herself here

of a ruse. "Here, Bose! Bose!" she called whistling to an imaginary dog. "If you do not leave at once I will set m" dog on you.'

and then, fancying that she still discerned in the intruder's dilatory air an intention of remaining to dispute the point, she canght up a broom that fortunately hung in the corner and made toward the front door in such a resolute manner that the chromo man turned and fled. "There!" said Miss Mixon, aloud

she saw him hurry through the garden gate, without even stopping to latch it behind him. "I only wish Mrs. Poppleton could have been here to see how promptly I disposed of She went over that afternoon to

Mrs. Bruce's, who lived in the next farm-house, to get her to make but tonholes in the new dress. "Did the chromo man come here? said she.

"To-day?" asked Mrs. Bruce. "No, I haven't seen any chrome

"I guess I frightened him out of the neighborhood," chuckled Miss Mixon. "He was beginning his im-Mrs. Bruce laughed heartily at the

dea of her sparrow-like little neighbor frightening any one by such mani-

"And I gave him a glass of my gooseberry wine and a slice of cake added Mrs. Bruce.

"Entertaining angels unawares," sighed Miss Mixon. "Oh, how I wish it had been me! Do tell me how be looks. Is he tall?" "No, not quite what you would call a tall man," said Mrs. Bruce, "and I think he is elderly, and he doesn't dress much. But he is a dear, godly man, with a fine flow of language." "I will meet him at the parsonage o-morrow," said Miss Mixon, com-

"How I envy you," said Mrs Miss Mixon, dressed all in her best went to the parsonage the next day.

and Mrs. Hall, the parson's wife, came running to meet her. ment animals, for two reasons, one be "My dear Martha," the said, "I was cause it is cruel, and the other is afraid you were not coming. He's here! Such a dear man! Come right into the parlor. Mr. Todgilt, let me present you to Miss Mixon. Miss Mixon, this is Mr. Todgilt from

Japan. Mr. Todgilt's bow checked itsel* alfway in a stare of amusement. "As-ton-ish-ing!" said he.

Miss Mixon turned very red. "Well, I do declare!" she faltered For in Miss Mixon, the lady who had been especially recommended to him as a saintly and appropriate helpmate, the missionary had beheld the very female who ignominiously pursued him from her door with a broom when, the previous day, he stopped to ask directions as to the right road. And in Mr. Todgilt Martha saw the personage whom she had repelled as the obnoxious chrome

mag. "I am sure I beg your pardon," said she, "but I mistook you for some body else."

The missionary burst out laughing. "No harm done," said he; "no harm done." And fortunately he spoke the truth. Miss Mixon's genuine good sense and good feeling soon effaced the disagree-

able first impresson which she knew

her broom had made. And Mr. Todgilt's second call was longer than his To make a long story short, Mr Todgilt married Martha Mixon, and to this day in Americo-Japanese circles the good missionary's sides will shake as he tells how, on his first meeting

with his wife, she pursued him off the field of Cupid with a broom. "Wasn't I a brave man to take he after that?" asks he And Mrs. Todgilt only smiles and

"Jeremiah, how can you?"

Mrs. Mackay's Parasol Timepiece. Among her jeweled knickknacks Mrs. Mackay had a dainty parasol with a tiny open-faced watch snugly fixed into the silver handle so that she could know at a glance what the moment was, for in such a life as a leader of fashion pursues, her hours are as methodically apportioned to teas and and good breeding, mix them together, dinners and the rest of the diversions and shake them well, and you hav the of society as those of a business man ingredients for a gentleman. are given to more solid affairs. The watch could be wound up by turning to remember, the evil things are dreadthe silver knob which served as the head of the handle.

A Literary Crank.

it is related of the late Colonel Tomline, a very rich Englishman who col-

Why the Baby Came. BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Republican.

Fillowed on flowers, with a half-open bud in his tiny hand, the baby lay, a brewer.

- America's first street car line dates from 1826. the little lips just parted, the white brow shaded by soft, silken curls. There was nothing of the repulsion from death which some people always suffer beside a corpse, to be felt by the most sensitive here. As beautiful now as he ever had been in his brief sweet life the dealers and the head of the life that a life are life.

life, the darling seemed to be asleep.

But it was a frozen sleep. The strong man, pale with suppressed emotion, was one who had felt the fountains of fatherhood stirred for the first time, when the little one uttered his first feeble cry. The mother, leaning on his strength now, because grief had with the highest joy of womanhood cans.
when this nurshing was given her, six months ago. Everything was over now. The little garments must be folded up, and put away. There would 1846. be no need of wakening in the night to

take care of baby. Baby was gone.

The minister said tender words, and prayed a prayer of thankfulness and trust. He had been to so many baby. funerals in the quarter-century during which he had led his flock, the words of of such as this wee blossom were the flowers fittest for the kingdom of the Greenland or right whale, where

heaven. By-and-by, the last rites were performed. There was one little mound tute. the more in the cemetery, and one more desolate house in the town. These bereft parents were elect members of the largest household under the stars. the household of the mourning.

The world is full of sympathetic hearts that are busied with their own cares and perplexities. There are al-ways many to have a passing and very sincere sorrow for those who have been afflicted, yet after awhile, when in the opinion of friends there has been time enough for the recovery of cheerfulness, even relatives and friends begin to chide the persistently sad.
"Why did the baby come, if it was

so soon to be taken away?' say these.
You may notice that you seldom hear this question from the lips of a mother. She is glad, away down in the pro-foundest depths of her wounded heart, that she had the child, though it be reglad to twenty-two knots an hour. moved from her arms. She is wear the mother's crown, though it be crown of thorns,

reasons. One was that he might broad- stead of coal, en and enlarge the whole life-sweep of all who loved him. Their care for him portunities when I went at him with the broom and chased him out of the house."

gave them a comprehension of the mys-tery of childhood, and a feeling of the fatherhood of God, that without him

they might never have possessed.

The other was that the little spirit, slender silver-thread, invisible but representative of those antediluvian never slackening, the hearts of father giants, the mylodon, mastodon, mega-

A CHILD should be taught to respect other person's property, and not to destroy it, especially not to injure or mar any part of a hired house any more than he would his mother's own house. A CHILD should be taught not to trespass on his mother's neighbor's property, in fact, he should be instructed

in all these things as soon as he begins

to understand the difference between mine and thine, and that knowledge comes very early.

There are a few points on which even small children could be instructed to surely calculated by an as ronomer. advantage that many mothers entirely neglect, but of course these are not in telligent mothers. A child should be taught never to taste anything from bottle lest he injure himself. Never Never to make bonfires. Never to tor-

cause he might receive injury thereby. Resenting the Outrage.

Mr. Daniel, the man of parrots, in the Kimba I House, made a queer deal the other day. He has lately received a very fine macaw, of gorgeous plumage, and the bird has been greatly

admired. But when one of the high muck-amucks of the Comanches was sauntering along the street and espied him he a new label. One sale panel has the in-

became wild. "How much feather?" he asked "No wantee sellee fedder," replied the dealer in his blandest Chinee, not being able to talk Comanche.

"How much red feathe?" repeated "No wantee sellee led fedder," again repeated Mr. Daniel, feeling very much mbarrassed.

"Quarter for red feather?"

"Dollar?"

gares so little about.

"Fifty cents?" Mr. Daniel shook his head. "Give you dollar." That was irresistible, and the dealer

"Quarter for blue feather." said the Comanche. "Can't getee 'longee 'thoutee blue fedder," said the dealer impatiently. "Must have it. Half a dollar."

"It's a go," said Mr. Daniel, recovering his English, and taking the macaw inside he carefully clipped off the two feathers and handed them to the delighted Indian, who threw down his \$2 and utterred a suppressed warwhoop as he strode off down the street.

The macaw was so mad when he

looked around at his tall that he mut-

tered several Brazilian cuss-words, re-

fused to speak to his master and went to bed without his supper.

Josh Billing's Philosophy. There iz nothing we are more ant to parade before others than our kares and sorrows, and thare iz nothing the world

If you hav enny doubt about the vast amount of virtew that the last generashun possest, go and studdy the epitaffs to the grave-yards. Take affability, good sense, honesty,

The good things a man duz are hard full easy.

The world seems to be governed bi

example; there iz hardly enny one so low down the skale but what he haz hiz immitators. The best way to clear out and straight-

lected books and pictures, that he en the fringe of towels, dollies, etc., would not permit a book above a cer- before froning, is to comb it, while tain size to enter his library, nor a d mp, with an inch length of coarsest

NEWS IN BRIEF.

NO. 12.

The sewing machine is only forty-four

-A church in Reading, Penn., boasts that it has just paid off its debt in 80,-

-The height of the tower of Babel as completed by Nebuchadnezzar is generally given at 660 feet. -A New York leather firm is about

to start a kangaroo farm at Warrington, York county, Penn. -In Mankato, Minn., milk is delivered in pint and quart bottles instead of crushed all her own, had been thrilled being peddled about towns in big

> -The medical faculty of Yale College was so founded in 1813, the theological in 1822 and the scientific in

-The falls of Niagara carry down 10,000,000 cubic feet of water per min-

-There are cat collars in trade made of a braided pattern in blue beads for comfort came readily to his lips, and he meant them every one. He felt that of such as this wee blossom were the —Whalebone is found in the mouth

> It forms the substitute for the teeth of which otherwise the animal is desti--Louisa Bankburr, a domestic who dwells in Buffalo, N. Y., devours nearly a pound of soap a day, and has gained nearly twenty pounds in weight since

> she began to indulge in her singular taste. -The Periscians are the inhabitants of the polar circle, whose shadows, during some portion of the Summer, must in the course of the day move entirely around and fall toward every point of

> -A new machine makes paper boxes. -It has recently been found that certain fungoid growths have the power of removing gold from water containing it in suspension, -Contracts for the new Cunard

steamships of the Atlantic service stip-

ul te that they must make not less than

-It is stated that as a result of the recent experiments several Italian war To the inquirer may this answer be ships are to be altered to enable them made. The baby came for two great to burn petroleum in their furnaces inships are to be altered to enable them -Celluloid in solution is now being ex-

tensively used as a lacquer for all klods

of fine metal work and as a wood varnish with results that are said to be superior to the old methods. -A little armadilio, the mulita, of flying heavenward, might draw by a Uruguay, is mentioned as the living

> from the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico is 1286 miles in length. The Amazon is 3500 miles in length, -A Connecticut boy is famous just now because he has a tin whistle one

> and a half inches in diameter and several inches long in his stomach. swallowed the toy while playing on at. -Occasionally the return of the swal low or the nightingale may be what delayed, but mo t sea fowls may be trusted, it is said, as the almunac itself Were they satellites revoling around this

> earth the'r arrival could intally be more -General Du Temple, whose death in Paris is announced, obtained his general's star in a curious way. He was a Captain in the French pavy in 1870, and was accidentally gaz tred General by Gambetta, who mistook him for his

> brother-also a naval captian -Two citizens of Palaryra, Me., have had so many quarrels that a few days ago a contract was drawn up between them that in future they would

> have nothing to do with each other. -During the illness of the late Emperor Frederick, of Germany, it became so much the fashion to consult Dr. Mo. rell Mackenzie that his professional income rose to an average of \$1200 a day.

> milk wagons of Brooklyn, N. Y., bear scription: "Sterilized milk, guaranteed absolutely pure and free from germs." -We makes some very fine razers at the present day, but we cannot make any finer steel than that contained in the Damascus swords and knives which

-Some of the conspicuously painted

the ancient used several thousand years ago. -All the mechanical powers, screw, the lever, pulley, incline plane, wedge wheel and axle were known to the ancients and used in everyday litte, They were expert builders, as existing relics testify.

-The Ural Mountains in Russia

were anciently the subject of various myths. The Slavonians who, in eleventh century frequent y visited the region of the Ural for trade, described them as mountains reaching the sky. Intersected by terrible precipioes, and as being inhabited by a population of cave dwellers. -Observations seem to show that a decrease in the earth's latitude is in pro-

rect of the earth's axis. The fluctuation is thought to be due to a minute oscillation caus by some changes in to ternal wars of the earth. Cotton in the Southern S ates is plant ed after the last frost in the S, ring and is picked in July, August and Sentemca. There is not a month to the year

gress, implying an alteration in the di-

where cotton is not picked somewhere on the globe. -A colored woman named Caroline Jenkins, living near Houston, Texas, is a veritable Samson. Four police office ers went to arrest her, when she took them one by one, threw them out of the house and locked the doors upon them. She can break a half inch rope with ease

by stretching it from hand to hand, When a wise man said, "Discretion Is the better part of valor," all the cowards in the world found a motto for

There is quite a difference between a luminous and a voluminous writer, although many authors confound the Conning men are sure to get caught

ot last; and when they are caught, they are like a fox in a trap-the silliest looking fox you ever see, The object-glass of the Lick telescope

in California has an area of 1018 square inches. The next biggest has only