

MY MARGUERITE.

I look upon her brow and see A radiant, crystal purity, And find within her azure eyes The loveliness of summer skies;

Christopher and the Fairy.

BY W. C. MORROW.

Centrepole Tom professed to know everything about all the distinguished people of the "profession" in all parts of Christendom, and likely he did know a great deal for in his humble capacity he had served many of them in divers countries, and, though a boastful man, he had never been detected in an inability to give trustworthy information. So, when it was announced with a great show of large type, that "Christopher and the Fairy" had just landed at San Francisco from an Australian steamer, under contract for the remainder of the season, there was much excitement and curiosity among the people of the circus, and Centrepole Tom was at once exploited for knowledge concerning them.

"Hain't you ever heard of Christopher and the Fairy?" he asked, pittingly; "well, that git me. The Fairy's the prettiest little trick on wheels, an' the way she kin do the flying trapeze is something 'stonishing. No, I hain't never seen her, but I know all about her. Every man-jack under the canvas went dead gone on her, but she never took no notice of any 'em, and didn't seem to care for nobody's society but the women's; and that ornery, measly old Christopher—

"Is Christopher her husband?" asked a long-legged young groom. "No," thunders Tom, with so great vehemence that the young man quailed, and dared not ask any more questions. "Brother?" inquired one of the ring "saupers."

"No," yelled the veteran master of the centrepole-hoist; "he ain't her husband, nor her brother, nor her uncle, nor her grandfather, nor her cousin." The head-boster, as much a veteran as Centrepole Tom, and more modest and less theatrical than he, quietly said: "No, you making a fool of yourself and putting on airs before these here boys. I don't know who Christopher is, an' I ain't ashamed to say so. Now, who is Christopher?" This was the supreme moment for which Centrepole Tom had waited. He squared himself around, and, looking steadily at the head-boster, said impressively and with the utmost deliberation: "Christopher is an elephant."

picture caught the audience with sweeping force, and the applause became deafening. Christopher calmly marched into the ring and proceeded deliberately around it, the Fairy meanwhile guiding him with gentle hand-pressure on one side of his neck or the other, while with the other hand she threw kisses to the audience. Her bare, dimpled arms and smiling, dimpled cheeks, her rosy mouth, her large black eyes, and curling black hair in which diamonds shone, won every heart for her in that immense crowd; for so much sweetness and grace and daintiness they had never seen all at once in a circus-ring before.

The circuit of the ring completed, the elephant stopped and listened gravely to the sorry jokes of the clown. He had heard them before and was not to be amused. The Fairy bounded to her feet on the great animal's back, and there found room for some entertaining tricks of agility. Then she gave him a tap with her slippers little foot, and in response, he brought his long trunk around, caught her by the waist, and set her gently on the ground. This made the audience applaud until the Fairy was almost deaf. Other things, some old and some new, were done by the pair, such as his walking over her, stepping over her carefully, as she lay on the ground; recovering her handkerchief from the clown, who had stolen it and hidden it in his blouse; throwing her high in the air and stepping forward in time to have her alight nimbly on his back; and things like that. Then came her act on the flying-trapeze.

To prepare for this the clown fetched her a flag, which she gave to Christopher to hold in his trunk. Then the clown threw a tape over a trapeze hung high in the air, and, with a few parting caresses and whispered words to Christopher, she sprang to the tape and climbed it like a squirrel. She sat at a moment on the trapeze bar and then glided down at Christopher, who, sitting back on his haunches the better to look so high, was gravely watching her. The band had stopped playing. A clear, musical voice from above, dropping like pearls on the people below, called out: "How was that, Christopher?"

The elephant waved the flag and gravely nodded his approval. "Then came the real work of the act—all sorts of agile turnings and graceful leaps from the main bar to one hung higher still; and after every one of these feats, each more daring than its predecessor, she would call down in her musical, pearl-voiced voice: "Was that all right, Christopher?" And Christopher would wave the flag and solemnly nod his approval, as much as to say: "Of course it was all right; but we expect that from you, little Fairy!"

Finally came her greatest feat—it was to leap clear across the ring from one trapeze to another. She rested awhile, before undertaking it, and Christopher, knowing what was coming, braced himself, all his massive muscles cles going on a tension, as though trying to give her strength and alertness for the dangerous leap. The band played a spirited air while the girl sat still on the bar; then the music ceased, and a deep hush fell on the audience. The Fairy caught the bar in her hands and swung underneath it, and her clear voice rang out again: "Keep a sharp eye, old Christopher!"

The elephant nodded and waved his flag, but with less staidness than before. The Fairy began to swing back to the trapeze, which she was to catch after her flight through the air. Further and further did she swing, higher and higher, back and forth, her glittering spangles looking like a shower of meteors. A ringing voice cried out: "Now we go, Christopher!" and she leaped her hold and went flying away toward and higher, to the apex of a graceful, parabolic curve, then down towards the trapeze, still far away, while the people held their breath, and many closed their eyes. Down sailed the small and graceful figure, coming quickly closer to the goal; two eager hands were outstretched to seize the bar; one hand touched it and clung to it, but the other missed its aim. The momentum sent her far beyond, but she still held the bar with one hand, and the ropes which held it creaked as the strain came upon them. A hold with one hand was not enough, and the Fairy had no time to bring the other to bear when the bar found the end of its tether. The small hand slipped, and she fell toward the ground. A suppressed cry of horror rose from the audience as the frail little body struck the ground at the entrance to the waiting-room, falling with a heavy, cruel sound that went into every heart in that vast assemblage and that made the strongest men shudder and groan and cover their faces.

She fell near the feet of Centrepole Tom, who was standing behind the musicians, and he was the first to approach her. He straightened the body and looked in the blanched face and wide-staring eyes, and silently prayed for even a moan from the silent, white lips. The audience rose in an uproar, and thousands pressed forward to see the poor, limp body on the ground. But instantly there was a commotion from another cause; Christopher had seen the catastrophe, and he claimed a friend. He came toward the packed mass of humanity with a roar that sent terror abroad, hundreds flying from his path. Others could not escape so easily, and of these, some he swung right and left with his trunk, and others were packed closer on either side by the interposition of his enormous bulk. Soon he reached the side of the Fairy, lying white and still, and he dropped to his knees beside her and groaned and cursed her with his trunk.

His trunk was trying to find some life in the frail, crushed body when he came, but all fell back on his terrible approach—all except Centrepole Tom, who feared not even the wrath of the giant Christopher. The elephant accepted his presence, seeing kindness in it. Centrepole's heart beat violently as he saw a faint movement of the chest, and he nearly choked with joy when he beheld the lips move and the eyes close and then open again. Some one brought water, with which he sprinkled her face. This did much good, for she gasped and then sighed.

"She is coming to!" cried Centrepole Tom. "And surely she was; for, with returning life, came evidence of suffering, and deep lines of pain formed about her mouth and eyes. Christopher noticed it, for he fanned her more vigorously with his great ears. Consciousness came slowly back, and, when it had returned, the first thing the Fairy saw was her old friend Christopher kneeling beside her. "Poor, old Christopher!" she said, very faintly; and then, with great difficulty, she raised her hand and gently caressed his rough old face. "Poor Christopher! It will break your old heart to see me die. You have loved me, Chris-topher. . . . But they'll be good to

you." Tears trickled down her cheeks, the hard lines deepened, the poor face became more pinched and drawn, and the beautiful eyes wandered vacantly and then closed and the Fairy passed into unconsciousness again.

A physician came and knelt beside her, and after he had examined her as well as he could, he said: "She is desperately hurt, but she is young and is still alive. You must take her at once to a house, where I may care for her properly."

They gently picked her up, and as they did so, a moan escaped her. This moan, the elephant, already dazed by what had happened. He began clumsily rising to his feet watching them as they bore her away, and was evidently determined to follow. Seeing this, Centrepole Tom, who held the light body in his arms, hurried away, and almost ran to a small hotel not far distant. He took the Fairy with him, and he carried her to a room where he showed her in a rear room on the ground floor.

But Christopher had not lost sight of him, in spite of the crowd; and those without, seeing Christopher's intention of keeping close to his friend, and knowing it was impossible, sought to stay him. They showed to him and tried to drive him back, but he noticed them not at all. They threw boxes and chairs in his way, but he tossed them aside. A carriage, which stood in his way, was crushed. Christopher seemed to think that, as his friend was among strangers, she was among enemies, and needed his protection. He would not give her up.

The situation was desperate. An unaimed shot from a pistol, how could a pistol-bullet find a vital spot in his enormous body? Besides, he was already maddened by the opposition he had encountered and further tormenting might lead to dire results. Before anything could be done, before any plan could be matured, he had reached the house. The door was closed and locked, before him, and furniture was piled behind it; but with his massive head lowered, he went straight against it, and everything was crushed before his advance. Once in the house, he stopped and listened for the sound of her voice. He heard faint moans, and mistook the direction whence they came, for he started straight for the wide staircase leading to the upper floor.

Up the stairs he began his ascent, the helpless crowd standing in motionless dismay. Up he toiled, roasting terribly at intervals. The wooden stairs creaked and groaned under his tremendous weight. The plastering near them began to fall, timbers were sprung and wrenched from their fastenings, and the whole house quivered.

The catastrophe came at last. Just before Christopher reached the top, the whole staircase came down with a frightful crash, and the gigantic animal fell headlong to the floor, which he crushed and splintered. A mighty groan escaped him, for the fall had done him desperate hurt. He struggled and floundered in the mass of wrecked timbers, and finally, after a supreme attempt, he staggered to his feet. He looked at the wreckage with a steady, dazed, and shattered, began anew his search for the Fairy. But he did not have to go any further. Centrepole Tom, followed by the physician, came forward, bearing a small, dainty burden in his arms, which he laid gently on a table close to Christopher; and the tears which trickled down Christopher's gray beard told anew the old story, as old as human suffering and sympathy.

"It will quiet him," explained Centrepole Tom to the few people who had ventured near; "and nothing can hurt her now."

Christopher eagerly regarded his companion, lying so white and quiet and beautiful, and then he caressed her cold face and hands. Perhaps he understood that it was all over with her, and that with her had gone all that the world held of brightness for him; and besides that his fall had grievously hurt him. He gazed at her and his head sank lower and lower. The fury had all left him, and, crushed both in spirit and body, he stood a towering, fettering wreck. Not a sound escaped him. His great body heaved painfully with his slow breathing, and swayed from side to side. A little later he sank to his knees, and then he lay down, and with a groan he died.

On the western slope of Laurel Hill Cemetery, facing the grand Pacific and the glories of the setting sun, and standing watch over the Golden Gate, through which the great white ships sail to the kingdoms far over the seas, stands a granite monument, marking a very large grave and a small one; and it bears only this simple line: "Christopher and the Fairy." —San Francisco Argonaut.

Mooster Chicken Snake. Last spring fate seemed to be against Coroner E. S. Thompson as a chicken raiser. His young chickens began to disappear mysteriously. First he lost four, then eight, and later eight young ducks. The robber of his hen roost would disappear and leave no trace behind. The faithful dog was unable to follow the trail. One night during the last week of court Mr. Thompson heard a noise among his fowls. He hurried out and a surprise awaited him. At a certain spot a hen was roosting on the ground, her young brood huddled near her. Near Mr. Thompson found a monster chicken snake. About the middle of its body it had a chicken in its deadly folds. Nearer the tail it had a second in the same fatal clasp, while with its mouth it had seized a third. The snake was promptly killed, and the seemingly lifeless chickens were about to be thrown away, but Mrs. Thompson proposed that they should be put under the hen. It was done, and morning found them revived and seemingly none the worse for their narrow escape from death. —Lafayette (Ga.) Messenger.

The United States in Miniature. One of the most unique novelties at the World's Fair, Chicago, will be a huge map of the United States exhibited by the Coast Survey. It will be about 400 feet square and be placed horizontally on the exposition grounds and a large building erected over it. This building will be provided with galleries and pathways on the inside so as to allow visitors to walk over the whole United States without touching it. The model will be made of plaster of paris, and will show the exact height of mountains, the depth of rivers and the curvature of the earth. —(St. Louis Republic).

An Indian Lawyer. Mr. Hiram Chase has just been admitted to practice at the bar of the Federal Court of Omaha, Neb. Mr. Chase is a full-blooded Indian of the Omaha tribe. He was educated at the Indian schools in the East and studied law at the University of Pennsylvania. He is said to be very intelligent and thoroughly well equipped. —(New Orleans Picayune).

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Within sixty-two years Mexico has had fifty-four presidents, one regency and one empire, and nearly every change of government has been effected by violence.

Many valuable high mountain mines, which could not be worked profitably owing to the expense of transporting fuel to the engines, are now being operated by electric motors, whose power is furnished by another motor in the valleys which use water power.

There is a movement in the regular army circles for the restoration of the old army "field hat," which was superseded by the helmet, of which many officials have complained. The old style hat was picturesque, comfortable and serviceable, while the helmet is top-heavy and does not give proper ventilation.

No less eminent authority than Sir William Gull, of Great Britain, has said that the benefit derived from a university education such as girls get at Newnham and Girton makes them and their children stronger and healthier. Also that the percentage of childless marriages is less with the educated women and the percentage of children that survive infancy is larger.

The school for the boys of the Apache tribe, at Mount Vernon barracks in Alabama, is a success. The Apache boys there are taught to speak the English language and to give up the ways of savagery; they wear white duck trousers and coats; they even surrender the glory of their tribe, which is their long black hair, and some of them are said to be anxious to "make money."

A GERMAN commission reports that no case of damage by lightning to a ship with wire rigging has been recorded, except in a few instances where continuous connection had not been made with the hull. With iron or steel hulls and wire-rope rigging, the whole ship forms an excellent conductor to lead the electric discharge safely to the ocean. This fact explains why it is that ships at sea suffer much less frequently from lightning now than in the days of wooden vessels.

As interesting little war story has Governor Jones, of Alabama, for its hero. At the time Gordon was resisting Sherman's advance, Jones, then a staff-captain, was delivering a message from his chief, when he saw a little child, clad only in night clothes, hiding in terror behind a frame house in the direct tracks of the bullets from each army. Jones rode forward, took the child on his horse and galloped back with her to the Confederate line. When the Union forces saw the act they ceased firing, and there was an imprudent cessation of hostilities until the child had been carried to a point of safety.

From a report of the Hon. Edward Bellou it appears that industry in Poland is fast taking the age of machinery, but has not been introduced to any considerable extent. Consequently the wages of workmen who have to compete with the machines of other countries are lower than almost anywhere else, as may be seen from the following figures: Soapmakers receive from \$3 to \$6 per month; flower-makers, who work fifteen hours per day, receive from \$2 to \$4 per month; bookbinders, from \$2 to \$4 per month; paper-box makers, \$3.25 to \$4 per month; label printers, \$5; chair polishers, \$6.50, and tanners, \$3.30 per month. A woman and her children making paper bags at 5 cents a thousand can earn from \$2.50 to \$7 per month.

One of the greatest furniture centres of the world is Grand Rapids, Mich. "The busiest time of the year in the furniture business," says a Grand Rapids man, "is just after the second week in January. The more of the most of the buying is done, and if you want to see furniture in all shapes and forms you should go to Grand Rapids. In reality we hold a regular exhibition there, and buyers come from all parts of the country. Furniture manufacturers from outside of the State also, recognizing the importance of Grand Rapids as a furniture centre, come here with their wares and secure quarters for the season. Men come from as far as Boston, generally representing firms that deal in leather, upholstering, brass goods or other furniture sundries."

CALIFORNIA fruit growers are turning their attention to olive culture. The notion that the trees do not bear for many years after planting has been proved to be without foundation by the success of Col. J. L. Howland, of Pomona, who has an orchard of 750,000 trees. John S. Balkins, of Pomona, who has as many as 100,000, and J. S. Harbison, of San Diego, who says that ten per cent. of his trees that were planted in 1888 will yield this year from three to five gallons of olives and the majority a gallon and a half. Mr. Calkins recently exhibited at the Los Angeles fair branches of olive-trees loaded with fruit that were planted three and a half years ago in land that up to that time had not even been irrigated. Mr. Frank Kimball, of San Diego, says that the trees at three years old will pay expenses, and at four and five will yield handsome profits.

The new winter game or sport known as man-fishing is becoming very popular among anglers at the gymnasium-tanks all over the country. The fishermen uses a regular outfit, such as is employed in bass fishing. The fish or swimmer, wears bands of canvas or leather around his head, to the top of which the line is fastened. The fisherman must pull the fish to within six feet of the side of the tank in a stated time, usually thirty minutes, or he loses at the game. Should the swimmer break the line he wins, but he must not touch bottom or use his hands. He may dive or plunge as much as he pleases. It is said to be surprising to see how little line a swimmer of medium size and weight will get from an expert angler, and a small and light man is in great danger of giving out during the struggle, and finding himself within reach of the net before the time-limit expires.

His Cabin Wrecked by E. Iks. At five o'clock yesterday morning Ed Donaldson, who resides on his claim five miles north-west of here, was surprised by a band of about seventy-five elk, which had become stampeded from some cause and came dashing down through his camp and wrecking his cabin. Donaldson had a close call for his life. As soon as he could recover from the fright and extricate himself from the debris, he seized his rifle and downed four of the best of them. The shooting evidently added to the animals, for, after running a quarter of a mile, they turned and doubled on their trail, when seven more were slaughtered, among which was a monster white one. Mr. Donaldson came to town late last night, and this morning a pack-train started out to bring in the meat. —(Glenora Dispatch to the Oregonian).

What He Could Do.

He looked up and down the street furtively two or three times, took in the sign over the door once or twice, and darted in as if afraid of being caught at it.

"This is an employment agency, isn't it?" he inquired of the man in charge.

"Yes," snapped that person. "Get work for people, don't you?"

"Yes," "Any kind of work?"

"Yes," "All kinds?"

"Yes," "Get something for me to do?"

"Yes," "In a restaurant?"

"Yes—What in thunder can you do in a restaurant?" exclaimed the boss catching himself.

"Eat."

Then he got the bounce—Free Press.

It is premature to tell any woman that she is an angel until it is seen now she can cook a steak and boil a potato.

"Make Hens Lay." Such is the caption of an advertisement that appears not only in the local, but many leading agricultural papers and which suggests the propriety of a few thoughts upon the subject. The advertisement referred to recommends Sheridan's Condition Powder as the best hen lay and so do we, says Mr. H. M. Brislin, poultry editor of the N. E. Farmer. "A hen to lay prolifically must be in perfect health, must be in condition, and this is based on the true theory of the value of Sheridan's Condition Powder—it promotes the general good health of the fowl, gently quickening digestion and stimulating all the various organs of the body as well as the ovaries, to perform their functions." At this season of the year the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder is very valuable for moulted hens and young pullets. By its use now they will get to laying earlier when the price for eggs is very high. Any person buying and using Sheridan's Condition Powder will get their hens in good laying condition before cold weather, and stand a good chance to win one of the large gold premiums to be offered later by L. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. (The only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder, which will sell for 50 cents, two packs of Powder, for \$1.00 five packs, for \$1.50 large 2 1/2 lb. can, postpaid; six cans for \$5, express prepaid. Six cans will send a good dividend. L. S. Johnson & Co. will also send you any one asking for it a copy of the best poultry magazine published there. The paper one year and a large can of Powder for \$1.50.

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PETER TIMONY, BOTTLER, And Dealer in all kinds of Liquors, Beer and Porter, Temperance Drinks, Etc., Etc.

Geo. Ringler & Co.'s Celebrated LAGER BEER put in Patent Sealed Bottles here on the premises. Goods delivered in any quantity, and to any part of the country. FREELAND BOTTLING WORKS, Cor. Centre and Carbon Sts., Freeland. (Near Lehigh Valley Depot).

H. M. BRISLIN, UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.

FURNITURE of every description. Centre Street, above Luzerne, Freeland.

The Failure of the kidneys and liver to properly remove the toxic or uric acid from the system, results in Rheumatism. This acid accumulates in the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and causes inflammation and the excruciating pains and swellings which are agonizing every time a movement is made.

The Way to Cure Rheumatism is to purify the blood. And to do this ask the best blood purifier.

Brief, but Important In the following few lines, Mr. G. S. Freeman, proprietor of the Ball House, Fremont, Ohio, says a great deal.

"I took five and one-half bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it freed my rheumatism of 25 years' standing." S. S. Freeman, Fremont, Ohio.

Having invented a NAVIGABLE BALLOON I have a good dividend. I. S. Johnson & Co. will also send you any one asking for it a copy of the best poultry magazine published there. The paper one year and a large can of Powder for \$1.50.

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Pain's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, for 25 cents. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa.

JONES' SCALES THE BEST FULLY WARRANTED 5 TON SCALES \$60 FREIGHT PAID BY JONES OF BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND AFFLICTED WITH ANY DISEASE OF THE LUNGS, OR AILE PASSAGES, CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, OR ANY OF THESE AFFECTIONS, AND YOU WILL MAIL AT ONCE A BOOK, &c.

AERATED OXYGEN CO., 19 Beekman St., New York.

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