

**A Song of Life.**  
He that clingeth unto life  
For the fond lips of a wife,  
Hath, I know, great joy to live;  
Earth hath nothing more to give—  
Of all gifts that heaven confer,  
Sweeter than the love of her.

He that is to life beguiled  
By the clinging of a child,  
Hath, I know, great store of grace  
And with love a dwelling place.  
For all heaven hath dreamed and smiled  
In the sweet face of a child.

He that unto life is drawn  
When the dark bath drowned the dawn,  
When no wife's lips sigh or sing—  
When no child arms and cling  
Still hath hope, for in the night  
Cometh dreams and gleams of light!

So, though love be lost to thee,  
Life, though lonely, sweet may be.  
Can't thou take, when sorely opprest,  
Other burdens to thy breast?  
Love unto the love can give?  
Thou shalt bless thyself and live!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

**UNCLE GILLET'S MONEY.**

There were three Miss Gillets, spinners, who lived with their uncle, a bachelor, in the old stone house at Atwater, and in pointing them out to strangers the Atwaterites were accustomed to remark upon the fact that it was love of money with them, and that a Miss Gillet who married would cease to be her uncle's heiress.

When his brother and his wife died in one week of a fever, the bachelor uncle had done his best for the young people. He educated them and allowed them a few female friends.

But as they grew up one law was maintained with inviolable rigidity. There was to be no courting and no marrying beneath his roof.

They were pretty girls—tall, slender, red-checked and blue eyed—girls to be loved and married by nature; but there was Uncle Gillet's money. So they grew up and grew older, still single, and not one of them had ever had a thought of marriage in all her life.

It was a well understood matter in the village, as well as in the family, that, marrying, a Miss Gillet lost her inheritance. Dr. Rush had heard it, and believed it to be true, when Uncle Gillet, having a touch of rheumatism, sent for him.

He had always thought the three slender girls the prettiest things he had ever seen, but when he stood face to face with Dolly, he fell in love with her. He looked after her as she went out of the room, and Uncle Gillet looked at him sharply.

"My niece is a pretty girl," he said, "I see you think so. She's a sensible girl, too. They are all sensible girls; they prefer a single life and independence to the miseries of marriage."

"By your advice, I believe," said the doctor.

"It's a miserable muddle altogether, this marriage," said Uncle Gillet; "don't talk about it any more."

Dr. Rush did not at that time, but about dusk next evening Dolly, crossing the bridge just out of Atwater, paused to look down into the water, and then and there someone came behind her and said:

"Miss Gillett."

She turned with a start. It was Dr. Rush.

"I have just left the good uncle; he is better. He will be well in a day or two. He has a strong constitution and is a man to live to be a hundred years old."

"Then I shall be able to walk out occasionally, now."

"But you'll take a walk over the bridge tomorrow?" said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps so," said Dolly.

And so she did. She took a great many; and at last one day Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger and to kiss her lips.

"I shan't have a penny," said Dolly. "You are sure you don't mind?"

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor. "And you must marry me in a month. Promise, Dolly."

Dolly promised.

Georgiana and Milly sat at work together that evening while Uncle Gillet read.

Dolly was not sewing. She held the work, it is true, but her hand never moved toward the needle. She did not hear a word that was uttered; but when at last there came a pause she dropped the muslin and started to her feet.

"If you please, uncle," she said, "there's something I must tell. I can't keep it secret any longer. I'm going to marry Dr. Rush."

Georgiana and Millicent screamed in chorns.

"You are, eh?" said Uncle Gillet.

"Yes, sir," said Dolly.

"And he knows my opinions?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "He knows that except the two or three

hundred dollars I have for clothes I'll never have a penny."

"Then make fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillet.

"You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Dolly.

"No; but I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillet. "I never go to weddings or executions."

Dolly married her Richard Rush. Georgiana and Millicent wept, as custom required, and spoke of their sister as "poor Dolly."

Dr. Rush trudged over the low country in all weathers and at all hours; and so one night some ruffian, who did not know how empty his wallet was, attacked him in a lonely place and left him for dead.

A farmer going home early carried him home in his wagon, and he was cared for as well as might be; but a broken leg and dislocated shoulder are no light matters, and Dolly hardly knew what to do or where to turn.

She was only sure of one thing, her love for Richard, which grew greater with every trial. For the sake of this she put her pride down, and, leaving the servant with her husband one day, trudged over to her uncle's house.

She paused within sight of the house, hardly daring to go on, and, as she did so the door opened and a servant came out, who stopped for a moment and re-entered, and as she closed the door a black streamlet flouted in the air. There was crape on the door.

Faint with terror Dolly hurried on. In the hall her sisters, who had seen her coming, hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillet was dead. He had expired suddenly at the dinner table and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement.

Dolly went into the still room and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her dolls of wine and jelly and a few dollars.

She went to the funeral, Georgiana, sending her the black dress. And as she sat in the parlor afterward awaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past, and the monotonous rendering of the saids and aforesaid made no impression upon her until her own name caught her ear. Then she looked up. Millicent and Georgiana were both staring hard at her.

"What is it?" she asked. "I did not hear."

Millicent had covered her face with her kerchief and was crying. Georgiana had flushed red as a peony.

"It means that we have been slaves all these years for nothing," she said. "You are the heiress."—Boston Globe.

**An Avalanche in Maine.**

When nature does anything in the vast northern Maine wilderness, she does it on a grand scale, and now comes news of a landslide there, compared with which the famous avalanche of the Crawford notch was but child's play. One evening not long ago, during one of the heavy thunder showers, lightning struck the summit of Mt. Baker. Mr. Bandall who lives alone in his camp about five miles from the mountain, heard amid the crashes of thunder a long-drawn roaring unlike anything he had heard before. It startled him so as to drive sleep from him during the night and in the morning he started out to find whence the sound came. One glance at the Baker mountain solved the mystery. Thousands of tons of rocks, loosened probably by the lightning shock, had ploughed a trough an eighth of a mile wide from summit to base of the peak. For several miles the enormous trees had been swept before the avalanche and buried under twenty-five feet of gravel. The news reached the lower settlements a day or two later, being borne by the thick muddy water that changed the character of Lyford Ponds, Silver lake and Pleasant river. An expedition started northward to learn the cause of this mud, and heard the whole story at Randall's camp.—Lawiston (Me.) Journal.

**Moccasins.**

The wearing of moccasins is so common in the rural districts of Maine and New Brunswick that white shoemakers find it profitable to manufacture them wholesale, although the Indians are still reputed to make the best. The true moccasin is a light, thin foot covering of deerskin; but what is even more in use, is a moccasin with an extra thickness of leather under the sole, and it comes a little higher on the ankle. The lumbermen wear "harrigans," which are made sometimes of deer hide and sometimes of moose leather, thick, strong, stiff, and oiled until they are as yellow as bar soap. They are shaped like boots, with heavy soles, and reach half way to the knee.—New York Sun.

**Taking Him Down.**

A good story is told by the London World of a purse-proud old nobleman who was traveling through the rural districts of Sweden. In that country evidently the people do not have quite as much respect for titled aristocracy as in some other localities on the Continent.

One day the nobleman came rolling up to a country tavern, and as he stopped his carriage he called out in an imperious tone:

"Horses, landlord—horse at once."

"I am very much pained to inform you that you will have to wait over an hour before fresh horses can be brought up," replied the landlord, calmly.

"How!" violently exclaimed the nobleman. "This to me! My man, I demand horses immediately."

Then observing the fresh, sleek-looking ones being led up to another carriage, he continued:

"For whom are those horses?"

"They are ordered for this gentleman," replied the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

"I say, my man," called out the nobleman, "will you let me have those horses if I pay you a liberal bonus?"

"No," answered the slim man; "I intend to use them myself."

"Perhaps you are not aware who I am," roared the now thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. "I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron George Sparre, the last and only one of my race."

"I am very glad to hear that," said the slim man, stepping into the carriage. "It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a foot race."

The slim man was the King of Sweden.

**The Cormorant at Work.**

Those who watch the cormorant's diving feats are usually so interested in the fortunes of the chase, as the handsome bird dashes after the fish, that not one visitor in twenty observes that, from the mode of its entering the water to its exit, its methods of movement are absolutely different to those of the penguins. The cormorant does not plunge headlong. It launches itself on the surface, and then "jumps" like a grebe.

Its wings are not used as propellers, but trail unresistingly level with its body, and the speed at which it courses through the water is wholly due to the swimming powers of its large and ugly webbed feet. These are set on quite at the end of the body, and work incessantly like a treadle, or the floats of a stern wheel steamer. Yet the conditions of submarine motion are so favorable that the speed of the bird below the surface is three or four times greater than that gained by equal rapid movements of the feet when it has risen and is swimming on the top.

The luster of the feathers in the clear water, the cloud of brilliant bubbles which pour from the plumage, like the nebulous train of a comet, as the bird rushes through the water, and the sapphire light of the large blue eye make the cormorant's fishing one of the prettiest aquatic exercises in the world.—Spectator.

**Croup and Diphtheria.**

While smallpox has been brought within comparative control by vaccination there are other deadly diseases over which, until within recent times, the science of medicine has been unable to exert any check. Among these are croup and diphtheria.

A number of European scientists have been devoting their time to study of these diseases, as Pasteur, Koch and others have done in the field of bacteriology, working with more specific aim in different directions. The mortality among children from diphtheria especially is so high, often keeping up a pace of twenty-five per cent, that any preventive of so frightful a plague is hailed with eagerness. While it is not true that medical science yet claims infallibility for croup or diphtheria preventives, it is known by actual results that they are effectual to a large degree; it is only the disability of the protection they afford that is in doubt and that time alone can settle.

The council will be asked to authorize the health department of Chicago to send to Berlin for supplies of the diphtheria remedy. The resolutions should include authority to send to Paris for the croup remedy.—Chicago Herald.

**Pleasing, but Ineffective.**

Husband—You are crowned with beauty, dear.

Wife—That's all right, Charlie, but I've got to have a new winter bonnet just the same.—Detroit Free Press.

**FOR LITTLE ONES.**

**HOW LOVING MOTHERS CAN DRESS THEIR TOTS IN STYLE.**

**Inexpensive But Effective Dresses—Reproducing the Latest Designs at Home—The Most Suitable Material.**

SKILLED artists and clever designers have combined their energies and devoted the past summer to new styles and picturesque fancies for the benefit of the younger generation. In consequence bright eyes and rosy cheeks are shown off to perfection, and the babies look as though they had just stepped out of some beautiful far-away world, where they and their belongings were the only objects of any importance. Few of these lovely little wraps, bonnets or gowns are made with the slightest thought of economy. Rich silks, velvets, furs and real lace are prominent features, and when the mother's love and pocketbook are not



A BONNET AND A BABY.

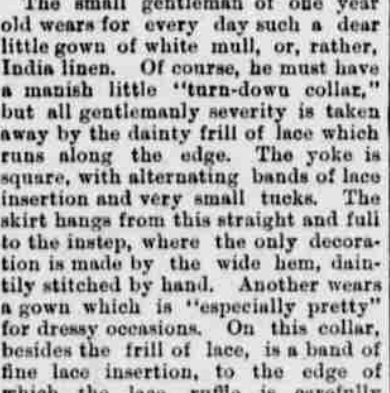
on good terms she will have to exercise all her love and patience, and, with less expensive but not necessarily less effective materials, copy the small garments displayed for her inspection.



TWO HANDSOME COSTUMES FOR LITTLE GIRLS

The design shown in the first illustration is very, very large—when the tiny head inside is taken into consideration. The material is palest blue and white corded bengaline, with the upper part of the crown all puffed and pleated and gathered until it is a perfect marvel. Just in front is a perfect wilderness of pale blue ribbon bows, while all around the edge is a band of dainty arabesque fur. The full cape keeps every breath of air away from the delicate little throat and gives besides a very picturesque effect.

The small gentleman of one year old wears for every day such a dear little gown of white mull, or rather, India linen. Of course, he must have a manish little "turn-down collar," but all gentlemanly severity is taken away by the dainty frill of lace which runs along the edge. The yoke is square, with alternating bands of lace insertion and very small tucks. The skirt hangs from this straight and full to the instep, where the only decoration is made by the wide hem, daintily stitched by hand. Another wears a gown which is "especially pretty" for dressy occasions. On this collar, besides the frill of lace, is a band of fine lace insertion, to the edge of which the lace ruffle is carefully



ALL IN WHITE.

the same color, trimmed with narrow bands of otter, and lined with pale pink satin. The cloth could not, of course, be shirred in front, so the wrap would be simply double-breasted and fastened with pearl buttons.—Washington Star.



MUCH RUFFLED.

stitched. The yoke is slightly puffed, with a "heading" of the lace insertion. The skirt has two clusters of

tucks—two in each—and rather a deep hem. Should a more elaborate effect be desired, insertion may be very effectively placed between the tucks, or more and finer tucks be made.

For a girl of five a dear little gown is shown in the second cut. India linen is the material employed, and the design is most simple. Merely a round yoke of alternating bands of narrow tucks and lace insertion, bordered with a full ruffle of mull embroidery. The other ruffles are only sleeve caps, and should be sewed in with the sleeve. The skirt is straight and full, with bands of lace insertion placed between the clusters of tucks. This is one of the prettiest and daintiest dresses I have seen, and would make up especially pretty in China silk, with ruffles of lace.

The third gown is extremely pretty and the design is altogether new and odd. The dress is made with a perfectly plain round yoke, which is concealed by the deep collar which falls over it, and is the distinctive feature. It is almost impossible to tell exactly in what manner it is made, so I shall merely say that the sections of linen are slightly puffed and joined by lace insertion, which edges them completely around, and which is in turn bordered by a frill of lace. The straight skirt has a band of insertion just above the hem, and above this four dainty tucks.

The last drawing shows what my lady wears when she goes out for a walk. The model—an imported coat—was of white bengaline, with trimmings of ermine, and linings of white China silks. In front it is shirred across the "double breast" in order to give the requisite fullness. The arrangement over the shoulders acted at once as collar, cape and epaulettes, the back falling in stiff pleats. Under this and coming from the neck was a large Watteau pleat, which gave the requisite fullness to the back. The cap was, however, the cutest thing—of white bengaline to match the wrap and trimmed with stiff upright bows of white satin ribbon and funny little ermine tails. A band of this beautiful fur bordered the cap, and just a trifle to one side was an ermine head. The whole outfit was the prettiest

thing imaginable, and the pattern is a lovely one to develop in broadcloth. In this case get the color known as "mode," and make with velvet cape of

STEEL IS THE CRY NOW.

It doesn't take Madame Fashion, Jr., very long to predict that the reign of steel has begun. There is nothing more elegant or effective in the realm of trimming materials than cut steel. Black cloth and silk trimmed with steel is extremely elegant, and such strides have been made in methods of polishing and treating steel that the trimmings now will be far more effective and durable than ever has been produced before. Already a few rare models are shown in which velvet coats are made perfectly barbaric and brilliant with square flat collet of steel spangles laid on like steel pistons in old-time armor. The fashionable queen of brilliants this season will wear a bonnet all a-glitter with steel.

Mohammed Ben Bourbon, an Algerian cattle dealer, now claims to be one of the Bourbons and to have the best claim to the throne of France.

**KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS**

**NUNS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS**  
**Sons of America Oppose Them and Present Immigration Laws.**

The Patriotic Order of Sons of America, of Dauphin, Lebanon, Cumberland, York and Perry counties, Pa., in district convention, adopted resolutions against the continuance of the present system of immigration and demanding the imposition of a head tax on immigrants large enough to prevent steamship companies from paying it and that an educational test be applied before immigrants are admitted to this country.

Another resolution declared that the employment of nuns as teachers in the public schools is dangerous to the latter and equally dangerous to religious tolerance. The Legislature is asked to pass legislation to practically prohibit the employment of nuns in the public schools.

**A PLEASANT SURPRISE.**

Charles Britzer of Port Perry received a dispatch notifying him of a snug fortune that had been left to him by his grandfather. His grandfather, Charles Britzer, Sr., was one of the foremost families of Somerset county. He left property valued at \$50,000, and in his will left the bulk of it to his grandson bearing his name. When young Britzer received the message he was on his way to work with his dinner bucket in his hand.

**QUAIL STOCK.**

Game Warden John W. Hague received 20 dozen live quail for distribution around Pittsburg. For time sportsmen have been complaining that these birds were scarce, and it was agreed by a large number that they would not shoot any for several years. If the game warden would undertake to stock the country, the birds will be distributed through Allegheny and Beaver counties in lots of one dozen. They will be sent to farmers who will promise to feed and care for them until spring and then turn them out.

**SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT MERCER.**

Representatives from the various Grand Army posts of Mercer county, appointed to select a location for the new soldiers' monument, have chosen Mercer as the proper place. The cost of the shaft will depend on the amount of money raised.

**ARRRESTS AT KITTANNING.**

Last Christmas Bowser Bros. stock barn at Kittanning was fired and 23 speed horses, some worth hundreds of dollars, were burned. James Still, Thomas Gilling and Frank Neal have been arrested for the firing. They belong to some of the leading families of Manor township. Their arrest has created a sensation.

**CLOSED BY THE SHERIFF.**

The sheriff closed the large grocery store of Charles A. Hoon at Beaver Falls at the suit of T. W. Renouf and others. Mr. Hoon has been doing business in this town for a number of years and the failure was very unexpected.

**TO DESTROY GERMS IN MILK.**

It has been announced from the Pennsylvania state experimental station at Bellefonte that milk heated to only 170 degrees will totally destroy all disease germs, including tuberculosis and not the flavor of the milk or cream.

**MUTE MURDERED.**

James Naughton was murdered by William Brickley in a barroom fight at the Tremont Hotel, Pittsburg. Both were deaf mutes and had always been companions. Naughton and Brickley had been drinking to excess and the fatal quarrel arose over a trifling matter. Brickley knocked Naughton down and jumped upon him. Before the bystanders could interfere Brickley killed him.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union at Sharon have begun a war on the pool rooms and the display of objectionable theatrical lithographs by circulating a petition for their abolition, which is to be presented to the City Council.

At Scranton Tuesday Ex-Congressman Daniel W. Connelly died after a brief illness. He represented the Eleventh Pennsylvania in the Forty-eighth congress and was postmaster of Scranton during President Cleveland's first administration.

New Wilmington is experiencing a reign of terror as the result of the recent depredations of a gang of thieves who have robbed the Wilmington Junction station the railroad tool house and J. A. Giann's hardware store.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Mullen of the Catholic diocese of Erie has appointed Rev. Peter J. Sheridan of Clearfield to the office of vicar-general made vacant by Rev. E. A. Casey. The new vicar-general is a relative of Gen. Sheridan.

At Greensburg, Saturday, the sentence of death was pronounced on William Freeman, who murdered his wife at Mt. Pleasant. Frank Williams, for the murder of John Adley, got, seventeen years and five months.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Company ordered their collieries on last June in pursuance of the action of the coal sales agents in New York in restricting the output to half of that of last June.

Mrs. Ella Ray Smith and Miss Callendon lost their lives in a boarding house fire at Philadelphia Saturday. The rest of the boarders narrowly escaped with their lives.

Joseph L. Taylor was killed and Matthew Taylor and Joseph Kurtz fatally injured and Frank Hunslet and Vincent Korte hurt by a fall of clay at a Latrobe clay bank.

At a meeting of the poor directors of Beaver county they fixed their estimate of expenses at \$24,000. This is considerably larger than last year.

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Union Agricultural association was held in Burgetstown Saturday. A balance of \$1,490 was reported in the treasury.

John Good, the negro who shot and killed Mac Slaughter at Moorewood, a month ago, was convicted at Greensburg of murder in the first degree.

About January 1 the Fort Wayne tracks at Rochester are to be lowered from the present grade and additional tracks laid.

The jury in the Danville bridge case at Lock Haven, returned a verdict of \$34,329 for the bridge company.

Fred C. Baker, of New Brighton, has purchased the Enterprise pottery of that place.

Wilson Webster, of Thumpton, last week killed a wild cat with a club on Darling Run.

**To Gauge Trembling.**

A Continental physician has recently invented the tronometer, a device for gauging the trembling of nervous people. This instrument consists of a metal plate, pierced with twenty holes of different sizes in a graduated scale, and a needle, which the patient endeavors to put into the holes. When he has succeeded in placing the needle in a hole, he completes an electric contact and rings a bell. The immoderate use of coffee or stimulants, as well as lead or mercurial poisoning, produces tremblings which can be tested with this simple appliance.