Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

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The last Installments of the continued story, "Geraldine," has not arrived, and we will have to omit it this week.

The New York dog show is said to be a howling success.

Electricity presents an ingenious theory that light is produced by noise. Bosh! Look at Congress.

Chicago has decided that South Dakota divorces are bad. And this may be regarded as an expert opinion, too.

Count Castellane and Anna Gould were married twice; but probably one divorce ceremony by and by will be sufficient.

Horses are now so cheap out West that when a horsethief is captured he is not lynched, but is sent to the nearest insane asylum.

After all, girls, the best way to get a husband is to pick out an eligible bachelor and listen with a pleased air to every word he says.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has discovered a "negro monstress" in Ohio. We feel quite certain that Noah Webster never could have done it.

It is queer that there should be any difficulty in retiring the greenbacks. Our experience has shown that greenbacks always are too retiring.

England has such a horror of war that she goes on spending millions in building torpedo boats, battle ships, and long-range guns warranted to kill.

A San Francisco man was arrested and fined $40 for sneezing in a theater during a performance. California theatricals are evidently not to be sneezed at.

Envious critics who are wondering why Chicago suspended a policeman for sleeping on his beat should remember that there were no saloons open in that neighborhood.

Hetty Green's opinion that the world is going to smash loses nothing of its fervor from the fact that she faces the prospect of paying taxes just like people who have less to pay on.

The Toronto woman whose husband had her life insured for $200,000 did right in having the policies canceled. In her modesty she probably reckoned that no living woman was worth the amount.

A Washington dispatch says that "Count Castellane has come to Washington to escape publicity and was one of the lions at a reception given by the Brices last night." His ideas of escaping publicity are certainly unique.

A Berlin street car company has just paid $250,000 in the city treasury for the privilege of crossing a certain street. Those slow-going foreigners have no comprehension of real modern political methods. They could have bought the entire City Council for less money.

Our sympathies go out to Actor Harry Woodruff. Young Mr. Woodruff was induced to go to college in order to educate himself up to the requisite matrimonial standard of the Gould family. Now life has lost the girl and finds himself with a good education on his hands and no way to get the cash on it.

A few years ago California offered a bounty of $5 each for coyote scalps. It was thought then that there were about 2,000 coyotes in the State, but the claims for bounties for the last three months aggregate $53,000, with seventeen counties yet to hear from. Coyote raising is fast becoming one of the most profitable industries of the far West.

News in Brief

—Chicago University has 167 instructors.

—Illinois railroads stretch 10,576 miles.

—Many popular perfumes are strong antiseptics.

—Only 9.06 persons in 1,000,000 die from senility.

—St. Louis, Mo., has an ambulance trolley service.

—The bottom of the deepest part of the Atlantic has very recently been proved to be about five miles and a half down.

—The orbit of Jupiter is 1,000,000,000 miles in extent and in it takes the grand planet 4,332 days to make one round trip.

—Some of the colored paper supplied for kindergarten work has been proved by analysis to contain a small quantity of arsenic.

—There are forty-five survivors of the War of 1812 on the roll of the Pension Office, of whom fifteen are 100 years old.

—Some sailors can distinguish colors at sea but not on land.

—An electric railroad is to be built in the spring from Merced to the Yosemite valley in California. The length of the road is to be sixty-five miles.

—A black down grows under the feathers of many birds at the approach of winter because down is the best nonconductor and black the warmest color.

—A new artesian well near Chamberlain, South Dakota, throws a six inch stream of water thirty-eight inches above its top.

—A method has been devised by which aluminum may be substituted for platinum for leading wires in incandescent lamps.

—There were two total eclipses of the sun in the year 1712 and two in 1889. This rare phenomenon will not happen again until the year 2057.

—In South America an electric drying machine in which air is forced through a chamber of heated plates is to be used in drying wheat.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "A Seraphic Diet."

TEXT: "Man did eat angels' food."—Psalms lxxviii., 25.

Somewhat risky would be the undertaking to tell just what was the manna that fell to the Israelites in the wilderness, of what it was made and who made it. The manna was called angels' food, but why so called? Was it because it came from the place where angels live, or because angels compounded it, or because angels did eat it, or because it was good enough for angels? On what crystal platter was it carried to the door of heaven and then thrown out? How did it taste? We are told there was in it something like honey, but if the saccharine taste in it had been too strong many would not have liked it, and so it may have had a commingling of flavors, this delicacy of the skies. It must have been nutritious, for a Nation lived on it for forty years. It must have been healthful, for it is so inspiringly applauded. It must have been abundant, because it dismissed the necessity of a sutler for a great army.

Each person had a ration of three quarts a day allowed to him, and so 15,000 pounds were necessary every week. Those were the times of which my text speaks, when "man did eat angels' food." If the good Lord, who has helped me so often, will help me now, I will first tell you what is angels' food, and then how we may get some of it for ourselves. In our moral state we must have for mastication and digestion and assimilation the products of the earth. Corporeity, as well as mentality and spirituality, characterizes us. The style of diet has much to do with our well being. Light and frothy food taken exclusively results in weak muscle and semi-individualism. The taking of too much animal food produces sensuality. Vegetarians are cranks. Reasonable selection of the farinaceous and the solid ordinarily produces physical stamina.

But we have all occasionally been in an ecstatic state where we forgot the necessity of earthly food. We were fed by joys, by anticipations, by discoveries, by companionships that dwindled the dining hour into insignificance and made the pleasures of the table stupid and uninviting. There have been cases where from seemingly invisible sources the human body has been maintained, as in the remarkable case of our invalid and Christian neighbor, Mollie Fancher, known throughout the medical and Christian world for that she was seven weeks without earthly food, fed and sustained on heavenly visions. Our beloved Dr. Irenæus Prime, editor and theologian, recorded the wonders concerning this girl. Professor West, the great scientist, marveled over it, and Willard Parker of worldwide fame in surgery threw up his hands in amazement at it. There are times in all our lives when the soul asserts itself and says to the body: "Hush, stand back! Stand down!"

I am at a banquet where no chalices gleam and no viands smoke and no culinary implements clatter. I am feeding on that which no human hand has mixed and no earthly oven baked. I am eating "angels' food." If you have never been in such an exalted state, I commiserate your leaden temperament and dismiss you from this service as incompetent to understand the thrilling and glorious suggestiveness of my text when it says, "Man did eat angels' food."

Now, what do the supernaturals live on? They experience none of the demands of corporiety and have no hindrance or environment in the shape of bone and muscle and flesh, and hence that which may delectate our palate or invigorate our poor, dying frames would be of no use to them. But they have a food of their own. My text says so. There may be other courses of food in the heavenly menu that I am not aware of, but I know of five or six styles of food always on celestial tables when cherubim and seraphim and archangel gather for heavenly repast—the mystery of redemption, celestialized music, the heavenly picturesque, sublime colloquy, eternal enterprises, saintly association, divine companionship, celebrative jubilance. There is one subject that excites the curiosity and inquisitiveness of all those angels. St. Peter says, "Which thing the angels desire to look into"—that is, why did Christ exchange a palace for a barn? Why did He drop a scepter from His right hand to take a spear into His left side? Why quit the anthem of the worshiping heavens to hear the crooning of a weary mother's voice? Was a straw better than a garland? "Could it not have been done in some other way?" says angel the first. "Was the human race worth such a sacrifice?" says angel the second. "How could heaven get along without Him for thirty-three years?" says angel the third. "Through that assassination may sinful man rise into our eternal companionship," says angel the fourth.

Sculpture will halt this side the grave because it chiefly commemorates the forms of those who in heaven will be reconstructed, and what would we want of the sculptured imitation when we stand in the presence of the resurrected original? Painting will halt this side the grave because the colors of earth would be too tame for heaven, and what use to have pictured on canvas the scenes which shall be described to us by those who were the participants? One of the disciples will tell us about the "Last Supper" better than Titian with mighty touch set up in art gallery. The plainest saint by tongue will describe the "Last Judgment" better than Michael Angelo with his pencil put it upon the ceiling of the Vatican. Architecture will halt this side the grave, for what use would there be for architect's compass and design in that city which is already built and garnished until nothing can be added? All the Tuileries and Windsor Castles and St. Clouds of the earth piled up not equaling its humblest residences; all the St. Pauls and St. Peters and St. Izaaks and St. Sophias of the earth built into one cathedral not equaling the heavenly temple.

But music will pass right on, right up and right in, and millions in heaven will acknowledge that, under God, she was the chief cause of their salvation. Oh, I would like to be present when all the great Christian singers and the great Christian players of all the ages shall congregate in heaven. Of course they must, like all the rest of us, be cleansed and ransomed by the blood of the slain Lamb. Alas, that some of the great artists of sweet sound have been as distinguished for profligacy as for the way they warbled or sang or fingered the keyboard or trod the organ pedal. Some who have been distinguished bassos and sopranos and prima donnas on earth, I feel will never sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, or put the lips to the trumpet with sounds of victory before the throng. But many of the masters who charmed us on earth will more mightily charm us in heaven. Great music hall of eternity! May you and I be there some day to acclaim when the "Hallelujah Chorus" is awakened. As on earth there have been harmonies made up of other harmonies, a strain of music from this cantata, and a strain of music from that overture and a bar from this and a bar from that, but one great tune or theme, into which all the others were poured as rivers into a sea, so it may be given to the mightiest soul in the heavenly world to gather something from all the sacred songs we have sung on earth, or which have been sung in all the ages, and roll them on in eternal symphony, but the one great theme and the one overmastering tone that shall carry all before it and uplift all heaven from central throne to farthest gate of pearl and to highest capstone of amethyst will be, "Unto Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, to Him be glory!" That will be manna enough for all heaven to feed on. That will be a banquet for immortals. That will be angels' food.

Now, in the emerald palace of heaven, let the cupbearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet and bring on another course of angels' food, which is laying out of mighty enterprise. The Bible lets us know positively that the angels have our world's affairs on their hearts. They afford the rapid transit from world to world. Ministering spirits, escorting spirits, defending spirits, guardian spirits—yes, they have all worlds on their thought. We are told they sang together at the creation, and that implied not only the creation of our world, but of other worlds. Shall they plan only for our little planet and be unconcerned for a planet 300 times larger? No. They have all the galaxies under their observation. Mighty schemes of helpfulness to be executed, shipwrecked worlds to be towed in, planetary fires to be put out, demoniac hosts riding up to be hurled back and down. These angels of light unhorse an Apollyon with one stroke of battleax celestial. They talk these matters all over. They bend toward each other in sublime colloquy. They have cabinet meetings of winged immortals. They assemble the mightiest of them in holy consultation. They plan out stellar, lunar, solar, constellated achievement. They vie with each other as to who shall do the grandest thing for the eternals. They compose doxologies for the temple of the sun. They preside over coronations. If in the great organ of the universe one key gets out of tune, they plan for its retuning. No undertaking is so difficult, no post of duty is so distant, no mission is so stupendous but at God's command they are gladly obtained.

When they sit together in heaven's places Gabriel and Michael, the archangel, and the angel that pointed Hagar to the fountain in the desert, and the angel that swung open the prison door of delivered Peter and the angels who ran [illegible] Paul, the end of the world, and the angel that stood by Paul to encourage him on the foundering cornship of Alexandria, and the two angels that sentineled the tomb of Christ, and the four angels that St. John saw in Apocalypse at the four corners of the earth, and the twelve angels that guard the twelve swinging pearls, and the 20,000 charioted angels that the psalmist described, and more radiant than all of them put together, and mightier than all, and lovelier than all, "The Angel of the Covenant," the cadences of His voice, the best music that ever entranced mortal or immortal ears, His smile another noon risen on midnoon, His presence enough to make a heaven if there were no other attraction—I say, when they meet together in the council chambers close to the throne—oh, that will be reasonment infinite. That will be angels' food. And one of my exciting anticipations of heaven is the prospect of seeing and talking with some of them. Why not? What did they come out for on the balcony on that Christmas night and sing for our world, if they did not want to be put in communication with us? I know the serenade was in Greek, but they knew that their words would be translated in all languages. If they thought themselves too good to have anything to do with us, would they have dropped Christmas carols upon the shepherds, as bad as any of us have ever been? Aye! If they sang for mortals, will they not sing for us when we become immortals?

Now, in the emerald palace of heaven, let the cupbearers and servants of the King remove this course from the banquet and bring on another course of angels' food—the last course and the best, the dessert, the culmination of the feast, which is celebrative jubilance. You and I have known people who prided themselves on never getting excited. They have cultivated the phlegmatic. You never saw them cry; you never heard them in a burst of laughter. They are monotonous and to me intolerable. I am afraid of a man or a woman that cannot cry; I am afraid of a man or a woman who cannot laugh. Christ says in the book of Revelation that such people are to Him nauseating and cause regurgitation—(Revelation iii., 16) "Because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot I will spew thee out of My mouth." But the angels in heaven have no stolidity or unresponsiveness. There is one thing that agitates them into holy warmth. We know that absolutely. If their harp be hung up on the panels of amethyst, they take it down and with deft fingers pull from among the strings a canticle. They run in to their neighbors on the same golden street and tell the good news. If Miriam has there cymbals anything like those with which she performed on the banks of the Red Sea, she claps them in triumph, and there is a festal table spread, and the best of the angels' food is set on it. When is it? It is when a man or woman down in the world who was all wrong by the grace of God is made all right—(Luke xv., 10) "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Why are they so happily agitated? Because they know what a tremendous thing it is to turn clear around from the wrong and take the right road. It is because they know the difference between swines' trough with nothing but husks and a King's banquet with angels' food. It is because they know the infinite, the everlasting difference between down and up.

And then their festivity is catching. If we hear the bells of a city ring, we say, "What is that for?" If we hear rolling out from an auditorium the sound of a full orchestra, we say, "What is happening here?" And when the angels of God take on jubilance over a case of earthly repentance your friends in heaven will say: "What new thing has happened? Why full diapason? Why the chime from the oldest towers of eternity?" The fact is, my hearers, there are people in heaven who would like to hear from you. Your children there are wondering when father and mother will come into the kingdom, and with more glee than they ever danced in hallway at your coming home at eventide they will dance the floor of the heavenly mansion at the tidings of father and mother saved. Beside that the old folks want to hear from you. They are standing at the head of the celestial stairs waiting for the news that their prayers have been answered, and that you are coming on to take from their lips a kiss better than that which now they throw you. Calling you by your first name, as they always did, they are talking about you and saying, "There is our son," or "There is our daughter down in that world of struggle battling, suffering, sinning, weeping. Why can they not see that Christ is the only one who can help and comfort and save?"

That is what they are saying about you. And if you will this hour in one prayer of surrender that will not take more than a second to make decide this then swifter than telegraphic dispatch the news would reach them, and angels of God who never fell would join your glorified kindred in celebration, and the caterers of heaven would do their best, and saints and seraphs side by side would take angels food. Glory to God for such a possibility! Oh, that this moment there might be a rush for heaven!

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.
Beloiping saints response, Come.
Who raints, who thirsts, who will may come
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

It is Securing a Very Small Part of the Cotton Traffic.

At the half-yearly meeting of the corporation of the Manchester (England) Ship Canal the Chairman said that the canal had hitherto virtually failed to secure anything like a fair share of the cotton traffic, the canal having carried within the last six months only 13,600 tons, against 300,000 tons arriving at Liverpool. The Chairman contended that they must show the cotton sellers of the world that Manchester has a powerful association of buyers who were willing to buy in Manchester if the sellers would only send their cotton there. The great difficulty confronting them in the near future, he said, was the payment of the interest on the loan capital.

After the meeting the shares of the canal fell heavily.

A Laborer's Daughter Inherits $100,000.

By the death in New York recently of the Rev. R. B. Crystal, of Atlanta, Ga., Miss Blanche Chapman, of Jacksonville, Fla., the daughter of a laborer, inherits $100,000. She is about seventeen years old. The property is in real estate in New York and Atlanta.

—"How He Got it Sucking His Thumb" is the head on a news item in a Chicago newspaper.

—No parental care ever fails to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general, the eggs of an insect are destined to be hatched long after the parents are dead.

—Paper pulp doors are new.

—An edition of the Cleveland Plain Dealer was issued by 100 women.

—Thyme destroys the bacilli of typhoid fever.

—The engines of a first class man-of-our-c st about $700,000.

—A friend of the late Christina Rossetti tells of hearing her say twenty years ago that she had never seen the sun rise.

—Some botanists think that no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only relatively so, being harmful to to only certain animals.

AUTUMN TIME.

'Tis the season of autumn, the wild winds are blowing,
No longer the sheen of the summer sun flooding
The dark tangled woodlands, and no longer glowing
Those glens where the silence of ages lies brooding.

'Tis the season of autumn, the skies are beclouded,
There's a wail in the wind and a blur on the blossom,
For soon will the glory of summer be shrouded,
And death will stalk dismal on Nature's cold bosom!

—Montgomery M. Folsom, in Atlanta Journal.

THE GOVERNOR'S WOOING.

"AN you receive Mme. Blouet, sir? asked an attendant, as he opened the door of the Deputy Governor's office.

It was a large, severe looking apartment, with a very high ceiling, two windows draped with green damask curtains, walls and armchairs of the same color, and heavy bookcases of mahogany. The highly waxed floor reflected the cold symmetry of the official furniture, and the mirror over the mantelpiece reproduced with exactness a black marble clock, two bronze lamps and a pair of gilt candlesticks.

Hubert Boinville, the Deputy Governor, was seated, with his back to the fireplace, at a large mahogany desk which was littered over with deeds and various papers. He raised his grave, melancholy face, which was framed in a brown beard, tinged with a few gray hairs, and his black eyes, with tired-looking lids, glanced at the card which the solemn usher handed to him.

On this card was written in a trembling hand, "Veuve Blouet" (Widow Blouet), but the name conveyed no information to him and he put it down impatiently.

"It is an old lady, sir," said the attendant, in explanation. "Shall I send her away?"

"No; let her come in," replied the Deputy Governor, in a tone of resignation.

The usher straightened himself up in his uniform, bowed, and disappeared, returning the next minute to show in the visitor, who stopped on the threshold and dropped an old-fashioned courtesy.

She was a little old lady, dressed in shabby mourning. Her black merino gown had a greenish tinge, and was wrinkled and darned; a limp crape veil, which had evidently served through more than one period of mourning, hung down on each side from an old-fashioned bonnet, and beneath a front of false brown hair was a round, wrinkled face with bright little eyes, a small mouth and no teeth.

"Sir," she began, in a somewhat breathless voice, "I am the daughter, sister and widow of men who served their country. I applied some time ago to the department for help and I have come to see whether there is any hope."

The Deputy Governor listened without moving a muscle of his face. He had heard so many applications of this kind!

"Have you ever received any assistance?" he asked coldly.

"No, sir," she replied. "I have managed to get on until now without asking. I have a small pension."

"Ah!" he interrupted in a dry tone, "in that case I am afraid we can do nothing for you. We have a great many applicants who have no pension to rely upon."

"Ah, listen, sir!" she cried despairingly, "I have not explained everything. I had three sons, and they are all dead. The last one taught mathematics, and one day during the winter, when he was going from the Pantheon to Chaptal College, he caught a violent cold, which settled on his lungs and carried him off in two weeks. He had supported me and his child by teaching; the expenses of his illness and death used up all our little savings, and I had to raise money on my pension. Now I am alone in the world with my grandchild, and we have nothing. I am eighty-two years old, sir."

Tears had gathered under her wrinkled eyelids as she spoke, and the Deputy Governor was listening more attentively than at first. A peculiar singing intonation of the speaker's voice, and the sound of certain provincial expressions seemed to his ears like once familiar music; the old lady's way of speaking had for him a flavor of home which produced a most singular sensation in his mind. He rang his bell and sent for Mme. Blouet's "papers," and when the sedate usher had laid a thin package before him he examined the yellow pages with evident interest.

"You are from Lorraine, I see, madame," he said at last, turning towards her a face less stern, and on which a faint smile was seen; "I suspected it from your accent."

"Yes, sir; I am from Argonne," she answered. "And you recognize my accent? I thought I had long since lost it. I have been knocking about France like a flying camp."

The Deputy Governor looked with increasing compassion at the poor widow whom a harsh wind had torn from her native forest and cast into Paris like a withered leaf. He felt his official heart growing softer, and smiling again he said:

"I am from Argonne. I lived near your village for a long time, at Clermont." And then he added, Gayly: "Keep up your courage, Mme. Blouet. I hope we shall be able to help you. Will you give me your address?"

"No. 12 Rue de la Sante, near the Capuchin Convent. Thank you, sir, for your kindness. I am very glad to have found a fellow-countryman," and after courtesies the widow took her departure.

As soon as she was gone, M. Boinville rose, and going to the window, stood looking down into the garden with his face against the glass. But he was not looking at the tops of the half leafless chestnut trees; his dreamy gaze wandered off beyond the East, beyond the plains and the chalky hills of Champagne, past a large forest, to a valley where a quiet river flowed between two rows of poplar trees, to a little old town with tile-roofed houses.

There his early childhood had been passed, and later his vacations. His father, who was Registrar in the office of the Chief Justice, led a narrow, monotonous life, and he himself was accustomed to hard work and strict discipline. He had left home when in his twenty-first year, and had returned only to attend his father's funeral.

Possessing a superior intellect and an iron will, and being an indefatigable worker, he had risen rapidly on the official ladder, and at thirty-eight years of age was made Deputy Governor. Austere, punctual, reserved and coldly polite, he arrived at his office every morning at exactly ten o'clock and remained there until six, taking work with him when he went home. Although he was possessed of keen sensibilities, his bearing was so reserved and undemonstrative that he was thought cold and stern.

He saw very little of society, his life being devoted to business, and he had never had enough leisure to think of marrying. His heart, indeed, had once asserted itself before he had left home, but as then he had neither position nor fortune; the girl he loved had refused him in order to marry a rich tradesman.

This early disappointment had left in Hubert Boinville a feeling of bitterness which even the other successes of his life could not wholly efface, and there was still a tinge of melancholy in his being. The old lady's voice and accent had recalled the thought of the past, and his quiet was overwhelmed by a flood of recollections. While he stood there motionless, with his forehead pressing against the window pane, he was stirring, as one would a heap of dead leaves, the long slumbering memories of his youth, and like a sweet delicate perfume rose the thoughts of by-gone scenes and days.

Suddenly he returned to his chair, drew Mme. Blouet's petition to him and wrote upon it the words: "Very deserving case." Then he rang his bell and sent the document to the clerk in charge of the relief fund.

On the day of the official assent to Mme. Blouet's position, M. Boinville left his office earlier than usual, for the idea had occurred to him to announce the good news himself to his aged country-woman.

Three hundred francs. The sum was but a drop in the enormous reservoir of the ministerial fund, but to the poor widow it would be as a beneficent dew!

Although it was December the weather was mild, so Hubert Boinville walked all the way to the Rue de la Sante, and by the time he reached his destination that lonely neighborhood was wrapped in gloom. By the light of a gas lamp near the Capuchin Convent he saw "Number 12" over a half-open door in a rough stone wall, and, on entering, found himself in a large market garden.

He could just distinguish in the darkness square plots of vegetables, some groups of rose bushes, and here and there the silhouettes of fruit trees. At the other end of the garden two or three dim lights showed the front of a plain, square building, and to this the Deputy Governor made his way, and had the good luck to run against the gardener, who directed him to the Widow Blouet's lodgings upstairs.

After twice stumbling on the muddy steps, M. Boinville knocked at a door under which a line of light was to be seen, and great was his surprise when, the door being opened, he saw before him a girl of about twenty years holding up a lighted lamp and looking at him with astonished eyes. She was dressed in black and had a fair, fresh face, and the lamp light was shining on her wavy chestnut hair, round, dimpled cheeks, smiling mouth and limpid blue eyes.

"Is this where Mme. Blouet lives?" asked M. Boinville after a moment's hesitation, and the girl replied: "Yes, sir. Be kind enough to walk in. Grandmother, here is a gentleman who wants to see you."

"I am coming," cried a thin, piping voice from the next room, and the next minute the old lady came trotting out with her false front all awry under her black cap, and trying to untie the strings of a blue apron which she wore.

"Oh," she cried in amazement on recognizing the Deputy Governor, "is it possible, sir? Excuse my appearance. I was not expecting the honor of a visit from you. Claudette, give M. Boinville a chair. This is my grandchild, sir. She is all I have in the world.'

The gentleman seated himself in an antique armchair covered with Utrecht velvet, and cast a rapid glance round the room, which evidently served as both parlor and dining room.

It contained very little furniture: A small stove of white Delft ware, next to which stood an old-fashioned oaken clothes-press, a round table covered with oilcloth and some rush-bottom chairs, while on the wall hung two old colored lithographs. Everything was very neat and the place had an old-time air of comfort and rusticity. M. Boinville explained the object of his visit in a few words, and the widow exclaimed:

"Oh, thank you, sir! How good you are? It is quite true that pleasant surprises never come singly. My grandchild has passed an examination in telegraphy, and while she is waiting for a position she is doing a little painting for one and another. Only to-day she has been paid for a large order, and so we have made up our minds," said the grandmother, "to celebrate the event by having only home dishes for dinner. The gardener down stairs gave us a cabbage, some turnips and potatoes to make a potee. We bought a Lorraine sausage, and when you came in I had just made a tot-fait."

"Oh, a tot-fait!" cried Boinville. "That is a sort of cake made of eggs, milk and farina. It is twenty years since I heard its name and more than that since I tasted it."

His face became strangly animated, and the young girl, who was watching him curiously, saw a look of actual greediness in his brown eyes. While he was lost in a reverie of tot-fait Claudette and her grandmother turned away and began discussing, and at last the girl whispered:

"I am afraid it would not do."

"Why not?" returned the old lady. "I think it would please him." And then, seeing that he was looking at them wonderingly, she went toward him, saying:

"M. Boinville, you have already been so kind to us that I am going to ask of you another favor. It is late, and you have a long way to go—we should be so glad if you would stay here and taste our tot-fait—shouldn't we, Claudette?"

"Certainly," said the girl, "but M. Boinville will have a plain dinner, and besides he is, no doubt, expected at home."

"No one is waiting for me," answered the gentleman, thinking of his usual dull, solitary meals in the restaurant. "I have no engagement, but—" he hesitated, looked at Claudette's smiling eyes, and suddenly exclaimed.

"I accept with pleasure."

"That is right!" said the old lady, briskly. "What did I tell you, Claudette? Quick, my pet, set the table while I go back to my tot-fait."

The girl had already opened the press and taken out a striped table cloth and three napkins, and in the twinkling of an eye the table was ready. Then she lighted a candle and went down stairs, while the old dame sat down with her lap full of chestnuts, which she proceeded to crack and place upon the stove.

"Is not that a bright, lively girl?" she said. "She is my consolation; she cheers me like a linnet on an old root."

Here the speaker rattled the chestnuts on the stove and then Claudette reappeared, and the little woman went and brought in the potee and set it, steaming and fragrant, on the table.

Seated between the octogenarian and the artless, smiling girl and in the midst of half rural surroundings, which constantly recalled the memory of his youth, Hubert Boinville, the Deputy Governor, did honor to the potee.

His grave, cold manner thawed out rapidly, and he conversed familiarly with his new friends, returning the gay sallies of Claudette and shouting with merriment at the sound of the patois words and phrases which the old lady used.

From time to time the widow would rise and go to attend to her cookery, and at last she returned triumphant, bringing in an iron baking dish, in which rose the gently swelling, golden-brown tot-fait, smelling of orange flower water.

Then came the roasted chestnuts in their brown, crisped shells.

When Claudette had cleared the table the grandmother took up her knitting mechanically and sat near the stove, chatting gayly at first, but she now yielded to the combined effects of the warmth and fell asleep. Claudette put the lamp on the table, and she and the visitor were left to entertain each other. The girl, sprightly and light-hearted, did nearly all the talking.

When he returned to his gloomy bachelor apartment those eyes went before him, and seemed to laugh merrily as he stirred his dull fire, and then he thought again of the dinner in the cheerful room, of the fire blazing up gayly in the delft stove, and of the young girl's merry prattle, which had temporarily resuscitated the sensation of his twenty-first year. More than once he went to the mirror and looked gloomily at his gray streaked beard, thought of his loveless youth and of his increasing years, and said with La Fontaine:

"Have I passed the time for loving?"

Then he would be seized with a sort of tender homesickness which filled him with dismay and made him regret that he had never married.

One cloudy afternoon towards the end of December the solemn usher opened the door and announced:

"Mme. Blouet, sir."

Boinville rose eagerly to greet his visitor, and inquired, with a slight blush, for her granddaughter.

"She is very well, sir," was the answer, "and your visit brought her luck; she received an appointment yesterday in a telegraph office. I could not think of leaving Paris without again thanking you sir, for your kindness to us."

Boinville's heart sank.

"You are to leave Paris; is this position in the provinces?"

"Yes, in the Vesges. Of course, I shall go with Claudette; I am over eighty years old, and cannot have much longer to live; we shall never part in this world."

"Do you go soon?"

"In January. Good-by, sir; you have been very kind to us, and Claudette begged me thank you in her name."

The Deputy Governor was thunderstruck, and he answered only in monosyllables, and when the good woman had left him he sat motionless for a long time with head in his hands.

That night he slept badly, and the next day was very taciturn with his employes.

Towards 3 o'clock he brushed his hat, left the office and jumped into a cab that was passing, and half an hour later he hurried through the market garden of 12 Rue de la Sante and knocked tremblingly at Mme. Blouet's door. Claudette answered the knock, and on seeing the Deputy Governor she started and blushed.

"Grandmother is out," she said, "but she will soon be home, and she will be so glad to see you."

"I have come to see, not your grandmother, but yourself, Mlle. Claudette," he returned.

"Me!" she exclaimed, anxiously, and he repeated:

"Yes, you," in an abrupt tone, and then his throat seemed to close and he could hardly speak.

"You are going away next month?" he asked at last.

The girl nodded assent.

"Are you sorry to leave Paris?"

"Yes, indeed, I am. It grieves me to think of it; but, then, this position is a fortune to us, and grandmother will be able to live in peace for the rest of her days."

"Suppose I should offer you the same means of remaining in Paris, at the same time assuring comfort to Mme. Blouet?"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the young girl, her face brightening.

"It is rather a violent remedy," he said, hesitating again. "Perhaps you would think it too great an effort?"

"Oh, no; I am very resolute. Only tell me what it is."

He took a long breath, and then said quietly, almost harshly: "Will you marry me?"

"Heaven!" she gasped, in a voice of deep emotion, but although her face expressed the deepest surprise, there was no sign of repugnance or alarm. Her bosom heaved, her lips parted and her eyes became moist with tender brightness.

Boinville dared not look at her, lest he should read refusal in her face, but at last, alarmed by her long silence, he raised his head, saying: "You think me too old—you are frightened—"

"Not frightened," she answered simply, "but surprised, and—glad. It is too good. I can hardly believe it."

"My darling!" he cried, taking both her hands, "you must believe it. I am the one to be glad, for I love you."

She was silent, but there was no mistaking the tenderness and gratitude that were shining in her eyes, and Hubert Boinville must have read them aright, for he drew her closely to him, and, meeting with no resistance, raised her hands to his lips and kissed them with youthful fervor.

"Oh!" cried the old lady, appearing on the scene at that instant, and the others turned round, he a little confused, the girl blushing but radiant.

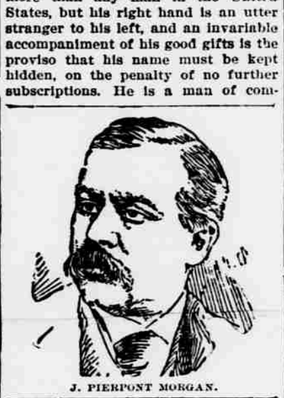
"Do not be shocked, Mme. Blouet," said the Deputy Governor. "The evening that I dined here I found a wife. The ceremony will take place next month—with your permission."

—From the French, in Short Stories.

HE HANDLED THE BONDS.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the New York Banker Who Is Worth $40,000,000.

The success of President Cleveland's late bond issue is due in great part to J. Pierpont Morgan, the famous New York banker, whose wealth, at a conservative estimate, is said to reach $40,000,000. He gives away in charity more than any man in the United States, but his right hand is an utter stranger to his left, and an invariable accompaniment of his good gifts is the proviso that his name must be kept hidden, on the penalty of no further subscriptions. He is a man of commanding physique, and his hair and mustache are gray. His face is ruddy with exercise and good living, and he should by all these signs be an extremely good-natured personage. He affects, however, a brusqueness and a reserve that hides all this when he is downtown, and he can freeze a bore more quickly and effectually than any other man in New York City.



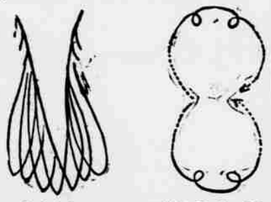
J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

In his home life Mr. Morgan is all that a father and husband and host should be. In his town house at 219 Madison avenue, or his homes at Newport and Highland Falls, he is courtesy and hospitality itself. Mr. Morgan is a member of a score of the leading clubs in New York, London and Paris, but he rarely goes to them, and seldom goes to social functions or to the opera or theater. He is seldom seen on the street, for he sticks closely to his desk from 9 until 4 o'clock. His one hobby is his steam yacht, the May, which he bought in England for $175,000. It deserves that hackneyed definition, a "floating palace," and he spends all his spare time in summer aboard of it. Mrs. Morgan, who was Miss Frances Tracy, has many charities of her own concerning which she is as modest as is her husband.

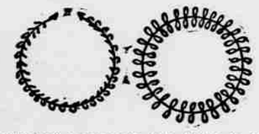
FANCY SKATING.

A Few Illustrations of Some of the Prettiest Movements.

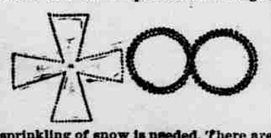
One of the prettiest movements made by fancy skaters is the grapevine. It is made by describing a number of S's or figure 8's close together until a complete circle of them is made. It is pretty, but takes an expert to do it. The spread eagle circle made backward is not so difficult, but a beginner will take a few tumbles before he makes it. The Dutch roll backward, a double circle, is another easy and pretty figure.



One of the most graceful is a double circle performed by the eight forward, inner edge, two turns, returning on the left foot backward, two turns to the right. The Maltese cross is an old favorite. By beginning at the center the twelve lines of the figure can be described without going over the same line twice.



The tulip is one of the hardest and at the same time prettiest figures. To show this off in perfection a slight sprinkling of snow is needed. There are sixteen lines and two stems to be described, and none but an expert should attempt it.



ONLY ONE RELAXATION.

A Visitor to the Gallery May Yawn, but Nothing More.

She was a well-groomed, up-to-date young lady, with a big fur cape over her arm and a magazine in her hand. She invaded the sacred precincts of the Senate gallery, evidently unaware of the sacred ground upon which she was trending. She stood in contemplative mood back of the seats, surveying the sense-soothing scene, evidently occupied in a mental debate with herself over the desirability of remaining, when the doorkeeper bustled up to her and told her in a whisper that made Senator Hill don his "specs" and scan the gallery that it was "agin the rules to stand." So she tripped down to a front seat, where she located, and putting her cape on the stone coping for a cushion to shield her elbows, leaned over to study the styles in bald heads. In about two minutes the attendants rushed noisily down the steps and in the same sepulchral whisper told her it was "agin the rules to put anything on the railing."

Senator Harris, in the chair, frowned up her way, and she blushingly removed the cape.

Senator Peffer was giving some information in his soft, low voice, and under his soporific influence she nearly went to sleep with her head on the back of the seat, and her half-closed eyes studying the painted plaques in the ceiling. In her abstraction she dropped her magazine. Back came the doorkeeper with another piece of information. She "must not drop things it disturbed the Senators."

Half a dozen Senators looked up to see if an anarchist had got in the galleries, and the girl back of her giggled. She held her ground, however, and presently opened the magazine and began to read.

Again the doorkeeper: "You ain't allowed to read in this here gallery; it's agin the rules."

She sat for a moment, wrath in every feature, glaring down at the heads below. Just as the doorkeeper sat down she turned and beckoned him vigorously. He came clumping down, and as he bent over her she asked him in a whisper that must have rattled the weather meter in the marble room, "May I yawn?"

The laugh that rippled around the gallery was not caused by the remarks of the Senator from Kansas, and the young lady was not again molested.

A HORSE ON THE YOUNG MAN

The Innocent Girl with the Silky Curl Suffered Too.

She—the pretty girl with the silky curls and sweet blue eyes—had clasped her hands together, pursed her mouth up into an expression of happiness and declared that a sleigh ride was the acme of bliss. He, poor man, had had a cutter bequeathed to him by a relative who most generously died, but who forgot to include a horse with his gift. And the poor man's purse was not as fat as purses sometimes are; so he felt quite downhearted.

But one day, when his heart was especially sad—for only the night before she of the silky curls had again dilated on the joys of the sleigh ride—he heard of a great bargain.

So the young man with a slim purse immediately purchased the bargain, hitched the bargain to the cutter and drove away to the home of the lady of the silky curls. And of course the lady of the silky curls was delighted and she and the young man bounded away like a gust of north wind.

At least that's the way they went until they chanced to arrive at a street whereon glided a meek and humble street car. Then the bargain immediately lost his appearance of sprightliness. His head became lowered and he took a place beside the two street-car horse. And then what do you think happened? Whenever the conductor of that car would ring the bell the bargain would stop stone still and never budge until the conductor gave the signal to go ahead.

And the bargain had found old friends in those street-car horses and was reluctant to lose his dear acquaintances.

Perhaps the man wasn't ill-tempered! And the lady of the silky curls? Oh, she didn't mind it as much as the young man did, for it seemed very funny, indeed, when she got a chance to laugh without the young man knowing anything about it—Chicago Record.

One Hundred Million of Stars.

Let us see what richness of stellar distribution is implied by this number of 100,000,000 of visible stars. It may be easily shown that the area of the whole sky in both hemispheres is 41,255 square degrees. This gives 2,424 stars to the square degree. The moon's apparent diameter being slightly over half