NUMBER 67.

FREDERICTON, N. B., TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1879.

Deacon Thrush in Meeting.

LETTER FROM HANNAH BROWN TO SISTER HULDAH AR HULDY .- I must tell you about the way that mode o' speakin' It's jest that orful voice of his'n- But. law! I'd And tell my story straight ahead, or else things Last spring we felt that we was blessed, to think that Deacon Thrush

Was comin' up from Simpkinsville to live in Cedar-"He'll be a piller in our church," says father, the sing. He bought the Joneses' farm, you know, and moved But that first time he came to church-I can't forgit that day.

The openin' hymn was skursly read, the choir was When everybody turned and looked, a sound came Twas something like the old church-bell, 'twas 'Twas most like 'Bijah Morrow's bull, accordin' to my notion.
It fairly drowned my playin' out; it left the tune I never thought that such a voice could come from

Like thunderclaps and factory-gear through all our heads 'twas ringin'.

And Huldy, it was nothin' else than Deacon Thrush Yes, there he sot, with book in hand, as peaceful and as calm As if he thought his dooty lay in murd'rin' that poor That went up from the gallery. I watched our parson wriggle And fidget in the pulpit, while poor father's head

But on went Deacon Thrush, and seemed real comhe couldn't stop, he'd got sech headway on His voice went boomin' up and down, and flattin' And made poor Parson Edwards skip his words, and

I couldn't hear that sermon, Huldy; my thoughts was all astray, A-wonderin' ef Deacon Thrush would sing agen I might have spared my thinkin', though, for Jest started off the same old way before the rest But when the second verse was reached, the choir put down their books; I stopped my playin'; back and forth we cas despairin' looks:

The boys set up to laugh agen; the parson raised his hand While Deacon Thrush was leanin' back, his eyelids singin' like an angel on a bed of clouds reposin' I'll have to cut my story short. Next day they called Resolved to keep poor Deacon Thrush sech singin',

They 'p'inted Uncle Job to go with father and That Deacon Thrush would kindly leave the singing Perhaps you think he took the hint? Then, Huldy, you're mistaken. He listened till they'd said their say; then, with the smiles a breakin' He answered, jest as cheerfully: "Yes, breth'ring: I have my faults; I sometimes git the tune a leetle

And sometimes, tryin' to ketch up. I take an extry things jest come right. Now when you ask me not to sing, why, breth'ring I can't do it : Singin's my dooty and delight, and I must jes And while I tread this vale of tears, a sinful chile Rejoicin' is my privilege-rejoice I will and must. Well, 'twa'n't no use, as Uncle Job and father said The deacon, though

And, oh! sech sinful whisperin' and nudgin While everybody's eyes and ears is turned to Dea He's skeered the little children so that most of 'en keeps cryin' The very horses in the shed won't stand no more He makes the onconverted laugh, while godly souls

And yet he's sech a Christian man, it's almost past They're talkin' now of tryin' law, but father h And so I'll write agen next week to tell you how i Oh, Huldy! sech a curus thing! As Deacon Thrush

His team took fright and ran away. The neighbors All in a heap, and took him home, and now the And, Huldy, ef it isn't wrong, I'm glad to think

THE RIGHT MAN AFTER ALL.

VIOLA'S LOVERS.

John Ellsworth aspired to that distinc- no explanation. tion. He had known Viola since she lady's affections.

birthday, a deed of a small, good farm forward and business-like.

ters to manage it, and went at his farm- | very apt to do. ing in earnest. And all the gossips of He accompanied her home, and enthe neighborhood went about with tered the house with her. There, Viola, chins elevated and noses wrinkled when feeling unusually bright herself, began he was mentioned. And the younger lecturing him on his purposeless life." female portion thought him rather a desirable object to maneuver for.

Perhaps that was one reason why ever, go on. was something to secure without an ef- don't you do something?" not realize her ideal. Under her calm my waking life." life, with opera and theater-going of course. nights in it; and days full of unlimited pleasure-seeking.

One June night, driving over to see his lady, John found her with an unusual flush on her fair, calm face. She rode with him-accepting his in- | vian relic, Mr. Nicolson.' vitation in a matter-of-course way that

readfully discouraging. It came out, after a little. Mrs. certainly do.' Mornington—a great aunt—had sent for her photograph a month ago, not hav- red in her cheeks and light in her eyes. something to be wondered at," Viola said dunce. Doctor, what did you call it?" is a grim humor in the politeness of lug along with him in order to kill time ing due on his little house. The loss of ing seen her since she was a little child. Then she laughed frankly and good- at last, impatiently. Two days ago had come an invitation for naturedly. Viola to spend a couple of months with she was going to-morrow.

"It's no use denying," the young man ed, honest girl lowering herself to the said, his voice growing husky, "that ways of these artificial, brainless girls, ing." I'm sorry for this. I don't know what who have been bred up all their lives will come to you from this. You are to the business of catching a husband. not contented here; you never will be You don't need any such paltry ambitou have had an experience beyond tion. Wait till you find a man worth tage of Mr. Nicolson, whom I met just you may recover." tell you now, I suppose, but I love you, Wait forever, if you don't find him!" Viola. Mind, I do not ask you now for Viola sat motionless with astonish- earthquake."

It was a long speech, certainly, for a proposal; but Viola listened very attentively to her first proposal, and her blue eyes softened.

you can't blame me for wanting to go. Aunt needs me, and no one does here, particularly. And I've never seen anything of society.'

"I know, dear"-"And I shall not forget you," inter

you," giving him her hand. sadly. "Good-by, then," kissing the lounged away. hand he held. And then Viola found herself alone, and went to finish her packing.

ful. She was always prettily dressed, the world, when he came. Viola always and Frank Thorpe passed his valuable time beside her.

narrowly, and when Viola came home the second week in September, it was tions grew more pointed, and Frank with an invitation to stay through the Thorpe kept out of the way. winter.

John Ellsworth called on her the night after her return.

canning her face. "I am," she said, and she told him through it, and be ready and eager all about her delightful visit.

"And you are going to settle down with us now?" lays. Aunt is coming for me as she re-

turns from a visit she is paying." the evening, having said no word of what had been in his heart all these

went down the moonlit road. And peared one to whom she would give a then Frank Thorpe's dreamily sad gray second thought, unless it were-well, eyes came up before her, and she forgot perhaps, John Ellsworth, if the life that John Ellsworth's shadowy brown ones. | would follow with him were not too nar young lady away, and Frank Thorpe he were not too lazy to speak. And was once again hanging about her-a then, by contrast, there came a vision of most formidable matrimonial prize.

Ars. Mornington. "A general giving way of the system, affair. should say.

"Nonsense! General laziness. "Oh, my dear madam !" starting up alarmed. "Indeed, I'll reform. think I'm better already. Miss Viola, I'm intensely interested in the subject occupying your thoughts at present, if you'll tell me what it is," anxiously.

"I was wondering if you were ever in love, and how she treated you, laughed Viola. Over Thorpe's face rushed a flood of

scarlet. He glanced up, caught Mrs. Mornington's sharp eyes upon him, and dushed again. Mrs. Mornington gave her first bit of advice to her young charge that night. "Frank Thorpe is not a man to trifle with, my dear. I think he is in love

with you. You could hardly do better.' "Do better!" raising her broad lids or a full, steady look. "I hadn't thought there was to be any calculation. No; Frank doesn't care for me.

"If he is in love with you, so much the better. But come: Mrs. Grove's

Christmas ball must be attended." And Viola went to the ball, and froze Frank Thorpe, who, unconscious of offense, languidly assumed his usual station near her. There was something glacial and tremendous in her general style that night that provoked and amused Mrs. Mornington. But she was beautiful, too-more beautiful than ever—and so her aunt forgave her.

was a rather grand-looking man, who her answer. She knew his errand the ertainly was no longer young. Having lost one wife, he was now looking for Where all the folks know how to sing, and he can get a showin'! —Harper's Bazar. Viola, she was barely civil. Mr. Nicol-Viola, she was barely civil. Mr. Nicolson seemed to like it.

Frank Thorpe had ceased being frozen. To tell the truth, Viola made the advances. There was a shade more of languor in his manner, and his sad gray Viola had found a lover; or, at least, eyes had an added shadow, but he sought

Restored to sunshine, he accepted was a little girl at school, and now was that, too, with no particular demonstra- stately piece of oratory as that frightentrying to win the first place in the young tion, but he seemed to enjoy it. To ed and fluttered her. But she did say outside lookers-on, the matter seemed it, very sweetly and gracefully, but also Two years ago, the paternal Ellsworth to lie between him and Mr. Nicolson, very decidedly, and Mr. Nicolson went

One frosty, sparkling morning Viola John set about making a home for had been out for a walk. On the way himself, with one of his half-dozen sis- she had met Frank Thorpe, as she was

"If I were a man" - emphatically. "Thank heaven you are not! How-Viola had been so gracious to him. It | "You put me out. Mr. Thorpe, why

fort attentions that all the other girls "Do something? Don't I? I am schemed for. But John Ellsworth did your devoted attendant three-fourths of

exterior, she dreamed romances of the "Yes; and get yourself and me talked most vivid rose-pink. She had heard about by everybody. Not that I care, hints and echoes of a world that lay out-side her own sphere—a world of lights blunder. "I shall choose my friends and music, and gay dressing; a holiday | where I please!" making matters worse,

> He sat up with sudden energy. "Miss Viola, if I were a woman"-"Thank heaven you are not." "Exactly. However, if I were, I certainly would not flirt with that antedilu-

" Mr. Thorpe, I don't." "Miss Viola, I beg your pardon, you languid, tired indifference.

her—the great aunt—in New York, and laying his hand confidentially on her was your share of the interview. How- synanche tonsilaris." arm-"I can't bear to see a clear-heart- ever, if you like, I'll begin. You are

amazed. And she had felt so fully called to administer advice.

arm, and her eyes still on his face, the ushered in. outstretched hands.

"Why, John! Why, John!" was all she could say.

And Frank Thorpe, being disturbed rupting him. "I shall always think of by this new comer, who was called John and received with such an outbreak of "For two whole months!" a little enthusiasm, gathered himself up and

John Ellsworth was in town for a fortnight. Mrs. Mornington treated him with great politeness, and was always in Viola's next two months were delight- the way in the most natural manner in accepted his invitations, and when the time came for their fulfillment, there Mrs. Mernington watched the girl was some unavoidable obstacle in the way. Meantime, Mr. Nicholson's atten-

Then Lent came, and there was a sudden cessation of gayety. John was called away by his father's illness, and "You look well and happy," he said, Viola felt the inevitable reaction. And she did not know that she would live

for another season when the time came. It was alike everywhere. In the narrow circle out of which she had come "Oh, no! I shall stay here only a few | there were jealousies, and heart-burnings, and petty scheming—no better and no worse than she had come to know in John Ellsworth went away early in the past weeks, though possibly less disguised by smooth, conventional polish of manner. Wait till she met a man she loved! She might wait till she was "Poor fellow!" Viola said, as she gray and blind. There had never ap-Mrs. Mornington came and took the row to breathe in; or Frank Thorpe, if Mr. Nicolson, and all his wealth.

The Christmas holidays came and If she had shown the first symptom of went. Frank Thorpe lounged in on her moods to Mr. Nicolson, he would Christmas day, and was paler and more have desisted from his attentions at once. Here was youth and beauty in a "Frank Thorpe, you are utterly statuesque state of perfection. That was stupid. What is the matter?" asked what he wanted—the statuesqueness; and everybody considered it a settled

I think Viola began to consider it herself. She had just one letter from John Ellsworth after his return, and he had said: "I love you, Viola, and am waiting for you.'

She did not answer the letter. But she was cross even with Mrs. Mornington for two days after it. Then she was seized with a fit of

homesickness, and but that her friend was taken suddenly and really ill, noth- a chair. "My poor darling" ing would have kept her there. Mr. Nicolson came more frequently than ever; in his way very kind and consider-Frank Thorpe was in and out, not so frequently as before that morning when John Ellsworth had come, but thoughts. One night, in early spring, Frank

Thorpe came and took Viola out for a "You were looking tired. We may not have another such night in a month,

Frank said. In the half-hour they did not speak half-a-dozen sentences; and yet when he set her down at her door, and held her hand for a minute, as he said, "Fare well !" Viola felt they were nearer each

other than before. Viola was one morning summoned to the drawing-room to meet Mr. Nicolson. In the occupation of the past weeks she had had very little opportunity to think about him or his purposes. No girl ever went to meet the final Among Mrs. Grove's guests that night question with less determination as to moment she entered the room. Not that he was confused or hesitating, or in any way disconcerted.

"My dear young lady," he said, de ferentially, "I want your permission to ask you a personal question?" "You have it, sir," she said.

And then in a speech which was more like a set oration than anything else Viola had ever heard, he offered her his not an heiress after all. hand and fortune.

The thought of saying no to such had given John, on his twenty-third whose attentions were perfectly straight- away very red in the face and a good deal crestfallen.

She went up-stairs to Mrs. Morning-"Aunt, I've done it! And I'm so surprised!"

"At what?" "I've refused Mr. Nicolson." "My dear, I always thought you

"Did you? You astute woman! And be Mrs. Nicolson, I sould say, yes."

that you have said no."

"Perhaps! I shall never be surprised at anything again!" have made a mistake, my dear."

sufficiently lacerated already. A servant announced Frank Thorpe. Even in her reckless, over-excited mood, she could not complete the sen-

you have been to Mr. Nicolson?" "Don't ask me." So Viola went down to see her visit-

"How very entertaining you are to-She looked at him with an astonished day! Your conversational powers are

"Entertaining?" opening his eyes

"Thank you. What a very promis-

"And so there had been. There, talk about something else. You needn't While she sat, his hand still on her be entertaining any more."

"Indeed I do care for you, John, and door opened, and John Eilsworth was slow fire gathering in his dreamy eyes, "if I should find an earthquake waiting Viola swept toward him, with eager, for me if I followed Mr. Nicolson's lead!"

"Miss Rawdon," the servant announced, and that put an end to it all, Viola reasoned herself into a conviction that she was in love with Frank Thorpe, or if not actually in that condition, that she might easily find herself there. And because passive patience was not possible just then, she gathered up all John Ellsworth's gifts and letters and put them out of her sight, as if he had anything to do with

The crisis was not far off. Coming in from an errand that night she found all the dimly-lighted house empty, and went on from room to room till in the library she opened the door on Frank Thorne.

"Since you were not at home, I came to find for myself a volume Mrs. Mornington had promised me," he explaimed. But he closed the door as he gave her a chair, as if the tete-a-tete were part of

She looked up at his pale face and shining eyes, and felt her heart sink. And yet this was the conclusion to which she had reasoned herself a few hours

And then five minutes of talk, in which her part was monosyllabic, and Frank Thorne had proposed and been accepted; and she was crying quietly, with her head on the library table, and he was walking the room in an agitated move-

"We might as well begin with a clean record," he said with a great deal of hard earnestness in his voice, "You are not my first love, Viola. Not quite two years ago she jilted me. I was in an awfully spoony condition—there's no denying it; and, for a few weeks, thought it would be the death of me. One morning my letters and trinkets came back to me. There was not a word of explanation, and I did not choose to ask any. When I had tired myself out, and was in a condition to lie down in dust at her feet, the house was shut up and the family had gone abroad. That's the whole of it.'

"And the young lady's name?" "Emily Prescott.

"Emily Prescott? Why, that is the young lady I met this afternoon. Just home from abroad-in Paris mourning. Her father and mother both died somewhere in France, in the spring, and she came home with the Mertons. "Viola," staring at her with eager

eyes, "I can't believe it," dropping into A flash of color shot up into Viola's face. She went and stood by him, with

her hand on his shoulder. "It seems to me, Frank," in her most common-place, practical voice, "that the little arrangement we entered into often enough to keep him in her ten minutes ago might as well be quietly annulled. Your 'poor darling' is at present with the Mertons. Hadn't you better go up there at once, and arrange your programme?" "I don't know. Viola you will think

> me a scoundrel, but I believe I love her "Of course you do. Who doubts it? color to the upper part of the leg, form- stood for twenty-five years, and was then The points I am giving you on the sly? There, don't say a woman can't be gen- ing a simulated boot upper cloth, while sold to a Baptist congregation and re- Then finish the story and guess, or tryerous. Think of my agony in releasing | the slipper forms the foxing.

you, and go as soon as possible." "You are generous, dear." "That depends on our relative estimate of the sacrifice. Good-night." After that nothing could keep her in town, and three days after arriving home, driving her old-fashioned pony-

chaise through the green country road, she came upon John Ellsworth walking, and he accepted her invitation to ride. "It is so good to be here again. I was thoroughly homesick." "When are you to be married?" "Never!" with a burst of vehemence:

'unless you—oh, John!" with a hys

At home a telegram awaited her; Mrs. Mornington was dead. Mrs. Mornington died poor. She had spent all her money. So poor Viola was

And the neighbors said: "After she found she could not get either of those city fellows, and that old lady disapno fool like a man when he's in love with a girl like that.

Satisfying His Patient.

Common sense generally recommends physicians as well as other men to popular favor, but there are exceptions where something uncommon is better received. The Hoosiers listened to a speech of I always fancied that if he asked me to General Jackson, but would hardly be satisfied that he was a grest man till he "Perhaps you will be sorry by-and-by shouted a string of Latin phrases. " E pluribus unum," "Multum in parvo," "Sine qua non!" and then they rent the air with wild hurras for him. A "From a worldly point of view, you nice invalid was even harder to satisfy than the Hoosiers. The first physician | Progress. "Don't rack my feelings. They are in his case was discharged because he was honest enough to tell him that he had a sore throat; and the second doc-"Aunt, shall I" and paused, tor, having some hint of the fact, answered the sick man, when questioned, the press of Mexico received and enter- direction; and since, as a rule, man is beauty.—New York News. that his case was highly abnormal, and tained some visiting American jour- better without alcohol, they have the had degenerated into synanche tonsi- nalists. After a pleasant dinner they help of the medical profession "Shall you be kinder to him than laris.

say that word again !"

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

A Coup D'etat. If little seeds by slow degree Put forth their leaves and flowers unheard, Our love had grown into a tree,

And bloomed without a single word. I haply hit on six o'clock, The hour her father came from town; I gave his own peculiar knock.

And waited shyly, like a clown. The door was opened. There she stood. Lifting her mouth's delicious brim. How could I waste a thing so good! I took the kiss she meant for him.

A moment on an awful brink-Deep breath, a frown, a smile, a tear: And then, "Oh, Robert, don't you think That that was rather—eavalier?" -London Society.

Fashion Notes. Ragusa point is the coming lace. Breton is the lace of the passing mo-Coteline is another name for printed

dimity. The tendency is to make short skirts | barrel." still shorter.

Seaside grenadine comes with greatly improved texture this spring. All costumes are de rigeuer combina-

tions of several materials this season. paniers are coming in vogue for street

favor at present as showing the shape | top, Embroidery or clocking, both, all

around the leg of the stocking is a new feature in spring hosiery. Garnet, with all the kindred reds of Bordeaux, ruby, maroon, cardinal and nacarat is immensely popular.

with long wrists are worn, as well as the cellar jingled with the motion. He lace mitts and half-fingered lace gloves. The gloves of the season embrace a wider variety in Lisle thread, kid, and | ward-but how to remove it. The

The new kid gloves are welted at the top with three welts, half an inch apart. and to this a lace frill at the top is frequently added.

Mummy cloth is so named from its crape-like texture resembling the cotton cloths in which ancient Egyptian mummies are found. texture with double twilled or satteen,

this spring. The bonnets of this spring are larger than those of the passing season: the brims flare, but there are no face trimmings, the hair being dressed full to supply the deficiency.

The new Lisle thread gloves are seen

n all the kid colors and pure white; they are silk finished and "regular" made, imitating kid so well as to be preferred for full dress wear. The handsomest novelties in silk hosiery are the boot hose, with clock-

and rose are seen in the Lisle thread theatrical hosiery this spring, the embroidery on the same being in bright reproduced; and now some person, pryfull tones of marson, red, navy-blue,

Sevres, or porcelain-blue and black. stitched about an inch from the top so as to make a standing heading. Sometimes the side plaits are separated by height—the church was unfinished. wide plain spaces and fans of a different The Swiss Calvinists were a little short But no—'tis a story expressly made material are sewed into each plait.

Lengthwise trimmings are to be used on the side and fronts of overskirts. They conceal alterations admirably, and will be in high favor with ladies who thing. are compelled to make their own gowns.

Woman's Sphere in Philadelphia.

There are about forty female physicians in Philadelphia in full practice, at are turned much more than formerly least ten artists (painters), and one toward introducing some substitute for sculptor, Miss Blanche Nevin, lately alcohol. Failing in the direct attack pointed her about her money, she came selected by the State to execute the they are attempting a flank movement. back here and took John Ellsworth. statue in marble of Muhlenberg. Of There is now manufactured to meet in And he put up with it; but then there's lady lawyers we find no record; of print- part these demands a series of aerated ers, school and music teachers, there is waters which equal many wines in delia multitude; of lady clerks and attend- cacy of flavor. Ales and beers with an ants in shops and stores, an army; of inappreciable amount of alcohol, and editors, correspondents, novelists, historians and scientists of the gentler sex, made and form agreeable drinks, which in this city alone, the roster would be a may, to some extent, satisfy the demands revelation. Among lecturers, preachers of social occasions. For the weariness and ministers, we merely mention Lu- that follows muscular or mental exercretia Mott, Hannah Whital Smith and tion, the best things are food and rest. Anna Dickinson. The stage, the opera, If drinks are craved, however, we have art in flowers, wax, lace, costumes and in thin oatmeal, or Liebeg's extract of decorations, are largely represented by meat, foods which enter the circulation the women of Philadelphia. Even parson rapidly that their effect is comparatial data prove a vast amount of female | ble to that of alcohol. These, it is sugtalent in many of the employments supposed to be limited to men. Opportunble by various additions. Tea, and ity is only necessary to attract thousands of candidates for occupation. - Forney's

Mexican Manners.

were taken to the bull fight, which the "Oh, doctor," cried the patient, "do correspondent describes as brutal and repulsive. The letter mentions the

A Thrilling Adventure.

A merchant wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding, collected a party of her young companions. They circled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. The father gazed proudly on his favored child, and hoped that as bright pros pects might open for the rest of his children, who were playing among the

Passing through the hall of the basement he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand without the candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl returned, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost alarm. "I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms were full of wood," said the

"Where did you put it?" "Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it in some black sand that's in the sand-

Her master dashed down the stairs: the passage was long and dark; his seemed dry and parched, as if he already other influences. felt the suffocating blast of death. At Jeanne d'Arc cuirass corsages and the end of the cellar, under the very friends were reveling in felicity, he saw The Psyche coiffure is in the highest | the open barrel of powder, full to the the candle stuck loosely in the grains, with a long red snuff of burnt wick. The sight seemed to wither all his power. The laughter of the company struck his ear like the knell of death. He stood a moment, unable to

The music commenced above; the feet of the dancers responded with vivacity; Lace gloves with fingers as well as the floor shook, and the loose bottles in fancied the candle was moving-falling. With desperate energy he sprang for- hymenopter of remarkable delicacy and lace mitts than ever before seen in one slightest touch would cause the red-hot Its body is twelve-thousandths of an inch wick to fall into the powder. With un- in length, and its ten jointed antenna equaled presence of mind he placed a twenty-thousandths. hand on each side of the candle, pointed toward the object of care, which, as his hands met, was secured in the clasp of his fingers and safely moved away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs he smiled at his previous alarm; but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell in fits of the most French, English and American dress violent laughter. He was conveyed to goods, whether wool or cotton, show his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his system recovered suffimummy, armure, and coteline effects cient tone to allow him to resume his Tis bloody, and horrid, and something new.

Following the Pattern.

A singular reproduction of an architectural defect has lately been brought to light in New York. When Dr. Cheever's "Church of the Puritans," on Union Square, was built, it was made an exact copy of a church, in Berne, Switzerland, of which a member of the congregation traveling in Europe had taken drawings. A striking peculiarity of the structure was the two towers, one much higher than the other, but similar | 'Tis not in my nature to tell a lie. ings and embroideries in contrasting in every other respect. The church And can't you discover, discern, descry, moved to Fifty-third street; every stone Some of the most delicate tints of blue being marked and placed in the position it had formerly occupied. The tall tower and the short one were carefully ing into the history of the original model in the city of Berne, has unearth-Flounces are laid in side plaits, and ed the architect's plans and specifications of the Swiss church, and, behold, the two towers are exactly the same of funds, and the result of their finan- | To show the people the stock in trade cial stringency was twice faithfully per- Of doggerel poets of humble gradepetuated in the Western hemisphere, the unequal towers being supposed to be eminently the proper ecclesiastical

Substitutes for Alcohol. The Medical Record says: We find that the efforts of temperance reformers wines from unfermented grapes are also especially coffee, are also available and useful in these cases. For the reforming drunkard bitter infusions may be of service in addition to the drinks al- narrow way; tc-morrow cannot say ready mentioned. It seems possible that | we've done our duty; for giving all our A letter from Mexico speaks very some advance may be made by temper- leisure to maudlin mirth and pleasure, highly of the gentlemanly way in which ance reformers through efforts in this we seek for worldly treasure and earthly

What Those Long Nights Mean. "Why, sir, I said you were at present poor traveling accommodations in Mexi- nice to court a girl in the far northern bother, but her husband would not let or, who was at the full tide of his laboring under synanche tonsilaris." | co, but says that several cars of each countries where the nights are six months | her cut it off, even when offered a good "Why, just think, doctor, that fool train are reserved for ladies—gentlemen long; but just think of the vast amount price by dealers in hair. Lately work told me I had nothing but a sore throat, not admitted under any circumstances. of peanuts and gumdrops the young became scarce with him, and he did not and I told him I had no use for such a According to this correspondent there man, when going to see his girl, must know how to make a payment soon com-"I told you, sir, in plain terms, that Mexicans. He says: The Mexicans of and induce her to believe that his affec- his home seemed probable. Then a the morbid condition of your system was all classes are polite—exceedingly so. tion for her is as warm as ever. And stranger came along and offered \$200 "You see,"-leaning forward and with mild wonder. "I supposed that obvious, and that it has terminated in The gardener, or water-carrier, shakes then the sad leavetaking a few weeks be- for the treasured yellow hair. The hands on meeting an acquaintance, lifts fore sunrise! He whispers, "Good- amount of money would raise the mort-"Oh, doctor, it must be a monstrous his hat, bows, and on parting, after ex-bad complaint. Think you can cure me, doctor?"

his hat, bows, and on parting, after ex-changing a few words, goes through the same ceremony again. When excited you again?" "To-morrow night," he could not help shedding tears when he "Now, though your diagnosis is clear, and quarrelsome he never forgets him- replies, as he kisses her upturned face. saw the stranger's shears despoiling his ng beginning."

your prognosis is doubtful; yet I think, but prefaces his offensive remarks wife's head of its beauty, and she wept by prudent care and skillful treatment, in this wise: "Senor, you are a fool," voice full of emotion. "Six long weary when she looked at herself in the glass; or "Senor, you are a rascal," etc. months! Can't you call around a few but they consoled themselves with the Thaps not then. I am not wise to falling in love with, and then marry him. now. He seemed laboring under the "Oh, well, doctor, do stay all night, When it finally comes to the knife, and days before breakfast, Charles?" Fi- crisp bank notes, and the buyer went impression that there had been an and I will pay you anything you ask." one falls to the ground mortally wound-earthquake." and I will pay you anything you ask." one falls to the ground mortally wound-earthquake." and I will pay you anything you ask." one falls to the ground mortally wound-earthquake. The got well of his sore throat, and ed, his rival will smilingly bow toward promise to write her one hundred and ward the miner went to pay the debt and any return. I will wait for what the future shall put in your heart to say." | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have been more sob. | voice, she could not have so a could n

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Some men are like brooks, they are always murmuring.

A button is a very small event which is always coming off.

A paste-pot doesn't denote time, yet is known by its stick.

Electricity exerts a peculiar and wor derful effect on some plants. Fancy wood sawing is now made an

occupation of insane patients. A bird-fancier calls his canaries "Rich-

es" because they have wings. The largest metal statue in the world situated near the city of Arona, Italy. Query for a druggist: Which is the easier -- to put prescriptions up or down? If a girl's hair is plaited, you can't

Onegirlia, because there is only one girl Agricultural: It is exceedingly bad

with propriety say she has golden hair.

A new town in Idaho has been named

'husbandry" to harrow up the feelings of your wife. By the use of the microphone you can hear the rope walk the butter fly,

the gum drop, or the fall of the year. Chicago doctors consider the house knees threatened to give way under furnace as their best friend. It gives him, his breath was choked; his flesh | them more cases of lung trouble than al

When a Mongolian wash-house in Detroit took fire, "John" picked up his room where his children and their shirts and murmured: "The Chinese must go."—Free Press. "Excuse haste and a bad pen," as the

> dirty porker said when it rushed out of its sty and knocked over the man with lavender pants. - Rome Sentinel. Mexicans subdue fractious horses by having a hood so arranged as to be pulled down over the eyes of the horse as soon as he manifests uneasiness. Several applications subdue the horses

Hon. J. D. Cox describes what is said to be the smallest insect known. It is a beauty, parasitic on the leaf-cutter bee.

WEARING THE GREEN. An editor wore a green coronet, As if he had been a fresh baronet, Twas a shade for his eyes, Turned up toward the skies 'Twas a way he got into of wearin' it.

BY SAMCONY.

I'll tell you a tale and it's strictly true; It hasn't a title to bother you; And as to the subject I'll give a clew By stating in writing a word or two, That sprinkle and speck the narration through-

Queue, drew, too, who, Crew, flew, to, brew, Blue, ewe, slew, new, Do, few, chew, glue. Perhaps you imagine I wish to guy That such is the case I at once deny:

Shoe, drew, knew, blue,

Cuc, dew, mew, stew,

High, shy, tie, fie, Dry, cry, sigh, die; My, eye, sky, high Fly, pie, sty, fry,

Buy, rye, tri, ply, Why, pry, thigh, wry The plot of the tale is so deeply laid-So mixed and confounded, I'm half afraid You'll think it a maniac's wild tirade.

> Staid, maid, weighed, braid, Aid, jade, wade, glade, Paid, said, frayed, shade, Bade, played, raid, blade, Delayed, decayed, evade, fade, Decade, brigade, lemonade. -Yonkers Gazette.

Sediment is like a bankrupt debtor. because it never settles up. Are not all the pressrooms in th United States entitled to be called

"American print works?"

Luken's "Pith and Point."

Never run down a clock for being too slow or too fast. Let it alone and it will run down itself. An elephant's warble is as an unmusi cal as its waltzing is impracticable.

Affliction brings us face to face with

our utter insignificance. Candor has an ugly mouth, that gives expression to many unpalatable truths. There comes a time when every man wonders why he is such a lamentable

One of the brightest things we have noticed going round lately is a highlypolished circular saw.

Such is life! To-day we tread the

A Sad Story.

The wife of a miner in Hopewell, Pa.,

had yellow hair of wonderful length and Ah, yes, fond youth! It may be very abundance. It was so heavy as to be a