

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING. No. 138 FRANKLIN STREET,

JOHNSOWN, CAMBRIA CO., PA

TERMS—\$1.50 per year, payable in advan outside the county, fifteen cents additional postage. If not paid within three months will be charged. A paper can be discontinat any time by paying arrearages, and otherwise.

The failure to direct a discontinuance at the expiration of the period subscribed for will toonsidered a new engagement. New Subscribed

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1889.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For State Treasurer, EDWARD A. BIGLER, of Rearfield county. Prothonotary, JAMES C. DARBY, of Cone-Register and Recorder, CELESTINE J. BLAIR,

District Attorney, FRANCIS J. O'CONNOR, of Poor House Director, RAPHAEL A. HITE, of

Auditor, JOSEPH HIPPS, of Elder township. Corsoner, PETER MCGOUGH, of Portage tow BOUNDARY THE PROPERTY OF THE

In view of her many benevolent acts and scrupulous devotion to her life work, too much cannot be said in praise of this lady. The flood sufferers of Johnstown have abundant reason to always hold her in grateful remembrance, as she has been instant in season and out of season in releiving their distress and in ministering to their wants. Among the many noble, generous hearte t men and women that fled to our relief on wings of love and sympathy, she stands to-day con spicuous among the foremost. Her ad vent was with the first eastern train that reached Johnstown, and was greeted as an angel of mercy. With her and for months afterwards, boxes, bags, barrels, trunks, and valises filled with clothing, shoes and boots, bedding, and food cam by the hundreds and thousands, until the temporary buildings she had speedily erected were crowded to repletion.

Then with an ardor born of the noblest impulses, and with an energy that knew no respite she went everywhere on her great mission of love, gladdening the hearts of hundreds of our destitute and suffering, asking no questions about nationalities, creeds, social standing or color. The one great controlling, inspiring bond of universal brotherhood made us all akin in her estimation.

Never did an organization select s wisely and elect so judiciously as did th National Red Cross Association when it chose her to preside over its benevolent work. Such is her national reputation that the generous donors of money and goods, had no hesitancy in putting all in her hands. All, did we say-great is the pity that she had not been selected as the custodian of the millions placed in other hands. Her fine executive abilities, her powers of discrimination, her zeal and her faithfulness, would have left no grounds for complaints of tardiness or favoritism in the distribution of the princely sums of money contributed for the relief of the suffering thousands of the Conemaugh Valie

Appreciating her character, ability and work as Johnstown people now do, we do not wonder that Charles Sumner estimate of her was a high. In ascribing to her the highest a ributes of exalted womanhood, and in saying that she possessed in a marked degree the highest grade of both statesmanship and soldiership, he gave utterance to a with that has been verified in all our great National disasters guch as as the forest fires of Michigan in the Mississippi floods of 1882; the Ohio floods of 1883; the Mississippi cy-clone of 1883; the Ohio and Mississippi floods of 1884; the Virginia epidemic of 1885; the Texas drouth of 1887; the Charleston earthquake in 1887; Mount Vernon cyclone of 1888; the yellow fever in Florida in 1888, and last, but

not least, the Conemaugh flood of 1889, To her timely and heroic work, more than to that of any other human being, are the people of the Conemaugh Valley indedted for whatever may be their fav orable circumstances and condition of to day. And as she goes into new fields of disasters, she will corry with her the blessings of the hundreds of this flood-swept district "who were ready We close this brief to perish." tribute to her superlative merits as we began by saving too much praise cannot be awarded no

cannot be awarded not vere illness, and predination. Only the other Hon, Samuel J. Randhill

the grave and the other o it, with no possibility of activities of S either from its perilous situation.

dangerously sick did they represent the same form of a few hours. It was stated that it of a few hours. It was stated that it presence in the House of Representation of Rep

could not be hoped for.

But in less than a week 1000,000 n less of elegraph wires in the country is made glad by operation.

the announcement that he has taken his family to Washington, and that he is now actively engaged in preparation for the arduous duties of the

It is also to be noted that a few of the same kind of reporters have been lately sent to Johnstown, and are sending off dispatches to city papers filled with appalling news of wide-spread and destruct ive contagious diseases. One would suppose from their accounts that epidemics nore fatal than yellow fever ever was in the South, are ravaging Johnstown and surrounding villages at the rate of scores

Whereas the fact is that the per day. general health of our community will compare favorably with that of almost ny section of Western Pennsylvania.

CABRYING concealed deadly weapons has become a custom in this country so general in its practice that it is not un usual for men to regard the possession of such an article on his person as necessary as it is to have a pocket-knife or a toothpick. One can scarcely mingle with a crowd of a dozen men on a thoroughfare or a public resort without coming in contact with one or more men secretly armed-for what? It is a question full of vital interest to peaceable people, and a challenge to the authorities. When a man leaves his home, says an exchange, with a revolver in his pocket merely to pass the time in the town where he lives or participate in the pleasures of an entertainment in a public hall, he has a meaning in his ac tion which premeditates death to some one, for he who speeds a bullet at another unquestionably intends to kill him, Such a view of carrying deadly weapons cannot be escaped, when it is considered in the light of public order and obe-dience to the laws of the land. Peaceable people do not need to carry concealed deadly weapons on their person. If any emergency occurs justifying a man to carry a revolver or rifle, he can do it openly and in the face of all men, and whatever is the result of his doing so, he will have a fair chance of receiving a to revise his act. It is the carrier of the concealed deadly weapon who always stands within the shadow of the law, for the violation of which he is in constant

THE Director of the Mint says that the exportation of \$70,000,000 in gold this summer represents the money spent by Americans in visiting the Paris Exposition. He cites, in proof, the fact that the Bank of France has gained \$63,000,000 during the same period. The other \$7, 000,000 may be supposed to have been spent mainly in buying goods in London to be smuggled through the New York Custom House by patriots who are very sure that American industry should b protected by enormous duties.

THE Tenth Biennial Meeting of the In ernational Conference of Women's Christian Associations will be held in Balti more, October 22d, to 25th, inclusive, opening on Tuesday afternoon.

CHAL. L. DICK INTERVIEWED

The Relief Fund Being Withheld too Le

Suffering and Sickness-Political Pur-poses Kept the Work From Being Done. Chal. L. Dick, Esq., was interviewed Tuesday by a Pittsburgh Leader reporter, and we take the following report of the interview from that paper

Chal L. Dick of Johnstown, was in the city to-day, and was interrogated upon the condition of the distressed city. He says that the withdrawal of the State labor from the district is a mistake of somebody, probably Governor Beaver or some of his officials. "When the State did withdraw its forces from the work some weeks ago," said he, "it was positively known that a large number of bodies of the victims of the flood still lay buried amid the debris in the rivers around the devastated district, and upon a prayerful supplication of a majority of the citizens the work was resumed, and in a short space of time that the State laborers did work afterward bodies of the victims were found in great numbers in Chal L. Dick, of Johnstown, was in the victims were found in great numbers in the limited space that was worked over. No great work was done during the last labors of the State, yet among the little debris that was disarranged during this time over twenty bodies were found, showing that the now quiet Conemangh and Stonycreek ripple and sing the requiem of many buried hundreds in unknown graves. The relief is being withheld too long," continued Mr. Dick. "The poor man who owns a little lot of ground either is waiting and longing for the distribution, or has already gone ahead, and perhaps—if the fund does not come up to his expectation—put himself into so deep a gulf of debt that rothing but luck or Providence can pull him out of it. There will be suffering, there will be suckness from the exposure that the victims were found in great numbers in of it. There will be suffering, there will be sickness from the exposure that the little protection the Oklahomas and Hoover Hughes houses afforded the poor people that accepted the magnificent offer of such begarry, niggardly grasping and outrageous care afforded them by those who held the fund and who should have thought of shivering children

> omes into the Spanish. The a in the courts, vr. 14 Spanish. This

te lim, here

A LAST YEAR'S LEAF.

Amid the springtime bloom it lies, A leaf sere, brown and dead; Beneath it lie the flagrant flowers, The birds sing overhead.
The gonial sun shi nes warmly down,
Soft zephyrs stir the trees,
And o'er the flowers lying near
Wander the busy bees.

Amid the green and the springing life
The leaf lies cold and dead—
A relic of another spring,
A spring forever fied.
Tis thus the heart, when joy is o'er,
And love deserts at last,
Lies like the leaf, a relic sad
Of days once sweet, but past.
—Boston Transer

MARRIED AT SIGHT.



upon the Mean terranean station for about a year when the com-ander ordere HE ship had b mander ordered the ship to head I was then

young midship-man, and enjoyed

young midshipman, and enjoyed the leave on shore the leave on shore in a foreign port with boyish delight. There were six in our mess, and we managed to get shore leave so as to be together, when it was possible to do so. This was the case one fine Sunday in the month of December, as mild and summer-like in the south of France as New a England May day.

The singular experience of one of our number I have often told since about the mess-table or camp fire, but have never put it into print.

We were stroiling on the square known as Le Cours, St. Louis, a sort of permanent flower market, where the women sit enthroned in tent-like stalls of wood, encireled by their bright, beautiful and fragrant wares, while the manner of arranging the stalls, so that the vender sits raised some six feet in the air, gave a novel effect to the scene.

While we were idling away the hour in Le Cours, St. Louis, with these rogulsh and pretty flower venders, we were all thrown into a state of amazement and curiosity by the appearance of a young girl of about 17, who rushed among us with a startling speed, and who, hardly pausing to regain her breath, sald, in excellent English:

"You are Americans, and, I trust, gentlemen. Is there one among you who will marry me?"

"We will all marry you," was the instant response accompanied by hearts.

""
"We will all marry you," was the instant response, accompanied by hearty

laughter.

"Ah, you are in sport, but I am in earnest. Who will marry me?"

There seemed to be no joke after all. The girl was positively in earnest and looked at one and all of us as coolly, yet

consed at one and all of us as coolly, ye earnestly, as possible.

"Here, Harry," said one who war tather a leader among us, and addressing Harry, "you want a wife," and he gave our comrade a slight push toward the girl.

For some chargest

ne girl.

For some singular reason Harry took
for much more in earnest than
he rest of us, and regarded the newmer with a most searching but reheetful glanco. Approaching her he

said:
"I do not know exactly what you mean, but I can understand by your expression of face that you are quite in earnest. Will you take my arm and let us walk to one side?"
"Yes; but I have no time to lose," and, taking his arm, they walked away together.

gether. We looked upon the affair as some well-

We looked upon the affair as some well-prepared joke, but were a little annoyed at the non-appearance of Harry at our rendezvous on the quay. Our leave expired at sunset, and we dared not wait for him, as Captain D— was a thorough disciplinarian, and we didn't care to provoke him and thus endanger our next Sunday's leave.

On board we went, therefore, leaving Harry on siore. When we reported the question was, of course, asked where Midshipman B— was, to which query we could return no proper answer, as we really did not know. He knew perfectly well that we must all be at the boat landing just before sunset. It was plain enough to us all that there was trouble brewing for our messmate.

enough to us all that there was trouble brewing for our messmate. Harry did not make his appearance until the next day at noon, when he pulled to the ship in a shore boat, and, coming on board, reported at once to the captain, who stood upon the quarter-deck, and asked the privilege of a pri-vate interview.

deck, and asked the privilege of a private interview.

The circumstances connected with the absence of Harry were very peculiar, and as he was one of the most correct fellows on board, his request was granted by the captain, who retired to his cabin, followed by the delinquent. After remaining with the commander for nearly an hour, he came out and joined us.

"What is the upshot of it, Harry?" we asked.

"Well, lads, I'm married—that's all."
"Married?" asked the mess, in on

"Tied for life!" was the answer.
"Hard and fast?"

"Irrevocably."
"To that little craft you scudded away with ?

"Exactly. As good and pure a girl as ever lived," said Harry, earnestly.
"W-h-e-w?" whispered one and all.
"How did Old Neptune let you off?"
we all eagerly inquired—that being the name the captain went by on board.
"He is hard on me," said Harry, seri-ously. "What do you think he demands, lads?"

lads?"
"Can't say, what is it?"
"If I don't resign he will send me home in disgrace. That's his ultimatum."
"W-h-e-w!" again from all hands.
"Let's get up a petition for Harry," suggested one.
"It's of no use, lads, I know he means what he says. He has given me a while to think it over."
It was all up with Harry."

what he says. He has given me a while to think it over."

It was all up with Harry.

Captain D— was a severe, but an excellent officer, and he had only given the delinquent the alternative of resigning or being sent home in disgrace. The fact that he had got married, in the manner he described, in place of palliating matters, only aggravated the captain beyond measure. He declared it was a disgrace to the service, and a breach of product of the control of the control

In the Ment see was the dephan child of the chant, who had been of high sharing during his lift and who left a huma some fortune to endow his chaughter of her westling day, at the arrived by fore, she was to receive the property of coming to the age of 20 years. It mother had died in her infancy, and the father, when she was 10 years of age.

placed her in a convent to be oduce where she remained until his de which occurred suddenly, six mor previous to the period of our sketch. After his death Julie became

After his death Julie became the ward of her uncle, by the tenor of her father's will, and the period of her educational course having just closed at the convent. Hubert Meurice, the uncle, brought her home to his family circle. Madame Meurice, it appears, was a scheming, calculating woman, and, knowing that Julie would be an heires, she tried every way to promote her intimacy with her own son, who was an uncouth and ignorant youth of 18 years without one attractive point in his character.

acter.

Hubert Meurice, the uncle of Julie, was a sea captain, whose calling carried him much away from his home. During his absence his wife treated Julie with the utmost tyranny, even keeping her locked up in her room for days together, talling her these treatments. locked up in her room for days together, telling her that when she would consent to marry her son, Hubert, she would release her, and do all she could to make her happy. But to this Julie could not consent. Imprisonment even was preferable to accepting her awkward and repulsive cousin.

One day she overheard a conversation between her aunt and her hopeful son, wherein the mystery of her treatment was solved.

The boy asked his mother what was the use of bothering and importuning Julie so.

"If she doesn't want to marry me, mother, drop the matter. I like Julie, and she would make me a nice little wife, but I don't want her against her

wile, but 1 don't want her against her will."

"You are a fool," said the mother.

"You know nothing about the matter. Her father's will endows her with a fortune at her marriage, even if it be at 17, just her present age. At 20 she receives the fortune at any rate. Now, don't you see if you marry her we are all fixed for life?"

Does Julie know about the money?

"No, of course not."
"It's a little sharp on her," said the boy, "I'm looking out for you," said the

mother.

"Just so," mused the hopeful.
"I am resolved that she shall marry you, and that is why I keep her locked up, so that she may not see some one she would like better."

"Lots of money, eh? Well, mother, let's go in and win. When shall it be?"
"I'the scoper the better."

"It must be at once,"
"The sooner the better."
"Your father is expected home next
week. I want you to be married before
he returns. He approves of it, but is a
little too delicate about pressing matters
so quickly. I know that no time is like
the present time, so I have been making
arrangements to bring this about immediately. I have got a Protestant clergy. arrangements to bring this about immediately. I have got a Protestant clergy-man who will perform the ceremony first and then you can be married at any time alterward in the Catholic church, to make it valid on her side, for her father was a Catholic."

This was enough for Julie. Se understoot the situation fully now and saw

This was enough for Julie, one uncerstood the situation fully now, and saw that her aunt would hesitate at nothing. The poor child feared her beyond description, and had yielded to her in everything, save this one purpose of her marriage with Hubert.

Julie was a very gentle girl; one upon whom her taket coant imposs which in the same coant imposs which is the same coant in the same

bunity. She had no idea of asserting hear rights, much less of standing up for them. But she was thoroughly frightened now, and resolved to escape at any cost from the tyranny which bound her no fate could be worse, she thought, than to be compelled to marry that coarse, vulgar and repulsive creature.

Yes, she would run away at once. The poor child—for she was little more—had not asked herself where she should go. She had no other relations that she knew of in the world, and the isolated life sh had always led had caused her to form n nad aways tee had caused her to form no intimacies, or even to make friends with those of her own age. Indeed, with this prospective fortune, yet she was virtually alone and unprotected and without a relation whom she did not look upon

a relation whom she did not look upon as her enemy.

The next day after Julie had heard this information was Sunday, the gayest iay of the week in Marseilles, and, for-unately, Julie succeeded in making her scape from her aunt's house. Still un-lecided where to go, and in her desper-ion fearing that at any moment sin night be selzed and carried back, she and wandered into the flower market, where she came upon us, already de-gribed.

As she evaluated to Marseite.

As she explained to Harry afterward, the was intent only upon escape, and believed this to be her last chance. When he saw a half dozen young Americans, who seemed perfectly respectable, the dea that positive safety lay only in mariage dawned upon her, and she actually an toward us, as we have related, the noment the thought developed it-

self.

Harry became more and more impressed with Julie's story as they walked along, while he was delighted by her innocent beauty and manifest refinement. It was all like a dream, almost toe romantic for truth. Our "fate" sometimes comes to us in this singular fashion, he thought. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Suddenly he turned to her and said:
"Dare you trust me with your happi-Dare you trust me with your happ

"bare you trust me with your happiness?"
She looked at him thoughtfully with her soft, pleading eyes. Her brain wasvery busy; she remembered what awaited her at home, what had driven her thence, and then, in reply to his sober question, she put both of her hands into his with child-like trust.

They wandered on. Julie had always plenty of money in her purse, and they strolled into a little chapel on their way, where they found a young clergyman, who could not resist their request to marry them, backed by ten golden napoleons, and so, though reluctantly and advising proper delay, he performed the marriage ceremony, alded by the sexton and his wife, who each received a napoleos.

As an inducement, Harry had also told the clergyman that he was just going to sea, and that he must be married be-fore he salled, that not even one hour

was to be lost.
"Perhaps I am saying the girl's honor," said the young clergyman, as he finally consented.

finally consented.

Julie came out of the chapel the wife
of Harre B, who went with her to the
Hotel du Louvre. From here he sent is
pressing note to the American consu-

Oh, what is the love of the hate of men? What is their praise or their blame?
Their blame is a breath, but an echo of death
And a star that glows bright and is gone fro sight—
Ahl such is the vanishing guerdon of fame,

Oh, what is the grief or the joy of life? What is its pleasure or pain?
The joys we pursue pass away like the dew;
And though bitter the grief, time brings relief
To the heart that is wounded again and again

Oh. what is the loss or the gain of time?
And what is success's fair crown?
The gain that we prize—lo! it fades and it flies;
And the loss we deplore as quickly is o'er
There is little to choose 'twixt life's smiles and

Oh, men they may love and men they may hate, It matters little to me.

For life is a breath, and hastens death

To gather in all, from the hut and wall,

To the home that is narrow—the ho

THE MATCHMAKER.



ORE than any other. the especial gift upon which Mrs. Ferguson prided herself, was her tal-ent for mathmak-ing. Her large,

spacious house was full of cozy corners and tiny nooks, curtained, carpeted and daintily furnished, where a tote-a-tete had a positive genius for effacing herself and all other superfluous people when John and Jane were to be brought ounderstand each other, and she was constantly on the watch for Johns and anes to benefit.

It cannot be denied these

constantly on the watch for Johns and Janes to benefit.

It cannot be denied that Willstown, like the proverbial republics, often proved ungrateful, the wrong Johns being frequently paired with the Janes of their special abhorrence, and it had been more than once whispered by disappointed wooers, that they "wished Mrs. Ferguson would mind her own business."

But nothing would ever convince that benevolent old lady that if marriages were started in Heaven, she was not a special agent upon earth to forward them.

special agent upon earth to forward them.

It may therefore be imagined what a "thorn in the flesh" it was to this scheming lady, to have under her own roof, daily at her table, a nephew who, at the mature age of 28, was, in spite of her ceaseless endeavors (I had almost written persecution), still a bachelor.

"Poor Charles?" his aunt would sigh, "he is so shy, so reserved! He with never have the courage to woo his wife, and it is my positive duty to help him!"

But the more persistently she droved him into her coziest nooks and corners with the prettiest girls in Willstown, the more he avoided her parties, be they luncheons, teas, or evening gatherings. It was not entirely the fault of the pretty girls either, for Charles Barker was a man to whom women naturative. pretty girls ether, for Charles Barser was a man to whom women naturally incline, gentle, dreamy, poetic and exceptionally handsome. Had he lived in the present rage for the esthetic, he might have been accused of affectations, of posing for admiration; but it was with him a strager advarion of art. a

of posing for admiration; but it westift him a street of artion of art a dreaming poetic temperament, that could lift itself out of the commonplace surroundings of his life, and dwell in an ideal world apart.

Wealthy, and not very strong physically, Charles Barker devoted his life to his books, his pen and his pencil, never attaining to the highest excellence in poetry, music or painting, yet possessing talent above the average amateurs. And into his dream life there crept a reality that filled his heart and brain with new visions and hopes. He fell in love! Rather, he softly, tenderly floated along upon the music of a sweet voice, the light of a fair, womanly beauty, till, scarcely conscious of his own infatuation, he gave to Bertha English the whole love of a heart as yet untouched by a woman's charms.

That she was an hoirses woord by.

That she was an heiress, wooed by That she was an heiress, wooed by others, the gentle belle of more than one social circle, did not trouble him for a moment. He scarcely asked if she loved him, content to worship her. Thoroughly unpractical, full of visionary, ideal dreams, he did not try to plan a future, seeking his love in her home when he was sure she was alone, joining her in woodland rambles, filling his portfolio with sketches of her face, and writing poems to her out of the fullness of his heart.

heart.

And therein he erred, for Mrs. Ferguson, "clearing up his rubbish" one morning—a task she never trusted to a servant—upset his portfolie, and plunged into the very heart of his secret. She was delighted! Bortha English would have been her own choice from all the world of women. She had been so afraid that Jennie Ralston would succeed in her brazen-faced endeavors to captivate Charles that she had fairly trembled for him. It was true that he seemed to vate charles that she had larry trembled for him. It was true that he seemed to be serenely unconsolous of that pretty, saucy damsel's endeavors to win him, but there were times when Mrs. Ferguson feared his own absent ways might draw him into some avowal that his sensitive honor would compel him to reneat.

Having made her discovery, Mrs. Ferguson next attacked the victim. How he shrank and quivered when his cherhe shrank and quivered when his cherished secret was dragged out and spread before him I could never describe; how every nerve shuddered and recoiled as Mrs. Ferguson urged upon him the necessity of immediate action, can never be told. It was like tearing open the petals of a moss-rose bud, and then bidding it to bloom to full beauty as if it had been suffered to softly unfold itself in the sunlight.

"You must propose soon, or you will

in the sunlight.
"You must propose soon, or you will lose her." Mrs. Ferguson had declared.
"Why, she has a dozen adorers. Do you suppose they will all shilly-shally as you do?"

She worried and badgered him until he actually wrote his proposal, which she unitertook to deliver. It was as unlike the courting of which he had dreamed as moon-rays to gaslight, but he did ask to have his love returned, and begged Bertha to be his wife. Only instead of "Bertha," being once started with a pen in his hand, he wore "daring," and "dearest," and "my own sweet love."

Once possessed of this document Mrs. Ferguson became postle, resolving that it hould not be delivered in a commonwhere myster.

see envel per but, as suited such resus that of he nephew, in a bas flowers builted in roses and smothe dace envel que,

The basket was a marvel of bea when Mary, Miss English's maid, brou

it to negroom.

Mrs. bergeson left ft, miss and but time to call, the did not get out her carries.

ber carries. ""

Now is the hard her dreams, to the continue hard possessed. Characters weively blown eyes, his wavm mornow here and Vandiske beard, house-se featurer and low, musical you

Refress as she was, courted, flattered and petted, she had a pure girlish heart, full of romance and tenderness, and she had given it in its first sweetness to Charles Barker. Loving him, she, too, had visions of a day when he would whisper his heart's secret into her ear, and in soft, tender accents woo her to be his own.

She. looked carelessly at the flowers; then, attracted by their beauty, admired

she. looked carelessly at the flowers; then, attracted by their beauty, admired and petted them.

"Mary." she said, "put on your hat, and take this to old Mrs. Worth, with my love, I had intended to cut her some flowers today, but this is prettier than could arrange."

Mafy obeyed, and Bertha took up the thread of hor musings.
"Deary me!" old Mrs. Worth said, "Miss Bertha is very kind. Thank her for me, Mary."

Then, she, too, fell to admiring the flowers, until she suddenly remembered that it was her son's birthday. What could she give him that would delight him more than these pretty floral treasures? She put her card, and a line. "With mother's love and birthday greeting," on the top of the fragrant heap, and sent the basket to Mr. John Worth's bachelor apartments. It was late in the afternoon when that gentleman found his present, without the card, which had slipped off. The landlady, however, informed him that they were left by "his ma's girl;" so he wrote a note of thanks, and sent the basket now losing its first freshness, to the lady of his love, intending to call in the evening to inform her who was the donor.

The basket, duly delivered to Miss Jennie Ralston, was for the first time thoroughly examined.

Tea was over, and Bertha English was in her pretty drawing-room, alone, singing sweet melodies by twilight, hoping a little that Charles Barker might call, when there was a rush, a flutter, and she was caught in an embrace that dealt destruction to all her pretty ruffles and laces.

"I am so happy I must tell some one," Lannia Palston panted, pulling Bertha

"I am so happy I must tell some one."
Jennie Ralston panted, pulling Bertha
to a sofa and cuddling close to her, like
a baby. "Just think, dear, he loves me!
—he loves me! And has asked me to be
his wife."

his wife."
"Who?" asked Bertha lightly. "Remember you have so many lovers, the doesn't help me one bit."
"Charles Earker," Jennie whispered, with a sidelong glance to see if the shot

bold.

But, sweet as she was, Bertha was proud, too. Only surprise was to be read in her voice.

"Charles Barker! I did not know he was one of your adorers."

"Oh, yes, for quite a long time. He proposed today, and I accepted him. shall I show you his letter?"

"Oh, no, no! How can you show that to anybody?"

"On, no, no! How can you show that to anybody?"

"Oh, I am not one of the sensitive kind. I do love him, and I mean to make a man of him! Shake him out of his dreamy ways, I mean, and put some inte into him."

"I hope you will be very happy," Bertha said, and endured her evening of martyrdom as best as she could.

Three years later, Mrs. Ferguson calling upon Bertha English one morning, surprised her sobbing over a photograph of Charles Barter, burled one week before. She did not try to hide the picture as the old lady came up to kiss her, but put her head down upon the broad breast, and sobbed still more bitterly.
"Why, Bertha! Bertha!" the old lady cried, "you are not grieving for poor Charlie?"

"I may love him again now that he is

harlie?"
"I may love him again now that he is ead," the young girl said, sadly.
"Love him?"
"I can t'il you! And he is dead now. loved him long before he married

"I can't il you! And he is dead now. I loved him long before he married je nie."

"But why, then, did you refuse him?"

"I? I_never refused him. He never asked me to marry h m."

"He did! I saw him write the le ter, and I left it myself at your door in a basket. If flowers. It was in June, when the roses were at the ir height, and I put the letter in a bed of roses. It was not a week la er that he told me he was n-gaged to Jennie. I was never so amazed in my life, but he was so very old about it, so stern and cold, and treated me's mehow as if I was to blame, that I out not dare say much to him. I thought he be amed me for hurrying his proposal to you, and that your rejection stung him into proposing to Jennie. She really stiled him, driving him about, into society, to the city for the winter, breaking up all his old nabits, and really overtaxing his strength. I warned her that his mother died of consumption, and that he could not bear so much excitement, but he would not heed me either. He did not see m to care."

"You say he proposed by letter?" said Bertha, in a strange, still voice.

"Yes."

"Directed to me?"

"No, dear; just folded into a cocked hat, and put amongst the flowers, quite out of sight,"

"Then Jennie thought it was intended for her. I sent the basket to old Mrs. Worth, thinking you would not mind, and she told me she sent it to her son. We all know how infatuated he was with Jennie, and although! I can not know it, I can easily suppose he gave her the basket. She showed me the letter which leads of the control of the case of the control of the case of the ca

signed, Devotedly yours, arker. Twice I refused to read it, but her triumph was not com-

"Oh, my dear, I see it all. Charlie! He could not tell a wom had made such a mortifying mistake.
On, Bertha! why did I interfere? If I had only let him manage his love affair in his own way, he might be alive and happy now. Oh, my dear, can you ever forgive me?"

She was weeping bitterly, and Bertha could only caress her, too much overcome

to speak.

But the sharp lesson was faithfully learned, and Mrs. Ferguson interferes no more in the love affairs of Willstown.

Her last attempt at match-making cured her forever of any desire to continue the occupation.—New York Ledger.

The Shah's Chair.

The throne of the Shah is a pleee of alabaster, in the form of a couch, supported by four lions. Lord Castletown tells us that it is known as the Great or Peacock throne of Delhi, and was taken from the Mogul, together with the Kohenoor diamend, by Nadir S at, its 1739, it care to be easy the training will consider the training will be a supported by the constant of the care to be a supported by the support of the supported by the support of the supported by the supported by the support of Delni States. can in Persian, Hobews, and Ethiopic hierators, the bleasonsk Throne of Delni to on a poor susstitute for the wondersole air of some in which the majesty of the comparing achievementan was persisted to repose. This was also of forgreen to the comparing textraction, but makend of a Mozul store of the compared for autoquity with the stone in the English coronation, which is said to be that on which Jacob slept at Bethel.—Exchange.