THE SONG OF A SOUL.

A LEGEND OF THE STRING INSTRUMENT FOUNDED ON ERROR.

Mr. Thomas Catgut's Touching Account of His Passion For Miss Pussy Carmine and the Tragedy That Resulted Therefrom, Under the Musician's Touch.

It is known to only a few people that the devil once had a daughter—that was many years ago. The Lord be praised, she lived only a short time. She was cut off in her youth. She came to this world in the guise of a graceful kitten, and I, Mr. Thomas Katgut, was destined to have my fate intermingled with hers.

While strolling along the banks of a pleasant little stream I first met Miss Pussy Carmine, and well was she named. When I gazed into her eyes, they seemed to glow with fire, and when I drew my eyes away they were so dazzled that all around and about me seemed for a moment to be red, and the soft gray fur with which she was covered seemed to be tipped with scarlet.

Despite the fact that my entire heart went out to her in adoration at first sight, I could not but be conscious of a strange and unusual feeling which I could not localize. It seemed to draw and strain until it fairly ached, but I could not place it. It was not my heart, nor yet my liver, and it seemed to be far from my head. This meeting was but the first of many. Night after night we met, but in the midst of transports of joy and ecstasies of bliss which these meetings brought to me I always continued to experience the indescribable feeling, vague, unappreciable, yet always there when in her presence.

One night I felt that I could no longer contain my feelings, so, on the banks of the river, on the very spot where first we met, I told her of my love. And, oh, the effect! Fire seemed to flash from her eyes and mouth and each individual hair on her body was aflame. All the devil in her seemed to be let loose. Before my astonishment gave me a chance to act she leaped upon me and began to scratch and tear and gnaw and bite. And in the midst of all the horror and pain of it came that same indescribable feeling in the undiscovered place.

I was perfectly powerless to resist her murderous attacks, and any efforts on my part would have been useless, for I felt that my hour had come. Without pausing, she continued to scratch and tear at me until finally, feeling that I was in the act of taking my last breath, I opened my eyes to cast a last look upon this sad but beautiful world. Just then Miss Pussy seemed to have exhausted her vitality, for she fell back dying even as my last fluttering breath issued from my lips. And then my soul left its earthly dwelling place, and, hovering above, looked down on the scene of the late tragedy.

"Horrible dicta!" My own body lay there lacerated and torn, but the body of the devil's daughter had vanished into space.

Eager as I was to soar away to a better land, I could not tear myself from the spot, but lingered around my poor body in the hope that some kind mortal would find it and give it decent burial. But alas for all my hopes! At early dawn a strange looking man, tall and lean, with long hair and bony, slender fingers, came wandering toward our late trysting place. Suddenly he saw my body, and a trembling took possession of him, which he soon controlled, and lifting me gently by the tail, carried me for some distance until we came to a little house in the woods which seemed to be his own. My soul followed through space, eager to see what was to become of my body. This awful man, who, it seemed, was the commander in chief of an army organized for the advancement of music, took my murderous looking knife and deliberately cut my poor body into bits. He cut in deep until he reached my very vitals, and as the knife touched them my soul gave a long, quivering cry of satisfaction, for he had touched the spot which had always responded to Miss Pussy's advances, and which, while I had lived, had always eluded my defense. He took up my vitals and cut them into fifteen strips and strung them across the window to dry. Though [illegible] were finally separated, [illegible] each time a breeze [illegible] my soul could not [illegible]

[illegible] to please the [illegible] he nearly went [illegible] of feeling. He wanting [illegible] were my vitals [illegible] of gut, and finally drew [illegible] a peculiar piece of glazed [illegible] fingers a roll in memo[illegible] and sighed [illegible] the instrument seemed [illegible] and moderate [illegible] to mingle [illegible] of such sweetness [illegible] effect was [illegible]

[illegible] that my soul has never [illegible] gratifying piece for mingled [illegible] and tears as ever these sweet [illegible] harmoniously inter[illegible] music, which tinds [illegible] holding the bow even from [illegible]

Catgut.—This is not a true story. It has always been known that [illegible] and Mr. Thomas [illegible] tells this story, is [illegible] to the rule. In proof of [illegible] I call your attention to the definition of the word catgut in most dictionaries, which will be found about as follows:

Catgut.—The name given to material of which the strings of musical instruments are formed. It is made from the intestines of the sheep and sometimes from those of the horse, but never from [illegible] —Anna Lewi in New York [illegible]

LAFAYETTE THE COURTIER.

Stories of the Gallant Frenchman and His Second Visit to America.

Many charming stories have been told by old ladies who were in their prime when Lafayette made his second visit to America of the gallant Frenchman's courtesy.

On the day of his public reception in Virginia he rode in an open carriage without his hat, exposed to the rays of a brilliant sun, bowing to the crowds always ready to greet him. There was some apprehension that sunstroke might be the penalty of his politeness, but the marquis was an old soldier. Before leaving home he had put a damp towel into his capacious wig and, protected by his helmet, he could indulge his French politeness with impunity. French and American revolutions and Austrian dungeons had taught him the art of self preservation.

The most charming story is of earlier date—his visit to the mother of Washington. He found her in the garden, raking together dried weeds and sticks, preparatory to a bonfire, arrayed in a linsey skirt, sack and tiyond trimmed hat tied over the plaited border of her cap.

The hostess met the situation with the composure of a duchess. Dropping her rake, she took between her bare palms the hand the nobleman extended as he bowed before her and said:

"Ah, marquis! You have come to see an old woman! I can make you welcome without changing my dress. I am glad to see you. I have often heard my son George speak of you. But come in."

Preceding him into her living room, she placed herself opposite him, erect as a girl of 18, never touching the tall, straight back of her chair, while she listened to the praises of her son poured forth by the eloquent Frenchman.

Then she mixed with her own hands a seeding drink and offered it to the general with a plate of homemade ginger cakes. The man of the world accepted the beverage as simply and gracefully as it was tendered, pronounced it delicious and arose to go. Would she give him her blessing?

She looked up to heaven, folded her hands and prayed that God would grant him "safety, happiness, prosperity and peace."—Youth's Companion.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

If You Are Dead Broke, Own Up Like an Honest Man.

Dead broke is not an accurate term. It is relative. A millionaire considers himself dead broke when he finds that he has only a V in his pocket. Men of less means think they are dead broke when they can find but a quarter or a half in their pockets. But with the mass of people who haven't very much even when at their best, dead broke means that condition in which a man finds himself without a nickel in his pockets. Pennies don't cut any ice. Even three or four of them won't pay car fare, and while a nice dime won't carfare the walk to Cummunsville at midnight seems long—awfully long.

"That's what ailed me the other night," said a resident of that suburb. "I didn't have a nickel to my name—not a nick. So I tried to work the conductor. When he struck me I felt in my pockets, first one, then the other and then looked dazed.

"'I had a nickel,' I said, 'but blame me if I know where it is.'

"'Too then, old man,' said the heartless man in line. 'I'll have to walk a little just for change as you haven't got it.' Think of a man getting off a joke like that.

"I walked, but not far. Tried another conductor with the same racket. Didn't work. He was heartless also. I knew I'd get home if the cars kept coming, but the last car would be due soon. Then I thought of the old motto, 'Honesty is the best policy.' I'll try it on.

"I got on the car and held up my head. When the man with the badge came along, I said:

"'I'm dead broke, old man. Let me take a streak home, will you?'

"That worked like a charm. He was the best conductor I ever saw. He knew I was telling the truth. The others thought I was lying, and I was, but not in the way they thought. All he said was:

"'All right, old fellow. Don't give it away though.'

"Not quite four o'clock, I said. Then I arose quietly, crept the sleep of the just [illegible] hereafter I'm going [illegible] the truth, not what it may [illegible]—Detroit Commercial Tribune.

Belt and Loudon.

In the covers of a popular tract I see the question, "Hell is a city much like London." If this were so, would cheerfully accept a sentence which should doom me to hell and on my part as a citizen to the pains of a railway carriage in an Edinburgh second train. The train had been waiting long at a certain station, and there was no appearance of its starting, when the worthy remarked, "They're a gey lang time oot here."

"I beg your pardon," said the lady.

"I'm sayin' they're an awfu' dauntin aguid here," said the old fellow.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," she replied.

"I'm remarkin they're a verra dreigh oot here the nicht," the old gentleman fairly ventured.

"Really I must again beg your pardon," said the lady, with marked embarrassment, "but I do not comprehend you."

"I was just trying to say the train was late," he finally blurted.

"Indeed, sir, it is very late," agreed the lady.

And the conversation collapsed.—Dundee News.

Good Logic to a Great Way.

"Miss Bigsnob is a beautiful singer, isn't she?"

"Very. That was what made her playing so endurable."—Washington Times.

ENGLISH LAWYERS.

The Small Fees That Are Received by the London Barristers.

A barrister's fees are small, and they are always paid in advance, and the sum is regarded under the rules of the brief. A friend who has a large practice showed me six fee briefs yesterday. The largest item was six guineas, which is less than $30. The average was about $20. Fees are regulated by the members of the bar according to the service performed, and no contingent fees are allowed. A barrister may accept a brief for nothing or return the fee in cases of charity, but he cannot without violating his oath, directly or indirectly, accept any greater compensation for a legal service than is allowed in the regular schedule fixed by the members of his line. If he does so, he is debarred from practice.

It is a common custom in America for a lawyer to undertake a suit for the recovery of damages or a claim of any kind with a contract that he shall receive a certain percentage of the amount of money recovered. In England such an act would be considered disreputable, and any barrister found guilty would be expelled from his inn. The fees are regulated by the amount of time and labor required, and not by the amount of money involved. A barrister may receive a fee of $200 in a case involving only $500, and he may receive a fee of $25 in a case involving $1,000,000.

All legal business originates with solicitors. They bring to the barrister's office a case all prepared after certain forms and written in manuscript. The British courts do not permit typewriting. The solicitor requests the barrister to undertake the case, and the fee is marked plainly upon the brief. If the barrister does not care to undertake the latter for the amount of money allowed or for any other reason, he advises the solicitor to go elsewhere. If he accepts the responsibility, the solicitor leaves the amount of the fee in question with the brief; so that the barrister has his pay in advance. This is the almost invariable custom. The only exceptions are in cases of close friendship between the solicitors and barristers and where there is a large amount of litigation in which both are involved. Then it is customary for the barrister to make up his bill at the end of the month or the end of the quarter, but the fee in each case must nevertheless be written upon the brief and recorded in the books of the court.

It is customary, also, for the solicitor to leave a fee for the barrister's clerk at the same time, which must be a certain percentage of that paid to the barrister. When you dine at a hotel or a restaurant in England, it is customary to tip the waiter an amount equal to 5 per cent of your bill for the same person. The waiter receives no compensation from his employer, nor does the barrister's clerk. His pay comes entirely from the clients, and if his principal has no clients he gets no pay. On the other hand, if his principal has a very large and profitable practice his salary increases. They say that the clerk of Sir Charles Russell lives in a handsome villa down in the suburbs, is driven to and from his office in a brougham and rides a nag at the opera for the season.—Chicago Record.

No Share of It For Him.

He captured the sting of a fashionable [illegible] It was on a book as one sees [illegible] the face of a man who is trying to [illegible] to carry out at all points a decision which will change the whole course of his life.

It will be begin as the assistant stepped forward and politely questioned him as to his requirements in boy [illegible]

"I want a pair of shoes for my wife, Mrs. Brown."

"Yes, sir, certainly," said the young man briskly. "Same style and size as last week?"

"Same style, size, fives—eighteens, replied Brown decidedly.

"But—er—excuse me. Mrs. Brown only takes—that is, she usually has—" exclaimed the assistant, who knew the lady well.

"Are you married, young man?" queried Brown sternly, the look of determination deepening on his careworn features.

"Er—not yet, sir," answered the shopman, blushing.

"I thought not," returned Brown. "I am! I am not going to suffer half an hour's purgatory every morning, watching a woman trying to squeeze a bushel of feet into a peck of boots. I've stood it long enough, and I'm going to take not a pair that will fit."—Pearson's Weekly.

Making Things Clear.

An old Perthshire worthy and an Englishman were one day recently comparing notes of a railway carriage in an Edinburgh-bound train. The train had been waiting long at a certain station, and there was no appearance of its starting, when the worthy remarked, "They're a gey lang time oot here."

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"Very. That was what made her playing so endurable."—Washington Times.

Mrs. J. G. Sperry.

Mrs. J. G. Sperry is one of the most interested workers in the work for prison reform. For 16 years she has been connected with the Public Benevolent Union house and hospital, of Colorado, of which she is now the superintendent. Mrs. Sperry is a voter. By her influence the laws of the state have been changed so as to give women whose husbands are miserable, drunken and good for nothing, privilege to care for themselves and their children without molestation.—Woman's Journal.

Courts of Love.

"Courts of love" were established in the middle ages, when chivalry was at its height and gave the serious occupation of life among the higher class of society. The first "court of love" was established in the south of France in the twelfth century and was composed of knights, poets and ladies, and their decisions on subtle questions connected with affairs of the heart were given with great formality.

Beech Creek Railroad

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. C. Lessee

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Read Up — Nov. 15, 1896 — Read Down

[illegible]

WEST BOUND.

[illegible]

Connections: At Rochester and Pittsburg with the P. R. R. At Mill Hall with Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. At Philipsburg with Pennsylvania & Philipsburg Connecting R. R. At Coudersport with the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railway. At Sinnamahoning Valley with the Pennsylvania and Northwestern Railway.

J. PEREPHERIAN, Gen'l Passenger Agt. Philadelphia, Pa.

J. P. ELKINS, Vice-President and General Manager.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY.

In effect May 16, 1897.

LOW GRADE DIVISION. A. V. R. Y.

[illegible]

Connections at Red Bank with Pittsburg, Shenango & Lake Erie Railway at Kittanning Point with P. R. R. at Parker with Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railway at Punxsutawney with Pittsburg and Eastern Railway at Punxsutawney with the Philadelphia and Erie Div. P. R. R. for Williamsport, Elmira and all points east.

DAVID McCARGO, Gen. Supt. Pitts.
JAS. P. ANDERSON Gen. Pass. Agt.

On the Malay Coast.

Sailing up the coast in a native craft, you may almost fancy yourself one of the early explorers skirting the rocky shores of some undiscovered country. As you sprawl on the bamboo decking under the shadow of the immense palm leaf sail—which is so ingeniously rigged that it will sail almost dead into the wind—you look out through half closed eyelids at a very beautiful coast. The waves dance and shimmer and shine in the sunlight, the long strands of sand is as yellow as a buttercup, and the fringes of graceful coniferous trees quiver like plumes in the breeze and shimmer in the heat haze. The wash of the waves against the boat's side and the ripple of the bow make music in your drowsy ears, and as you glide through cluster after cluster of thickly wooded islands you lie in that delightful comatose state in which you have all the pleasure of existence, with none of the labor of living.—"In Court and Kampong," by Hugh Clifford.

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RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R.

[illegible]

TRAINS LEAVE RIDGWAY.

Eastward — Westward

Susquehanna and Clearfield R. R.

TRAINS LEAVE KRATZERVILLE.

Eastward — Westward

BALD EAGLE VALLEY R. R.

[illegible]

Phillipsburg and Moshannon Branch.

Main Line Pennsylvania Railroad.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT AUGUST 1, 1897.

Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division. Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood EASTWARD.

[illegible]

WESTWARD.

[illegible]

Through Connections at Driftwood with the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg, Lake Shore, Jersey Shore, Williamsport, Philadelphia and New York.

Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the trains. Only on trains on which TICKETS will be collected. Conductors on trains are not paid on trains from all stations where a ticket office is regularly open.

E. U. LACEY,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RY

C. & M. DIVISION.

Local Time Table in Effect Nov. 1, 1896.

[illegible]

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RY

[illegible]

Close connections at St. Marys with the P. & E. R. R. for all points east and west. At Clermont for all points on W. N. Y. & P. Ry., or their connections, and at Hyde for all points on Tony Branch of Erie R.

R. E. WELLENDORF, Gen. Supt.
R. E. CAMPBELL WRIGHT Gen. Pass. Agt. 20

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

North Bend and Kettle Creek RAILROAD CO.

Taking effect Monday, March 29, 97.

[illegible]

Train No. 3 Saturdays only.
Train No. 4 Saturdays and Sunday.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

P. S. BLACKWELL, Gen'l Sup't.
R. F. BLACKWELL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PATENTS PROCUPED.

EUGENE W. JOHNSON.
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes.

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