

DEATH AT A WEDDING.

Tragic Tragedy of the War Between the States. The historic incidents clustering about South Carolina's execution, Mrs. Thaddeus Horton in The Ladies' Home Journal...

When the first confusion was over, she discovered that in all the crowd one person was injured, and that the bride herself. She lay partly on the floor and partly in her lover's arms...

CHEAP SPONGES.

Those Sold by the Street Fakirs are Procured. Sponges sold by the street fakir are so captivating in appearance, large almost white, and the price ranges from 5 to 10 cents each...

The Young Men of Today.

The young men of today are too finicky to give to self-analysis. Their pampering. Their shoes and their coats more each year than did their wardrobe of their grandfathers...

Exhibit Lifelike Qualities.

They are pulled out of a time when they are full of life. They evince a degree of care for their looks which is almost touching...

A Faithful Likeness.

Here is the portrait of your child. She or he is the portrait of your child. She or he is the portrait of your child. She or he is the portrait of your child...

Proved.

Do you think your father has that we are in love? Do you think your coming to see me will be the remotest. He told me that you were coming to see me...

THE HEAD OF MOSES.

WHY THE LEADER OF ISRAEL IS REPRESENTED WITH HORNS.

The Error Which Gave Root to the Curious Idea That is Perpetrated by Paintings, Coins and Statues, Michael Angelo's Masterpiece.

In one of the schools of the District is a copy of Michael Angelo's "Moses." That small statuette was a storm center for weeks, the pupils and teachers vying with each other in an attempt to find an answer to the question of one of the small pupils who gravely queried the why of the incipient horns...

For 40 years, just as long as Moses and his people wandered in the wilderness, this statuette stood in the workshop of its gifted creator before the world saw it, but it types today the universal conception of the great lawgiver, horns and all.

It has been known for centuries, though, that the translation of Habakkuk, which says, "And his brightness was as light; he had horns coming out of his head," is incorrect and the mistake of the "intelligent composer," who in his illuminated text got mixed up on his "a's" and "e's" and made "qaran" head "qeran," as nearly as Hebrew can be made into cold English...

St. Jerome in rendering "his face shone" in the passage in Exodus gave it its primitive meaning and mistranslation and has sent down to us through the ages "faciem esse cornatum," being "his face was horned." Thus it seems that a mistake stereotyped in stone remains to torment the youth who likes to know the why of things.

Just why artists and sculptors keep on perpetuating this idea is one of the inscrutable things of life. But more than anybody else perhaps artists cling to tradition, and since the great masters gave Moses horns it must be the proper thing to do, and that is probably why he wears horns in modern as well as mediæval art.

In the Congressional library, on the south side of the big sunflower clock, is a gigantic bronze Moses by Niehaus, and he has horns that look not unlike those wonderful bumps that Ben Butler's big head used to wear. In the Boston library John Sargeant, the great painter, for a centerpiece to a procession of the prophets painted Moses with full front view and horns like a Texas steer, and infolding him is a queer conventional kind of drapery that looks like eagles' wings.

In striking and pleasing contrast to these horned conceptions which the ancients have imposed upon us and which we still accept is a copy of a splendid Moses by Ploekhorst representing the archangel Michael struggling with Satan for the dead body of Moses, which is upborne by three little angels. The Moses has instead of horns upon his grandly conceived head rays of light which seem to mellow and soften the stern face of the dead lawgiver.

Ploekhorst has painted real child angels, too, not fat little kids with legs and arms like prizefighters and bodies like beer tanks. This halo, which is in the library of congress, is a present from the royal gallery in Berlin. Nicola Pousin painted some 20 pictures of Moses from a pudgy little boy in the bulrush basket to Moses "on gray Bethoor's height," some of them with horns and some of them without. Five of these pictures are of the baby in the water and just out of it, and the heads are as varied as those of Columbus on the exposition postage stamps.

VASTNESS OF ST. PETER'S.

Large Objects Appear Small in the Great Cathedral.

During a recent ceremony in St. Peter's, Rome, one of the crystal chandeliers suspended from the ceiling began to creak ominously, and the people beneath it hastily scattered. In a moment the mass fell and was dashed into a thousand pieces on the floor below.

In St. Peter's a few days before when the workmen were suspending these chandeliers they were taking them out of piles of numbered boxes, for St. Peter's, like a theater, has many "properties" and is decked in a different manner for its different ceremonials. Cords run over pulleys fastened far up aloft, and with these the chandeliers were hoisted to their places.

St. Peter's is so enormous that the eye there is continually deceived. The chubby cherubs at the holy water font look to be the size of ordinary babies, yet they are nearly seven feet tall, and a man standing beside them looks like a dwarf. When the workmen were hoisting these chandeliers from the floor, a traveler noted with amazement that the masses of crystal were over eight feet high. Yet when hoisted to their places far up in the dim heights they looked about the size of a man's head.

Workmen in St. Peter's are called "sanpletini." They take their name from the basilica "San Pietro"—"sanpletino," plural "sanpletini." They have a set of lofty scaffolds mounted on rollers. These they move from place to place about the vast church. They are not unlike our fire department water towers. Ladder after ladder runs up the scaffolding, and by their aid they reach places from 100 to 150 feet above the floor. Other ingenious scaffolds are used for work on the inside of the dome. Seen up there the "sanpletini" look like flea crawling on the ceiling. The top of the dome is about 400 feet above the floor.—St. Louis Republic.

THE IRISH PEASANT.

He is the Gayest Fellow in the World Under Difficulties.

The Irish peasant is still, thank heaven, what Sir Walter Scott called him after the visit of the great novelist to Ireland in the early thirties—he is still "the gayest fellow in the world under difficulties and afflictions." He has a cheerful way of regarding circumstances which to others would be most unpleasant and disheartening. A peasant met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. The neighbors of course commiserated him. "Arrah," he remarked, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye as he regarded the bandaged limb, "what a blessing it is that it wasn't meek!"

Yes, the irrepressible Irishman has a joke for every occasion. Two countrymen who had not seen each other for a long time met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. "Shure it's married I am," said O'Brien. "You don't tell me so!" said Blake. "Faith, yes," said O'Brien, "an I've got a fine, healthy bhoys which the neighbors say is the very picture of me." Blake looked for a moment at O'Brien, who was not to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said, "Och, well, what's the harm so long as the child's healthy?" And yet a peasant to whom a witticism thus spontaneously springs may be very simple minded.

The peasant's passion for rhetoric still induces them to commit to memory imposing polysyllables which they often misapply, with the most amusing and grotesque results. I heard a nursemaid exclaim at a crying child in her arms, "Well, of all the ocellastical children I ever met you're wan of them." A landlord in the south of Ireland recently received a letter from a tenant in the following terms:

Yer Honor—Hopin this finds you in good health, as it laves me at present, your bulldog Bill has assassinated me poor old donkey. —Nineteenth Century.

Kills the Song.

Clifton Bingham, the author of "In Old Madrid," "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "The Dear Homeland," once said: "The moment a song is put on the streets, as we call it, it becomes tremendously popular. You hear it everywhere. Every boy hums it as he goes to school. It is played in every street. But my publisher shakes his head sadly when that day comes. It is generally the beginning of the end—a boom which dies away. People get tired of hearing the same song wherever they go, whatever the organ may be, and the song of the drawing room. So that the putting of a song on the street organs means a fleeting fame, and then, well, too often an utter relapse and complete oblivion."

Morphy's Witty Comment.

Paul Morphy, the famous chess player, once attended church in New Orleans when the bishop of a foreign diocese was present. The young rector of the church had prepared a sermon in honor of his distinguished visitor in the delivery of which he tired every one except the bishop, who paid close attention. Part of the congregation left the church. "Well," said Morphy, "that preacher is the first man I ever met who hadn't sense enough to stop when he had nothing left but a bishop."

Did It With a Slim.

"I am willing to do anything," said the applicant for work. "All right," said the hard hearted merchant. "Please close the door behind you when you go out."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Both Alike.

Client (angrily)—I say, this bill of yours is a downright robbery! Great Criminal Lawyer (who has won his client's case)—So was your crime.



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APPLICATION for a Vive Souvenir Camera to be handed in to D. MALLOY, McConnellsburg, Pa. I wish to make application for one of the fifty Vive Souvenir Cameras you have advertised to give away on condition that I buy my first dozen 2 1/2 x 3 1/4 plates to use with same from you for 25 cents, at the time receive the camera at your store.

The Famous Blue Ribbon Line. If you are going to buy a Buggy or Wagon this summer, be sure it is a Blue Ribbon. Style and price start them, and quality keep them going. The fellow who wastes his energies trying to drag a high priced wagon, loaded down with high priced reputation, will have to take your dust when you pass him with a Blue Ribbon. We not only talk good work, but sell GOOD WORK. Quality, first considered; style, novelty, and price guaranteed. For further information, call on or address E. N. AKERS, Sipes Mill, Pa. Agent For Fulton County.

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CUMBERLAND VALLEY TIME TABLE.—Nov. 19, 1899. Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various stations like Winchester, Martinsburg, Greenbush, etc.

Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various stations like Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, etc.

Table with columns for Pas. (P.M.), Mix. (M.), and various stations like McConnellsburg, Ft. Loudon, etc.

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