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FRIDAY JANUARY 3, 1890.

BRAZIL'S CRISIS.

What if in the early days of the American Republic some supernatural being with prophetic powers had taken Washington or Jefferson or Jackson to an ethereal eminence and had there shown him in a vision the great Republic of today, with its enormously increased power and wealth, respected by all nations and peoples, and regarded everywhere as the hope of the oppressed and down-trodden, and at the same time the prophet had pointed out the example of an administration in power, refusing to recognize the formation, without bloodshed or in terruption of business for one day, of a Republic in a sister country, thereby throwing the weight of the influence of the great American Republic on the side of the previously existing order of things. Could any one have convinced either of those men or any other patriotic men of their day, that such a state of things could ever come to pass? Never. And the grandson of the Hero of Tippecanoe as President too. Impossible! And yet that very thing has come to pass. We witness the peculiar and humiliating spectacle of a great republic—a country that goes almost into ecstasies in boasting about its love for liberty—hesitating about taking a step toward promoting the establishing of a republic in Brazil. Even little Switzerland, more than a monarchist, authorized her representative to recognize the new republic. When the Spanish-American countries revolted against Spain, did this country wait so long as to make the world believe we were on the side of imperialism? When Texas attempted to throw off the Mexican yoke (although Texas had precipitated the trouble by violating Mexican laws) we did not even wait till all disputes were settled, but promptly recognized the new republic. When France changed her form of government at the fall of Louis Napoleon, what was the conduct of President Grant? But now with jingoism and a "vigorous" foreign policy in full power, the administration stands back. Perhaps the incumbent of the Presidential chair is too ignorant to see that by holding aloof he is siding with the Imperialists. Already the word comes from Brazil that the cause of the Republic is suffering because of the lack of recognition abroad. Thus the United States in effect becomes a party to an attempt to restore the monarchy in Brazil. The crowned heads of Europe are trembling lest the desire for liberty prove contagious. What have we to tremble for? If there is anything for which we ought to tremble, it is the cause of liberty at home, when the stubborn stupidity and perverse incapacity of the national administration dictates a frown upon an uprising of liberty. There is grave cause to be apprehensive for our own future, when public opinion will tolerate such inaction on the part of our chief executive, with the cause of liberty in on trial.

1890.

Good bye old 1889, and welcome, thrice welcome 1890? With comparatively few regrets—far less than usual in parting with an old year—we to-day blot out the nine and substitute a naught, with the hope that the change is an auspicious one.

While gratefully acknowledging whatever favors, benefits and blessings we have received at the hands of 1889, the impulse is strong to hope 1890 will be less liberal in the bestowment of calamities than its predecessor was. The year that closed business, by shutting up its shop at the old stand, at the midnight hour last night, will go down in history as unprecedented in its sad and widespread disasters all over the world. With no disposition to cast reflections, or to call ugly names, or to indulge in railing accusations against anything that is as dead as the old year we feel constrained to say, as one whose duty is to chronicle the events of time, that 1889 has broken all past records respecting sorrowful disasters and widespread calamities.

Briefly stated, it can be truthfully said that thousands upon thousands have met with sudden and violent deaths during the past year, while many other thousands that survive "have been in perils oft"—in perils at home, in perils abroad, in perils by water, in perils in storms, in perils in railroad wrecks, in perils by fire. So much so, that hair-breadth escapes have been as marked and marvelous, as have been the deaths of those who fell before the destructive power of calamities.

Therefore all that passed through the perils of a Conemaugh flood, or the perils of an Opera House disaster, or perils of other kinds here and elsewhere, ought to look back on the past year with feelings of gratitude. Yes, more, ought not only to feel grateful, but should express gratitude by giving thanks—provided always

that in doing so self-complacency be rigidly suppressed. Which translated into plain English means, that while duly appreciative of life—for its preservation, its benefits and blessings—care should be exercised lest we imagine we have been special objects of a discriminating providence, and, therefore, spared because we are wiser, or better, or more important in the eyes of heaven, than the thousands who were not so fortunate in escaping perils.

Forgetting the past in respect to its sad visitations, that is as far as is consistent with our profound sorrow for the loss of loved ones, it behooves now to look forward and not backward, upward instead of downward, so as to prepare for the duties and responsibilities of the year whose advent we have welcomed.

Schooled and disciplined as we have been in the adversities of 1889, we should be able to face whatever trials, crosses and vicissitudes await us in 1890, with an increase of knowledge, with great patience, with more of the virtues of a heroic fortitude.

With kind congratulations to all, with heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved and afflicted, and with best wishes for mankind at large, we sincerely hope this year may shower blessings upon the poor and the rich, upon old and the young, upon the low and the high, upon sinner and saint, upon foe and friend.

"THE SPIRIT OF '76."

"We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and pursuit of happiness: that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and whenever a government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people either to alter or abolish it."—Declaration of Independence.

The government of Brazil had been taking steps, prior to the exile of Dom Pedro, which warranted the belief by the people of the country that an unwarrantable jurisdiction was being gradually established over them. Imperialism was entrenching itself more firmly and extending its jurisdiction by assuming powers heretofore delegated to the people. The people were therefore justified in taking the revolutionary step, and now well they did it too. No bloodshed, not even the least interruption of business.

If Mr. Harrison will look over his grandfather's books and papers, he will find somewhere a copy of the Declaration of Independence, written by one Thomas Jefferson, who was personally known to the grandfather of this Administration, and President of the United States at the time the battle of Tippecanoe was fought.

Perhaps if Mr. Harrison were told of this circumstance he would be sufficiently interested in the historical document, to read it and learn enough about the rights of people to recognize the right in the people of Brazil to change their form of government.

There have been a good many jokes about the Russian influenza, "la grippe," as it is called; but the time for laughing seems to be passed. The disease was generally believed to be accompanied by nothing more than discomfort, and the report a week ago that it had assumed a fatal form in Vienna could hardly be believed at first. The startling death rate in Paris, however, fully confirms the earlier reports from Vienna, and there can be no longer any doubt that "la grippe" is not to be trifled with.

NATIONALISM appears to have gotten a grip on the United States Senate, with Edmunds and Ingalls advocating a National University, and Hear pleading for a National Reformatory. The next thing in order is a National Nursery, with baby carriages and nurses and officeholders to do the night-walking act.

Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, used to write poetry and, what is worse, publish it. The fact did not leak out in time to prevent his confirmation by the Senate.

The belief is growing that F. B. Gowen was murdered. The solution of the mystery of his death will make a chapter of intense dramatic interest.

It looks very much as if the new year will make its appearance carrying a parasol and a big palm leaf fan.

Raided Again. The Roberts den in Conemaugh borough has been raided again by the police. Mrs. Roberts, Emma Dunn, and Cinda Swank were taken to the lockup on a charge of disorderly conduct.

They were given a hearing before the Burgess yesterday evening, which resulted in their being found guilty of the charges. Mrs. Roberts paid fines and costs to the amount of \$15.40, and the other two in default of paying \$10.40 each, fines and costs, were detained in the lockup. The information was made by the people of the vicinity, who are totally disgusted with the indecent and disgraceful conduct of these offenders. The cases will likely be carried further as there is a determination to get rid of the annoyance of having these people in the neighborhood.

A Token of Appreciation for a Noble Act. Mr. John Hess, the engineer, who by blowing the whistle of his engine as he ran down the track around the bluff at East Conemaugh, to alarm the people at the approach of the flood, was presented a very costly gold watch and chain by a number of the people of that place, on Wednesday evening. Many lives were saved by this thoughtful act on the part of Mr. Hess, and the token presented is only a mild expression of the gratefulness of those who profited by the warning and escaped being washed away by the awful torrent.

New Year's day was not generally observed here as a holiday.

"IN THE FAIR LONG AGO."

Are the old remembered paths still green. O rose with the warm white heart? Do the elders yet o'er the waters lean And the same dim light shine soft between Where the trees and the brooklet part?

O rose with the warm white heart, Are the pine woods waving still? In May do the same wild blossoms start (Ah, me! that the years should have held us apart?)

From the valley and sloping hill? Whisper it low to my heart, O rose, Do the fairies still haunt the green When warm and fragrant the south wind blows, And far in the west the young moon glows With the fireflies' glimmer between?

O rose, when the hills grow brown and bleak With the shadow of autumn days, Do the truant children, vainly seek For the lilies that grew by the winding creek And courtained the shining ways?

Ah, wonder not that my pulses thrill, And my eyes grow dim with tears Because, O rose, thy petals spill Their musky fragrance above the still, Dark grave of the long, lost years. —Mayfield Herald.

THEIR NEW NEIGHBOR.

"Girls!" cried Margery Kearney, "I've seen him!—Clive Sterling—our new neighbor!"

In quite a whirl of excitement Margery had dashed into the cozy room where her three sisters were sitting. She was shining with rain, from the hood of her silver gray gossamer to the very tips of her rubbers. The fluffy brown curls across her forehead were sprinkled with bright drops, and her cheeks were glowing from her rapid walk.

"You did!" interrogatively chorused three eager voices. "I really did!"

"Is he handsome?" asked Janet, who appreciated all beauty as intensely as only a plain looking person can.

"Intellectual looking?" inquired Clotilde, who dipped daily into Emerson and professed to adore Ruskin.

"Jolly?" queried little Bertie, who was at the age when jolly people seemed created for her especial amusement.

"No—no—no!" laughed Margery. "Not handsome, or learned looking, or even jolly. He is simply the most awkward looking mortal I ever beheld!"

And she broke into a peal of heartiest laughter at the recollection of her encounter with their new neighbor.

"You see it was this way, girls," jerking off her gossamer, and disclosing a form attired in a dress of chocolate cashmere—a form that was trim, slim and willowy as that of sweet 17 is apt to be.

"I was running home in a great hurry—for it's chillier out than you folks imagine—and just as I came opposite the gate of 'The Oaks,' I stopped very suddenly. For right there was the most tremendous black dog I ever saw. I said: 'Go way! and he didn't budge. I shook my umbrella at him. He wasn't a bit afraid. I said: 'If you don't get out of the way I'll hit you!' and he actually grinned. There was nothing to do but step out in the street—it was so muddy, too—and walk around him. But just then—I suppose my dilemma was apparent from the house—down the path he came running. Oh, he looked so ridiculous! He is about as tall as Jack's bean stalk, lean as a lath, and brown as an Indian."

"Well," exclaimed Janet, "he must be charming!"

"Oh!" cried Margery, going off into a fresh paroxysm of laughter. "What, with his glasses and his coattails flying straight out as he rushed to my rescue he looked like some great curious, comical bird!"

"Birds don't wear glasses," corrected Bertie. "Was his coat a swallow tail?"

The appeal for information was signored. "Well, he called off the dog, and apologized for the monster, and—that's all."

"I wish he'd offer me the use of his library," sighed Clotilde.

"They say 'The Oaks' is a perfect palace as far as furnishing goes," murmured Janet.

"I think I'll ask him to loan me the lovely white pony," decided Bertie.

But this rash resolution was rashly crushed.

"The Oaks" had been shut up so long—ever since the Kearneys had come to live in the gray green cottage near by. Its owner had gone abroad on the death of his mother, three years ago, leaving his handsome house in the care of a couple of servants. But now that the news of his return had spread, curiosity was rife in the fashionable suburb of Riverview. And not the least interested were Clive Sterling's near neighbors.

A pleasant room this in which the sisters sat: a homelike room, even if the carpet was threadbare, the chairs venerable, the damask curtains darned—perhaps all the more homelike for these suggestions of social service and experience.

Janet went on with her task of remodeling an old dress. Clotilde went over to the window and looked wistfully through the drizzling rain to the red brick chimneys which rose above the house which held the coveted books.

Margery, obeying a sudden impulse, had snatched up her ever ready sketch book from the table and was scratching vigorously away. An ecstatic giggle from Bertie, who was peeping over her shoulder, called the attention of the others to her work.

"What is it?" asked Janet.

"Margery looked up with a nod and a smile.

"Wait a moment."

On her brisk pencil flew, the dimples in her pretty cheeks deepening as her mischievous smile grew.

"There!"

She held up the open book. The others looked around her.

"Oh, Margery!"

"He can't look like that!"

"What a caricature!"

Indeed, comical and grotesque was the drawing of the long, lank figure, with the spidery extremities, the flying coattails, the tremendous goggles.

"Oh, just a trifle accentuated—not quite a caricature," she said laughingly, as she scrawled under the picture the words: "Our New Neighbor."

"The rain is clearing off!" cried Bertie.

"I'm going to run and ask mamma if I mayn't go out."

And off she rushed. Soon, with her kitten in her arms and her little spaniel at her heels, she was out on the wet road. The rain had quite ceased. The afternoon sun, weary of sulking, was coming out in splendid state. In its radiance every drop on every clover leaf was a glittering jewel, and the pools in the street reflected bits of the brilliant sky.

On and on wandered Bertie, her scarlet skirt blowing backward, her yellow hair tangling flimsily as the breeze caught and played with it. As she passed "The Oaks" she paused to put her small, inquisitive face against the iron railing and peer through.

"What a grand, big house it was! And how smooth and green was the large lawn, all level with beds of bloom! And how sweet the flowers smelt after the rain—the geraniums and carnations, and sweetbrier and verbenas!"

"I should so love to see the funny man Sister Margery saw," she said to herself. And then, just as if she had had a magical ring, her wish was gratified. For out on the main walk, not twelve feet away, from a small side path came Mr. Sterling.

He saw the little maiden outside the railing—the bright-eyed, curious face. He liked children. He sauntered towards the gate.

"Hello, little lassie! what is your name?"

"Kearney, sir."

"Oh, you're one of the Kearney sisters, are you? Which one?"

"I'm not the clever one," she said.

He smiled.

"No? Clotilde is the clever one."

"Well?"

"And I'm not the good one. Janet is the good one."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," with a nod. "And I'm not the pretty one either. Margery is the pretty one."

"And you?"

"Oh, I'm the bad one. At least that is the way Uncle Dick says we ought to be dis-distinguished!"

She was breathless from her struggle with the big word.

"Then," he said, laughter lighting up his quiet brown eyes—"then it was Margery I saw today?"

"Yes, and I think," indignantly, "she was all wrong. I don't think you're one bit awkward."

"Eh?"

"I think you're downright nice. And some day—not now, because the girls said I mustn't, but some day, when we're better acquainted, I'm going to ask you to let me ride on your little white pony."

He bowed gravely.

"Certainly."

"It's so sweet!" growing friendly and confidential. "Do you know that last summer—keep still, Kitty Kearney!" to the pussy, which was wistfully attempting an escape—"last summer Margery, who is the grandest artist that ever lived, I think, made a sketch of it when it was out at pasture. Just wait here and I'll run and get it. Come on, Twig!"

Away she scampered, her little dog after her. Smiling amusedly, the tall, brown gentleman by the gate waited her return.

In about fifteen minutes she was back with a flat book under her arm.

"It is in there, and he is eating grass!"

He took the book rather diffidently, but very curiously, too. It could not matter. Sketches were made to be looked at. And this was a sketch of his own pet pony!

"By George!"

He almost dropped the book.

"Oh, please, please," cried Bertie, in an agony of remorse. "I quite forgot your picture was in there. What won't Margery say! Oh, never mind the pony's picture now!"

She snatched the book, turned, ran home as fast as her fat legs would carry her, leaving Clive Sterling crimsoning and laughing as he never had crimsoned and laughed before.

"Well, I've seen myself for once as others see me, thanks to the pretty one!"

He dropped his eye glasses and sauntered back to the house. For several days he neither saw nor heard anything of his neighbors. Then he chanced to encounter Bertie.

"Oh, please, I can't talk to you," the child said. "The girls say I am so unreliable. You know Margery caught me when I was sneaking her sketch book back, and made me tell her where I had taken it to."

"And then?"

"Then," confessed Bertie, with a comical gulp, "then she sat down and cried!"

"I say! No!"

"She did. There she is now! Oh, Margery, Margery!"

The girl had come unexpectedly around the corner. To avoid a meeting was impossible. She was quite near her sister and the master of "The Oaks."

"This is Mr. Sterling, Margery. You know you weren't reg-regularly introduced before. I've been telling him how you cried about—"

A delicious blush of mortification, regret, pleading swept across Margery's wild rose face. Frankly she held out her hand, lifted her clear eyes.

"I am so sorry for having been so rude! Will you forgive me if you can? And come over and play tennis this afternoon?"

"Thank you. Yes," he said.

"Why, Margery," the others said to her when he, after a rattling good game, had returned home, "he is just splendid!"

"Good looking, too?"

"And a gentleman!"

"All three!" decided Margery, promptly, as she sought the sketch of their new neighbor and deliberately tore it up. She is Mrs. Clive Sterling now.

Bertie was her bridesmaid.—Kate M. Cleary in New York Ledger.

Among odd and pretty German "favors" are perfume bottles made to simulate English walnuts. Ribbons or cords and tassels attach them to a button or to the wrist of the dancers.

FROM HIGH TOWERS.

How They Will Be Important Assistants in Meteorological Inquiry.

London is to have a larger edition of the Eiffel tower. It will be 1,300 feet high, and will enable scientific men to make important observations not possible on the earth's surface.

The proposed tower would allow of an inquiry into the atmospheric conditions up to 1,300 feet. Instruments for measuring the heat of the sun's rays, such as black bulb thermometers in vacuo, and actinometers, disposed at the top and bottom of the tower, would also give very interesting readings, the instruments at the highest station probably showing an excess of the sun's heat over the other, because of the atmospheric humidity intervening between the earth's immediate surface and an altitude of 1,300 feet.

Thermometers disposed at various heights and properly screened from radiation would show the temperature of the atmosphere at different levels; the air would probably be found cooler on rising higher and higher, giving this curious result—that the sun would be warmer at the top than at the bottom; but, in the absence of the sun, the air would be colder at the top. At night the distribution of the temperature in the atmosphere is known to be the reverse of the daytime. On a fine, clear night the temperature will be found higher at 1,000 feet than it is on the earth, while on a cloudy night it will be much the same at both stations; but we have much to learn of the laws of terrestrial radiation, and the proposed tower would be very useful in that respect.

Of course an observer would not be expected to race day and night up and down a tower 1,300 feet high, to make observations and read thermometers; this would be too great, and indeed an unnecessary devotion to science. The whole thing can be done from below in a comfortable building by means of Siemens' electric thermometers. Such an instrument has been used for some time, and is now at work at the Lincoln cathedral, giving correct thermometer readings on the earth's surface from a height of 270 feet. Besides observations for temperature at various altitudes, the state of humidity of the atmosphere, a condition greatly concerned in the formation of fogs, could be readily examined, dry and wet bulb thermometers disposed at various heights and in electrical connection with the station below would yield interesting observations, and assist materially in conjunction with the barometer in forecasting the weather.

The force and direction of the winds at various altitudes are subjects for meteorological inquiry of much interest and importance; there are eddies in the atmosphere, spiral and upward currents, of which little is known, and a tower such as that now contemplated would allow of very interesting observations to be made on winds. We may also venture to suggest that the information thus obtained would have an important practical bearing in an engineering point of view, as showing the strength of the wind buildings may have to withstand at great heights. The measurement of rainfall, made simultaneously at 1,300 feet and on the ground, would add to our knowledge of the laws of rainfall; it would be found that less rain falls at the top than at the bottom. The connection of this phenomenon with atmospheric humidity and temperature would be very interesting to investigate.

Finally, earth tremors, the forerunners of earthquakes, would be felt at the summit of a high tower much more readily than in contact with the earth, and earthquakes might be expected to produce greatly magnified effects at such an elevation; hence a seismometer would find a fitting place at the top of the proposed building. A great deal might be added on this subject. We have not touched on the astronomical uses of a very high tower from the greater clearness of the atmosphere at such an altitude. There are also other points of physiological interest that could have been dwelt upon, such as the influence of an altitude of 1,300 feet on respiration, or on the nervous system. It might be remarked that there would be little fear of feeling giddy when looking down from a tower of such a height, although the view over a precipice of 1,300 feet would not be unlikely to produce a most unpleasant sensation.—British Medical Journal.

To Pump Down Ozone.

Sir Edwin Chadwick, known in England as "the father of sanitary science," in a recent interview said: "I do so believe in fresh air. My pet project, at which a correspondent in the papers laughed some time ago, is to build great towers in our cities and pump down the ozone from above; there is a wonderful American machine for pumping which actually makes 1,200 revolutions in a second. Well, that would soon purify a neighborhood. At the base of St. Paul's there is no ozone; there is at the summit. How often my government clerks have asked leave to take home their work, finding it impossible to do anything in the poisoned air of the great public offices. This system, about which I have consulted M. Eiffel himself, who thinks very highly of the idea, would effect a revolution in the health of our great cities. On a very small scale it has been tried and found to answer perfectly upon some of the great 'liners' at sea."—Boston Transcript.

A True Likeness of George Washington.

A description of the personal appearance of Washington, written in 1799, is reprinted in The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography: "Gen. Washington is now in the 47th year of his age. He is a tall, well made man, rather large boned, and has a tolerably genteel address; his features are manly and bold, his eyes of a bluish cast, and very lively; his hair a deep brown, his face rather long and marked with the smallpox; his complexion sallow and without much color, and his countenance sensible, composed and thoughtful; there is a remarkable air of dignity about him, with a striking degree of gracefulness."

MY NEIGHBOR'S TREE.

LESSON TAUGHT BY CLOSE STUDY OF THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

As It Looks and Seems to Be—Summer and Winter—The Glitter After a Spring Shower—The Thunder Storms and Autumns of Life—What They Mean.

My room, which is in a high house, is on an even height with the crown of the tree opposite. For seven years this tree has been a true friend to me. How often it has refreshed my sight! I have here at different times jotted down what I saw, thought and dreamed about it.

Everything in nature has its fixed destiny—man alone has the worry. In nature there is a "must," with man it is "you shall," and, therefore, there is a desire of freedom in the heart of mankind, an endeavor to discern our natural destination. Schiller says: Seek you the highest, the greatest? the plant can teach you it!

What it is without a will, you should be willingly. The history of religion begins with divine adoration of certain trees, and this culture became so deeply rooted that it was difficult to destroy it. The envoys of Christianity had to apply the ax to the holy trees to destroy this kind of worship.

The crown of the tree is too high to be reached by regulating garden shears; it rounds itself. Take a lesson from the tree, raise yourself up, man; learn to stand high in yourself and the world cannot mold you against your will. My tree stands in my neighbor's garden. It is not mine, and yet my pleasure is not decreased by the thought that it is not my property. In the contemplation of that which is eternal there is no mine and thine, and the pleasure makes one happy and asks not from whence it came.

It is a withered tree during the winter, and the thought arises, "Who knows if it yet lives? Will leaves, branches and fruit thrive again?" Spring—new or returning life—will show.

After a spring shower, how all the branches glitter with the hanging drops, which play in wonderful colors. What an absorption there must be in the trees! As soon as the rain ceases the finch appears and sings his song so gaily that it seems the merry fellow had freshly moistened his throat; and, indeed, it is so, for man and bird sing better after a rain than in dry and close air.

The tree has its hours of animation. Science has discovered that the life of a plant is strongest under the influence of the light, especially in the hours before midday.

In April there was another snow. All the branches were laden, all day long the flakes whirled about, and it was all still and quiet, except now and then a complaint from the finch. A chill pervaded nature; even people in heated rooms could not keep warm. It seemed as if life and soul were in sympathy with the millionfold sorrow of the scared away birds and newly opened blossoms. Whoever enjoys the life of nature must also suffer with it. Nature's life is harsh and sharp, for all life is a struggle. Even if a thousand blossoms, which have scarcely bloomed, pass away, the development of nature's forces is overflowing; also in human life only little comes to pass which blossoms in the mind as wish and aspiration.

The tree takes in only fluid food, and corresponds in this point with the first life of the child or animal. A child destroying a plaything which is put together by strange hands is forced to do so by its curiosity to examine the inner works. Neither can science act differently than to follow natural life, and by investigation it kills that taken in hand. To be separated from nature has a tendency to make tender.

A hail storm has broken off a branch and another will not grow again in its place, but the tree may add new branches and twigs, and the wound of the torn off branch may heal up.

A thunder storm in the vicinity has snapped off trees and uprooted others, and when a tree is down and its roots are exposed it is not questioned how it was thrown down and uprooted, but how it could have existed and grown in such a thin layer of soil. So it is with many so called heroes; when they have fallen one can scarcely conceive the possibility of their former state. Autumn comes with such force that you feel as though you were parting with the dearest associates; that you had not fully returned their friendship, and that you had not enjoyed them as you could and should have done. The reflection returns how you could have hoped in the spring to take in the life of summer in full draughts, and, having neglected it, it is now too late; and so it will be in the autumn of your life.

Cease remorse, which overcomes you with the falling of the leaves. Wake up and work in the new day. Inasmuch as the fallen leaf returns to its stem, so will a day passed return to you, but there will be new leaves and new days as long as life is allowed to you. The stripping of the leaves seems to go on more quickly than the leafing, because the falling of the leaves is more plainly visible, although the dying off of the tree really lasts as long as its return to life.

He who studies nature in winter is nearer to it than the season enjoying ones, the city people, who only go into the country when the table of nature is set. Can one say of such persons, who are unfaithful to nature: "Yesterday they seemed so near to you, and today they act almost as though they would ask: 'Who are you?'" Yes, there are people whose perception of life is only quickly withering grass, and many persons' moods very like the weather. But in the firmer ones it is like the tree—although it is leafless you fully understand it.—German of Berthold Auerbach.

How It Happened.

Youngchap—How does it happen that your hair is so much grayer than your whiskers? Oldboy—My hair is ever so much older, you know.—Cape Argus.