

BEAUTY'S METEMPSYCHOSIS.

That beauty such as thine Can die indeed. Were ordinance too wantonly malignant No wit may reconcile so cold a creed With beauty such as thine.

From wave and star and flower Some effluence rare Was lent thee, a divine but transient dowry: Thine it would be back from eyes and lips and hair To wave and star and flower.

Shouldst thou tomorrow die, Thou still shalt be Found in the rose and met in all the sky. And from the ocean's heart shalt sing to me. Shouldst thou tomorrow die. —William Watson.

MAT'S HUSBAND.

She doubtless had a woman's reason for marrying him. That kind of reason may not satisfy other people, but it is invariably sufficient for the feminine reasoner.

Sam Toms was what is called "wretched" by his Texan neighbors. Old Bill Bunn, his father-in-law, himself not a very energetic or useful citizen, used to sit on the steps at the crossroads store and publicly bewail his sad lot in having Sam for a member of his family.

He would sit on the steps, silently chewing an enormous mouthful of tobacco and apparently listening to the conversation of his colofers. If Sam's name was mentioned he would give vent to four or five little falsetto squeaks, which found egress through his nose; then he would draw in a long breath, puff out his fat cheeks, purse his mouth, and give a heavy, whistling sigh; this would be followed by a large quantity of tobacco juice, carefully aimed at some object in the vicinity.

These preliminaries accomplished, Bill would rise to his feet, thrust one fat, dirty hand into his shirt front, wave the other in a sweeping gesture as he lowered his eyes and rolled his head sadly from side to side, and deliver himself profoundly after the following fashion:

"Ah—hum! That Sam Toms is th' laziest, mos' shifless, o' nery, triflin' cuss I ever seed—an yere I've done got 'im fr a son-n-lawr. Hm-hm-hm!" Another whistling sigh would close this peroration, and old Bill would resume his seat, still shaking his head sorrowfully.

And Bill was more than half right. Nominally Sam was a cowboy, but most of the time he would tell you he was "jes' layin' off a spell, 't rest uplike." He had always been just so—distinguished for laziness in an easy-going community—and nobody expected him ever to be otherwise, and it puzzled people immensely when, energetic, capable Mattie Bunn accepted him for "reg'lar compny," to say nothing of the sensation created by his wedding.

Mat, as has been suggested, probably had some reason for marrying Sam, but it is quite certain that she never told any one what that reason was. Sam was tall and big, and handsome in his careless, slouchy way; he had always managed, no one knew how, to wear good clothes too. These facts and his perennial good nature and friendly ways were the only points in his favor. Against him were the points so forcibly taken by his father-in-law, and also that he got drunk whenever he could possibly do so, and was morally so weak that any one could easily lead him astray.

How Mat and Sam got along no one but Mat knew. Once in a great while Sam would do some work and earn a few dollars. If he got home with it without stopping at the saloon, well and good. But oftener than not he would "drap in jes' t' take a nip 'r two," and that would settle it. At such times he would stay and buy drinks for everybody present while his money lasted. Then he would come home in a maudlin, tearful state of intoxication, and invent some tale to account for his condition and the disappearance of his money, winding up with the promise never to let it happen again.

And Mat would pretend that she believed him, and would stroke his curly head until he fell asleep. Then she would look at the handsome scamp for a few minutes with love unutterable in her eyes—the tired eyes back of which were a world of unshed tears. But she never complained—not the first word; the firm set mouth and weary look might indicate ever so much, but her lips never expressed it. And Sam gradually grew more and more useless and shiftless, trusting to his wife's ready wit and fertility of resource to carry them both over the bad places too.

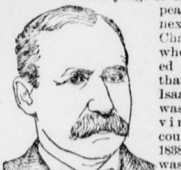
There were lots of bad places too. Twice Sam ran into debt several dollars at the saloon and Mat found some means to pay the debts—only herself knew how. But the second time she informed the saloon man that he must trust Sam no more. And, besides these things, to live—how did they do it? Nobody could guess. Perhaps even Mat herself could not have told, yet live they did—or rather existed—and for the most part kept out of debt.

Sam sometimes worked, but never for very long. He always found some excuse for leaving a place within a few days. He could almost always find another job easily enough, for he was an excellent "hand" when he chose to be, but he did not hasten about finding a new job when he had given one up; 'till until they were reduced to the very last straits could Mat get him to hunting work again.

One day Sam left home for a ranch about thirty-five miles distant, where he had heard they wanted help. Two days passed—three—four—five—and no word came from him. Mat was not a little worried, although Sam had often been away for two weeks at a time without sending word to her. But this time it was different; there was no excuse for his not sending a message, as the stage came by the ranch he had gone to three times a week. If he had found work there, as he expected, he could easily have notified her. So, late in the afternoon of the fifth day, she threw her

FLOWER NAMES MAYNARD.

The Judge Will Succeed Earl as Associate Justice. ALBANY, Dec. 31.—Governor Flower has signed the commission of Isaac H. Maynard as associate judge of the court of appeals from Jan. 1 next to succeed Charles Andrews, who has been elected chief justice of that court.



I. H. MAYNARD.

Mat tried to help her mother with the supper, and during the course of the meal learned that the two strangers were officers trailing a horse thief, who had stolen a valuable horse at a ranch forty miles east and sold it at Pickett station, and who was believed to have come this way.

As she listened to the conversation a sudden nameless fear came upon her, making her feel ill and faint. As soon as supper was over she took her shawl and hurried home.

Somehow she was not surprised to find the door open. She entered hastily. Sam was in bed, asleep and breathing stertorously. He had evidently been drinking, as his clothes were scattered about the floor, and Mat, looking out the back door, could see his pony standing patiently where Sam had left him, waiting for some one to come and feed him.

Mat leaned over the sleeping man and kissed him gently, her eyes full of love. Then she turned to pick up his clothes and put them away. The trousers were heavy, and something jingled in one of the pockets. Instinctively Mat thrust her hand into it and drew forth, clasping several gold pieces. As she did so her eyes opened wide, and she stood as if stunned for a time, her heart chilled with the same strange fear that had stricken her awhile ago and impelled her to hurry home.

She rushed to the bed and shook Sam roughly. "Sam! Sam! wake up!" she almost screamed.

The man turned over and looked at her stupidly. "Ho, M-Mat! Yere, be ye? Twemle kiss," he said in a dull tone.

"Not twemle ye tells me whar ye done got these yere things!" Mat's voice sounded broken and shrill.

Sam sat up and rubbed his head, looking at her in drunken wonder. "W-why, them—them thar, honey?"

She shook him fiercely and said in a lower tone—a tone of earnest force: "Tell me, Sam Toms, whar ye done got these yere coins! Quick now!"

Her tone partially sobered the man, whose eyes opened wider as he asked querulously: "What 'n hell ye so all fired fussy 'bout? I hain't done nothin', and he laughed in a half-drunken, half-nervous way.

"Sam, whar did ye git 'em?" He sat dumbly staring at her.

"Sam"—her voice was full of horror—"did you steal that thar boss?"

No answer; but Mat saw by his eyes she had guessed the truth. Slowly the coins fell from her hand to the floor: slowly her head bent forward until her face touched the pillow. For minutes she did not move—not until Sam, who had been staring at her wondering, reached out his big hand and laid it caressingly on her head. Then she sprang to her feet, her hot eyes glaring and her form trembling with anger and horror.

She did not speak, but fixed her gaze on his face for a few seconds. He did not meet her look, and presently she turned and ran out of the door.

Sam, almost sober now, called after her, but she did not answer. He got out of bed slowly and started to dress himself. He had almost finished when Mat, accompanied by her father and the two strangers, returned.

"Thar he is—an thar's th' money," she said, and passed on out through the back door without looking at Sam.

There was a jail at the crossroads; it was a primitive affair, but solid and substantial. It was a dugout in the side hill, and had a heavy oak door and great steel hinges and lock. It was plenty strong enough to hold a dozen men, all anxious to escape—and Sam Toms did not try to escape. He only sat still in the low, damp, darksome room and tried to understand how it all happened.

It must be a drunken dream—but, no, he was almost sober, and knew where he was and how and why he was there. But—he could not understand. Had Mat—was it really Mat who had given him up? There must be some mistake.

So far no motive for the double tragedy has been discovered. Nora Bott was apparently of sound mind and happy disposition. Nothing but good feeling seemed to exist between her and Smith, and their relatives assert that there had been nothing wrong in their relations.

There is a surmise that Nora might have become jealous, as Smith was seen walking with a Miss Small. It was also stated that Miss Bott was in love with young Smith to a greater extent than he was with her.

Connecticut Labor Statistics. HARTFORD, Jan. 3.—The manufacturing statistics in the report of the Connecticut bureau of labor statistics for 1891 represent forty lines of industry, having an invested capital of \$134,652,000, producing goods valued at \$159,888,000 and affording employment in productive labor to 90,850 people, to whom \$39,560,000 was paid in wages during the year. This is 27.06 per cent. of the cost of the goods manufactured, and the value of stock and material was 60.37 per cent. of the cost.

She Loved Sadie and Wanted to Die. NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—Mrs. Etta Harrington, who shot herself at 18 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street for the reason that Miss Sadie Carson refused to live with her, was reported as having a fair chance of recovery.

Major Gillan Kills His Man. BRUSSELS, Dec. 31.—Major Gillan, of the guards, and Eugene Vanderbergen, Krupp's resident agent, fought a duel in a private garden at the Bois de la Cambre. Vanderbergen was shot through the heart and died instantly.

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For a Baby Horse, \$45,000. LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 3.—The Kendall stable has secured from the California breeder, Theodore Winters, refusal of the suckling stud colt, full brother to the flying filly Yu Tambien, at the reputed price of \$45,000.

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General Markets. NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—COTTON—Steady; middling uplands, 9 5/8c. Futures—Steady; January, 9 5/8c; February, 9 5/8c; March, 9 5/8c; April, 9 5/8c; May, 9 5/8c. FLOUR—Dull and firm; city mill patents, \$1.25 1/2c; fine grades spring, \$1.70 1/2c; superior, \$1.90 1/2c. WHEAT—Receipts, 18,000 bushels; shipments, 6,500 bushels; No. 2 red winter, January, 78 5/8c; February, 79 5/8c; March, 81 5/8c. CORN—Receipts, 39,900 bushels; shipments, 1,000 bushels; No. 2 mixed, January, 49 5/8c; February, 50 5/8c; May, 51 5/8c. RICE—Dull and unchanged; western, 54 5/8c. BARLEY—Without quotable change; western, 55 5/8c; two rowed state, 60 5/8c. MOLASSES—Dull, with prices steady; Porto Rico, 23 5/8c. SUGAR—Refined quiet and unchanged; cut and crushed, 51 5/8c; extra fine granulated, 48 5/8c; cubes, 45 5/8c; mold A, 44 5/8c; confectioners' A, 43 5/8c. COFFEE—Spot dull and steady at 17 5/8c for Rio No. 7. TEA—Dull, with prices unchanged. PORK—Quiet; old mess, 51 5/8c; new, 51 5/8c. LARD—Dull; May, \$10.30. BUTTER—Quiet and firm; western, state tubs, full made, best, 28 5/8c; creamery separator extras, 32c. CHEESE—In fair demand, with prices steady; state factory, full cream, full made, fancy white, 19 1/2c. EGGS—In fair demand; state, fresh, choice, 31 5/8c; western, fresh, best, 31c. TURKEY—Steady; 30 5/8c. BROWN—Strained to good, \$1.30 1/2c. PETROLEUM—Dull, with prices steady. TALLOW—Firm; but quiet; prime city, 6 5/8c.

Tom Moore's Old Harp. Mr. George W. Childs has the very harp that the people of Limerick presented to Tom Moore—"the pride of all circles and the idol of his own." Moore's widow gave the harp to an English earl, who in turn presented it to George W. Childs. Upon one occasion he lent it to Miss Morgan, and she used it in New York one of her concerts.—Exchange.

DYNAMITE'S DEADLY WORK.

Five People Killed in Long Island City's Explosion. LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., Dec. 29.—Christmas greens covered with blood, a score of homes windowless, roofless and desolate, five people killed and twenty wounded sum up a small portion of the awful havoc wrought here by the explosion of 100 pounds of dynamite in the center of one of the most thickly populated blocks. The explosion was due to the criminal carelessness of some one. It took place in the very center of the triangular block bounded by Jackson avenue, Fourth street and Vernon avenue. All the buildings were occupied as flats and tenements, into which were crowded about 500 people.

It is in the middle of this block that the Long Island and New York Railroad company have located the mouth of their projected tunnel, which is to run under the East river to New York. A force of sixty men is employed on the work of excavation, and it was for the purpose of hastening operations by blasting that the dynamite was used. The dead are: John Hopkins, aged twenty-one, restaurant keeper at 27 Jackson avenue, unmarried; left leg torn off, skull fractured, both eyes blown out.

Nicola Leadano, aged twenty-five, living at 27 Jackson avenue and unmarried; compound fracture of the skull and left arm torn off.

Mary McLean, aged twenty-one, married, cook at Hopkins' restaurant, eyes blown out and head and body badly mangled.

Mrs. Petro Ruocco, aged twenty-six, married, of 27 Jackson avenue; piece of scalding blown through her body.

Henry O'Brien, aged thirty, grocer's clerk; leaves a wife and two children living at 27 Jackson avenue.

Edward Delaney, Daniel Maher, Mary Greany, Miss Clara Raub and Petro Ruocco will die. Fifteen others were terribly disfigured.

DEACON SUES FOR DIVORCE. His Action at New York Caused by the Abelle Shooting. NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—Edward Parker Deacon, who shot Emile Abelle in the Hotel Splendide, Cannes, France, because of alleged intimacy with his wife, has brought in the supreme court for an absolute divorce from his wife, Florence Deacon, through Conard Brothers. On the ground that Mrs. Deacon is now residing in France, Judge Lawrence has given permission that the summons be served by publication. In his complaint Mr. Deacon gives a number of occasions on which he was informed by the police of the divorce proceedings with Abelle. He also makes general allegations that she has committed adultery with other men during the past two years, but no names are given.

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Table with columns for days of the week and months, including moon phases and market data.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BETHEL BAPTIST. Rev. C. A. Spaulding, Pastor. Sunday School.....10:00 A M Gospel Temperance.....2:30 P M Preaching.....6:00 P M

ST. ANN'S ROMAN CATHOLIC. Rev. M. J. Fallibee, Pastor; Rev. F. P. McNally, Curate. Low Mass.....8:00 A M High Mass.....10:30 A M Sunday School.....2:00 P M Vespers.....4:00 P M Mass on Weekdays.....7:00 A M

ST. JAMES' EPISCOPAL. South and Washington Streets. Rev. A. J. Kuehn, Pastor. Sunday School.....1:30 P M Prayer and Sermon.....7:00 P M

ST. LUKE'S GERMAN LUTHERAN. Main and Washington Streets. Rev. A. Beumiller, Pastor. Sunday School.....9:00 A M German Service.....10:30 A M Praise Meeting.....7:00 P M English Sermon.....7:30 P M

WELSH BAPTIST. Fern Street, above Main. Sunday School.....10:30 A M Prayer Meeting.....6:00 P M \$50 REWARD Will be paid if the party is found and convicted for writing a libeling letter to one of my family on December 22, 1892, signed T. B. Geo. Wise, Jeddo, Pa.

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