# FINDING HAPPINESS.

BY EDITH EUGENIA SMITH.

THERE once lived in the beautiful Valley of roses a Princess. She was a veritable flower herself, with her shining hair and deep blue eyes; and all through the day she laughed and sang and made merry. This pleased the King and Queen, who idolized her and loved to see her gay. But there came a time when a shadow appeared in the young girl's eyes.

"I am tired of all this," she said, one day. "I am not happy. I want Happiness."

Then everyone was sorrowful, and all the courtiers and ladies-in-waiting set their wits to work to seek Happiness for their Princess. But she only grew paler and more wistful in the midst of all the revelries. She lost her appetite, took no interest in the birds or flowers; even the lovely clothes provided for her gave her no pleasure.

Her parents were in despair, when, one summer's day, there appeared at the palace gates a little old woman who asked to see the Queen. She was dressed so queerly that at first the gatekeeper hesitated; but a look from her sharp gray eyes decided him, and he let her in.

The Queen consented to see her, and, when she was shown into the spacious boudoir, recognized her at once. She was the Princess' fairy godmother, Finella; so the Queen welcomed her gladly and had refreshments brought for her.

The old woman ate and drank and talked about the weather till the last crumb of cake and the last drop of wine had disappeared. Then she said, quite sharply: "I hear that Blossom is moping. What's the matter?"

"Yes," replied the Queen, sadly, "she is very unhappy. She wants Happiness."

"Nonsense!" said Finella; "she wants sense. Let me see her; but don't tell her who I am."

So servants were dispatched for the Princess, and she soon came, looking very lovely in her soft, clinging robes of sea green. She courtesied very prettily when the Queen presented her and sat down by her mother, thinking what a strange visitor this was.

"Well," said the old woman, "I hear you want Happiness."

"Oh, I do!" cried the Princess, eagerly. "Can you get it for me?"

"Humph! I don't know. I may."

"She is not very polite," thought the Princess, but she said nothing.

"Ah, child! you little know for what you are asking," the old woman continued. "But we'll see—we'll see! What do you say, your Majesty, to letting her come with me for awhile, say, a week or two? I promise to take good care of her."

The Princess looked so pleadingly at her mother that the Queen could not refuse, and that afternoon two people walked out of the palace gates, the old woman and the Princess.

The latter hobbled some, for she could scarcely walk in the stout leather shoes the old woman had insisted on her wearing. Her pretty hair was coiled neatly under a cap and her gown was homespun.

They walked on till they came to the forest. The setting sun shone through the branches of the trees with a warm, rosy light; the birds twittered their evening lullabies, and the leaves rustled in the cool breeze that blew fresh and strong from the mountains.

But the Princess was too tired to appreciate this beauty; and when they finally came to the forester's cottage at the edge of the wood she couldn't repress a cry of delight.

The two travelers were kindly received by the forester's wife, and as the Princess was nearly ready to drop with fatigue, she was given some supper and went to bed. When she awoke the next morning she found the old woman had gone, but the forester's wife said she expected her back again, and the Princess was to stay with them in the meantime. There was a little trunk in the corner marked with her initials, and her room pleased the Princess; it was so neat and dainty.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PRINCESS.

The new life was very different from anything to which the Princess had been accustomed, but the novelty was pleasant. Margot and Franz, the forester's children, were delighted to have this beautiful young girl for a companion, and did all they could to amuse her. She was treated exactly like one of the family, and was set little tasks which she performed clumsily enough at first, but gradually grew more proficient.

In the evenings when the work was done they would sit on the cottage porch and Franz would play to them on his violin. It was beautiful music. The Princess listened eagerly.

"Who taught you to play like that?" she asked.

"No one. The birds sing and the flowers and trees whisper such beautiful things to me." And he drew the bow lovingly across the instrument, as one would caress a child.

"I think it is the angels," said the little sister, reverently. "Franz is saving up his money to go to the big city and learn all about music. Ah! he will be great and famous some day, won't you, dear?"

But Franz only laughed, and for answer ran away whistling.

The Princess was very much interested, and the three children built many an air castle, in which Franz always figured as the hero.

But these happy days were not to last. One morning the Princess found Margot crying bitterly.

"Oh, Blossom, the dear mother is so ill," she sobbed, "and what will we do?"

The Princess comforted her as best she could. But she was young and inexperienced, and such sorrow as this was new to her.

The forester's wife was ill for some time, and once they thought she would die; but the prayers sent up to Heaven were answered, and slowly her strength came back, to the children's great joy.

One evening the two girls were standing at the gate watching the sun as it sank, a ball of fire, behind the hills. Across the stillness floated the strains of a plaintive little air.

"Listen," said the Princess, as the music rose and fell in soft, sobbing breaths. "It sounds as if some one were crying."

"Perhaps," said the little sister, gently; "but it is only Franz playing."

The Princess felt the tears rising as she listened to the sad, sweet music. "He is sorry to-night," she said, in her quaint way.

Margaret nodded. "He is sorry and happy both together," she said. "Oh, how I wish he could have gone!"

"Gone where?" asked the Princess.

"To the city. Didn't you know? He can't go now because the money he saved he spent for mother, and it will take him a long time to get some more."

The little sister's lips were quivering, and the Princess squeezed her hand affectionately. "Never mind," she whispered; "it will all come right, I'm sure."

When the light had quite faded they went in. Franz had stopped playing.

"ALL I AM I OWE TO YOU."

and was busy carving the little wooden box.

The Princess watched him for several minutes without speaking; then she said:

"Franz, can you tell me how to find Happiness?"

Franz smiled. "I think if you do your duty," he said, "you'll be happy."

The Princess was silent, thinking many things. And as she lay in her little white bed that night she pondered long over her search for Happiness till she fell fast asleep with a smile on her lips.

The next day the old woman came and took the Princess back to her father and mother. They were amazed and delighted at the change in their daughter. The old air of melancholy had vanished, and she again sang and made merry as of old.

There was great rejoicing in the palace, and a grand fete was given to celebrate her return.

The Queen embraced the fairy godmother with tears in her eyes, and begged to know what she could do to show her gratitude.

"My dear," said the godmother, "your joy is my reward. The simple life of the forester's family has taught our Blossom a lesson. See that she doesn't forget it." So she left them, promising to come again.

And there was also rejoicing in the cottage in the forest, for the Princess had left for Franz a letter in which she asked him to come to the city to study music, as he had intended, he and Margot. Nothing would give her so much Happiness, and did they remember it was that she had come to seek. Some day they could repay her.

They were astonished, too, for they had not known she was a Princess. Franz had said no at first, but his objections were overruled and he went, he and the little sister who watched over him with such tender care.

Years went by, and Franz's fame spread far and wide. The tall, handsome lad played in many lands — and the Princess?

"All I am I owe to you," he said to her, looking in her grave, sweet eyes. "How can I ever repay you?"

"Ah," she said, smiling at him through her tears, "there was once a girl who thought only of herself and her own pleasure, and who found the great secret of Happiness in a little cottage in the wood. It was you who showed me my unworthiness by your unselfishness and devotion to others."

And in the silence of the cool, green forest where they had first met, they plighted their troth, the musician and the Princess, for in those good old days it was not necessary for a Princess to marry one of royal blood.

So they were married and lived to a good old age, and the Princess never lost the secret of true Happiness.—N. Y. Correspondent.

—She—"Have you loved anybody else, Harold?" He (apologetically)—"Well—you know how it is yourself."—Somerville Journal.

## MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

**Grave Mistakes Made by Inexperienced Men and Women.**

Nothing is more remarkable than the extraordinary and heedless zeal of the modern missionary in China. Regardless of all dangers, the young aspirants for missionary work, heedless of former mishaps, make the long and weary voyages into the interior far from any help. I have seen young married people, with a child clinging to the breast of its mother, start out from Shanghai for the north, not knowing one word of the Chinese language. The force of folly could no further go. Of the great importance of knowing the Chinese language before attempting to preach, and of the patience required in mastering the same, too much cannot possibly be said. In the "mandarin," which is the dialect used by all officials in the 18 provinces, there are to every sound four distinct tones. If the young missionary, after studying for a year or more the common everyday phrases and characters, starts out an itinerary from the stations, and during a street sermon does not use the right tone or inflection of his voice with a certain sound, he will convey to his hearers an absolutely different meaning from that intended. The four tones in the "mandarin" are: First, an ascending tone, giving a high explosive sound as when in anger; second, a rising inflection as when making an inquiry; third, a curving, and fourth, a lowering inflection. The language, containing tens of thousands of words and characters, has only 200 or 300 sounds, which necessitates the great tone difficulty. European children, born in China, hear and reproduce the tones naturally and unerringly, but the tones and ears of the missionary must be trained by careful and persevering attention. Serious troubles have at times been traced to blunders made by slips of the tongue and neglect in using the proper tone.

Ignorance in this matter may lead to speaking disparagingly of old customs or perhaps an unintentional condemnation of the sacred rites expounded by Confucius. Old and experienced missionaries assert that it is a great mistake, and very often the cause of grave consequence, to allow inexperienced men and women to deal with Chinese, whose passions lie in a dormant state until aroused, when at the slightest provocation they break forth with the fury of wild beasts.—Philadelphia Times.

## THE BIGGEST DIAMOND.

**It Looks Like a Chunk of Coal—Worth About $40,000.**

The largest known diamond was recently found in Brazil. Though so large, the stone is by no means so valuable as many smaller ones, being a "black diamond" and unsuited for use as a gem.

The diamond in question weighs 3,100 carats, and is, therefore, as we have said above, by far the largest ever known. The great Jagersfontain diamond, which was found in South Africa about two years ago, and which was said to be the largest known to be in existence up to that time, weighed 970 carats.

The stone mentioned was found in the carbon district, the old diamond field of Brazil. It is of the class known as "black diamonds," or commercially as carbon, which are used in diamond drills and for similar purposes, their color not adapting them to ornament.

The original finder is, we believe, not known. At the present time the stone is in the hands of the jewelry firm of Kahn & Co., of Paris, and the Brazilian government is negotiating for its purchase for the National museum.

"The value is placed by experts at between $30,000 and $40,000. The price paid for it by the present owners is somewhat uncertain, one account putting it at $26,000, while another said that they paid 52 shillings three pence (English) per carat, which would make the price nearly $40,000, or not far from its probable maximum value. There is little doubt that it will eventually be placed in the Brazilian museum, as no private firm could afford to pay the amount asked by its present holders, or which would be likely to be asked by any commercial house into whose hands it might pass." — Engineering and Mining Journal.

## INDUSTRIOUS QUEENS.

**Ambitions to Keep Abreast with Their Female Subjects.**

Industrious duchesses are almost as thick, relatively, as peas in a pod. There is the duchess of Belfast, temperance lecturing; there is the duchess of Sutherland, exploiting English textile fabrics; there is the duchess of Rutland, article writing; and so you might go on. Now my attention is drawn to the industry of queens and empresses, and they seem determined to keep up with the educational distinctions of their female subjects. The queen of Portugal, who is shortly to visit England, is immensely interested in the advance of women in every sphere, and has taken most energetically to the study of medicine, with a view of inducing Portuguese ladies to take it up. On this point of feminine medical practitioners her majesty is very keen, believing that women ought to be attended by women. Queen Margherita of Italy has taken most warmly to literature, and a book by her, descriptive of Alpine scenery and illustrated by sketches from her own pencil, will shortly be published. Empress Eugenie is engaged on a religious work, in the form of meditations for every day in the year. The empress of Austria is said to be plodding at her Greek like any girl graduate, and the English empress-queen Victoria can now read and write Hindustani with perfect ease —a language her majesty took up less than two years ago.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

--Good manners are the settled medium of social, as specie is of commercial life; returns are equally expected from both; and people will no more advance their civility to a bear than their money to a bankrupt.—Chesterfield.

**Her Tender Heart.**

It was the woman who will stop a horse car twice inside of 20 feet to keep from walking the small extra distance and who will let a man with both arms full of bundles stand up rather than move over half a foot to let him sit down.

"The doctor says that we must boil our water," she said to a friend.

"Yes," was the reply. "It isn't much trouble."

"No. But I hate to do it. It does seem such a horrible death for those poor little microbes and things."—Washington Star.

**Motherly Intuition.**

Mrs. Gashus (to Mrs. Slambang, whose daughter has been recently married)—How are Amantha and her husband getting along in New York?

Mrs. Slambang—Wretchedly, I fear; poorly, I am certain. She writes that she is perfectly happy—but it is just like my poor darling to try and shield the wretch that way. But, no! she cannot deceive her own mother—no, no—far from it. I leave for New York tomorrow, to see things righted or know the reason why.—Judge.

**They Must Have Heard It.**

When the cat's away the mice will play,
Unless, perchance, black!
The mice have heard that noted song
Of how the cat came back.
—Detroit Tribune.

"So you met the English lord?"

"Yes."

"And he has shown you marked attention?"

"Yes, he danced twice with me."

"Then why so sad and dejected?"

"I have just learned that his lordship is quite wealthy."—Bay City Chat.

**A Sad State of Affairs.**

Ragged Haggard (sympathetically)—You are lookin' mighty blue, podner, What 's de matter?

Weary Whiskers (on his back)—Aw, it's trouble, trouble, everywhere, and not a drop to drink, as de poet so feelin'ly got off! Here I've jest laid down, an', darn it, I've got to git up ag'in after awhile.—Puck.

**His Use.**

Sapsmith—I begin to think I weally ought to get mawwied; don't you, Grimshaw?

Grimshaw—I see no reason why you shouldn't, Sappy; I guess you would make some man a good wife.—N. Y. World.

**His Visits.**

Dimpleton—Here I have been paying a man two dollars a month to take care of my furnace and I've had to do it myself.

Von Blumer—Hasn't he been around?

Dimpleton—Oh, yes. He comes around every month.—Brooklyn Life.

**His Curiosity Aroused.**

Proprietor — Where is the bookkeeper?

Office Boy—He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like.—Louisville Truth.

**Affected.**

Dick (at the ball)—That two-steps makes me tired.

Tom—But you've been dancing it all the evening, my boy.

Dick—That's the reason.—N. Y. Recorder.

**She Sent Him Off.**

Clara—I am amazed to hear that you have broken your engagement.

Dora—What else could I do? His beard is so stiff and rough that I was continually going about with my face full of scratches.—N. Y. Weekly.

**A Definition.**

Johnnie—Papa, what is meant by: "Once a knave, always a knave?"

Father—It's a typographical error for: "Once a knave, and ever afterward a rich and honest man."—Truth.

**THAT HORRID LITTLE BROTHER.**

Charley—Your eyes always remind me of the sea, Cis.

Cis—Because they are so blue?

Charley—No. They are so watery.—Fun.

**A Fine Field.**

"They say that in Japan the girls never kiss."

"Heavens! What an uncultivated territory! When does the next steamer leave for Japan?"—Detroit Free Press.

**He Had No Cause to Worry.**

Old Bullion—It galls me to think that my money goes into your spendthrift hands when I die.

Young Bullion—Never mind, governor, it won't stay there long.—Tit-Bits.

**Frosty.**

She—Where is my picture?
He—I have it in my heart.
She—Ah, I see! Cold storage.—Judge.

**From a Beginner's Point of View.**

"What strikes you most about bicycling?"

"The earth, as a general thing."—Town Topics.

**Difficult.**

I find no trouble in kissing girls
Of three and of thirty-three;
But bridging the chasm between the two
Is the hardest part for me.
—Truth.

## CHEAP CONSERVATORIES.

Winter Window Transformed Into a Veritable Fairyland.

**There Is No Reason Why Every Home Should Not Have Flowers — How to Make an Invalid's Room Cheery and Attractive.**

Her house, she says, is no bigger than a minute, with a dining-room window opening on a series of clean but ugly backyards, where neighbors will hang out their Monday wash, so she consulted a nice florist around the corner. The suggestion was to put off the disagreeable view by an arrangement of plants, and the bill must needs be extremely modest.

This is what the florist did for the small consideration of $8: He took out the lower sash of the window entirely and fastened outside the sill a deep zinc box, measuring 2½ feet on all sides. It was supported by iron brackets on the outside wall beneath the window and then with four squares of skylight glass, the sort that is near an inch thick and a cloudy pale green in tint, he put a slanting roof and sides over the zinc box, reaching from its outer edges to the bottom of the window's upper sash. This done, the box was filled with earth and planted with cheap hardy ferns, bedded down with lycopodium and given color and fragrance by adding a few mignonette and cyclamen plants.

It was when finished an ideal little conservatory, that she framed in by drawing the shade down to a level with the lower end of the top sash and looping back her white lace curtains. Through the heavy glass the autumn sun shines with just sufficient energy to keep the plants in good health and the proper temperature. Its proud owner satisfies her horticultural tastes by spraying the leaves once every 24 hours from a florist's bulb. All day the cool green nook and the heavy glass shut off the back yards effectually and at night the drawn shade shelters the sensitive plants from artificial light.

There is no reason on the whole why every city or country house in winter, she thinks, should not have one such window box to every living room. The chief expense is their building, for the zinc box and glass are the costly items, but a clever brother or husband can put them together in the proper shape, and

FOR AN INVALID'S ROOM.

the hardy ferns, lycopodium, etc., cost very little at any florist's; a dollar and a half well laid out will plant the box fully, not to reckon on the inestimable value such a corner of growing flowers is to any room in the winter. It changes the whole aspect of things, and so widely has she recommended her plan that the little florist round the corner has more orders for winter boxes than he can fill.

The prettiest little conservatory built in a long time was made for a semi-invalid who is very fond of flowers and tried to experiment with orchids and palms. One long window of her bedroom she had cleared of sash and blinds and a circular shelf or bow window built out from the sill on brackets about three feet long and three wide. Then in a wooden frame she had the open window inclosed like a bay, glazed with regular window glass.

The materials and carpenter's work cost her $15, and when it was finished she began to buy any orchids, large or small, that could thrive indoors. Her purchases ran chiefly to cattleyas and the yellow butterfly variety, that as healthy plants in boxes cost her from 75 cents to twice that sum. These she hung by cords of varying length from the roof of her conservatory, and for $2 apiece she bought a half dozen small rubber plants and thriving little palms. You can scarcely picture the brilliant beauty of that recess when the orchids began to bloom. Then hung a cloud of the loveliest lavender and yellow over the greenery below like a glimpse into fairyland through the lace curtains.

This conservatory is large enough for one person to stand in. It cost, the plants included, about $25, and is a sight like Katishaw's elbow—a lovely sight that her friends came miles to see. She wisely chose the orchids because, when healthy plants, they require less care than any others, bloom more readily, their flowers last longer, and if their boxes are wisely enriched at intervals will last without other notice from season to season.

"On the whole," said the little florist convincingly, "I see no reason why every woman should not have at least a window box in her home for the winter, for if she is not lucky at flowers, any florist will send a skillful man to put her plants in order every four weeks, charging her 50 cents for the professional visit, not a big price to pay for something more ornamental in the long run than the costliest bric-a-brac."—St Louis Republic.

**Onions as a Perfume.**

In Tartary onions, leeks and garlic are regarded as perfumes. A Tartary lady will make herself agreeable by rubbing a piece of fresh-cut onion on her hands and over her countenance.



## RAILROAD TIMETABLES

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect December 15, 1895.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 5 30, 6 00 a m, 4 15 p m, daily except Sunday; and 7 03 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5 30 a m, p m, daily except Sunday; and 7 03 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Sheppton at 6 00 a m, 4 15 p m, daily except Sunday; and 7 03 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6 35 a m, daily except Sunday; and 8 53 a m, 4 22 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Sheppton at 6 29, 11 10 a m, 4 46 p m, daily except Sunday; and 7 37 a m, 5 08 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2 25, 5 00 p m, daily except Sunday; and 9 37 a m, 5 07 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 7 11 a m, 12 40, 5 25 p m, daily except Sunday; and 8 09 a m, 3 44 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5 25 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 8 09 a m, 3 44 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 3 05, 5 44, 6 26 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 10 08 a m, 5 38 p m, Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeanesville, Auden-ried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Trains leaving Drifton at 6 00 a m, Hazleton Junction at 6 29 a m, and Sheppton at 7 11 a m, connect at Oneida Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and west.

Train leaving Drifton at 5 30 a m makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. train for Wilkesbarre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, an extra train will leave the former point at 3 50 p m. daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5 00 p m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
November 17, 1895.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6 05, 8 25, 9 33, 10 41 a m, 1 35, 2 27, 3 15, 4 34, 5 12, 6 58, 8 05, 8 57 p m, for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

6 05, 8 25, 9 33 a m, 1 35, 3 15, 4 34 p m, for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York.

6 05, 9 33, 10 41 a m, 2 27, 4 25, 6 58 p m, for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville.

7 26, 9 16, 10 56 a m, 11 54, 4 34 p m, (via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11 40 a m and 3 24 p m for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.

3 24 p m for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7 26, 9 27, 10 56, 11 54 a m, 12 58, 2 13, 4 34, 5 33, 6 58, 8 47 p m, from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

7 26, 9 27, 10 56 a m, 2 13, 4 34, 6 58 p m, from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).

12 58, 5 33, 8 47 p m, from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.

9 27, 10 56 a m, 12 58, 5 33, 6 58, 8 47 p m, from Easton, Phila., Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.

9 33, 10 41 a m, 2 27, 6 58 p m from White Haven Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch).

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11 31 a m and 3 10 p m, from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

11 31 a m from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton.

3 10 p m from Delano and Mahanoy region.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

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