

POETRY.

THE OLD PIONEER.

In summer I poke round doors  
An' kinder help to do the chores;  
I try to be some little good  
An' chop an' fetch the kindlin' wood;  
I judge a man should still be brave,  
Long as he keeps outside the grave,  
An' do his work, however small,  
An' poke about till he sinks down,  
An' darkness comes and covers all—  
An' so I poke and patter round.

This tremblin' han', these shakin' bones  
Once trembled these fel' or t'ween an' stones;  
This han' it pressed my young brin's han'  
An' led her through this unknown lan'.  
The wolf and bear prowled round an' door,  
But we wuz happy, young an' poor,  
But that dear han' in simple trust  
No more in mine shall settle down,  
Long years that han' be mixed with dust—  
But still I poke an' patter round.

The woods is cleared, the swamps is wet  
With wavin' fel's of grass and wheat,  
The lone some woods hez all made room  
To let the pear and apple bloom.  
An' where was once the wild wolf's den  
Is happy homes or happy men.  
But the ol' man who led the way  
An' cut them dark ol' forests down,  
Now sun down shadders cloud his day,  
Can only poke an' patter round.

'Twas here we passed life's early morn,  
'Twas here our boy and girl was born,  
She learned their baby feet to stray  
Through the rough forest's tangled way,  
The girls, now far as she was then,  
The boys grew up to straggle men,  
Fergit the pathway to her grave,  
But I can keep the rough weeds down,  
An' flowers above her dust shall wave  
'Till I can poke and patter round.

The great world moves so fast, to-day,  
It leaves an ol' ol' man by the way,  
Fergit the work that he hez done—  
An' all his toil be buried;  
An' all his voice seem to say:  
"Start back, ol' man, keep out the way,"  
I hear the voices' cruel roar,  
I go; the night is settin' down,  
An' 'paps they'll miss me when no more  
The ol' man pokes and patters round."  
—Sam Watters Pass.

SELECT STORY.

IF HE HAD RULED BY LOVE!

By the Author of "A Queer Sort of Happiness."

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER X.

RULED BY LOVE.

NEXT MRS. ERIC NOR EDITH DEVEREUX appeared at the breakfast table the next morning, and there was much wonder expressed.

"Is your mother ill?" some one asked Percy.

"I don't know," he answered.

"And Mrs. Clifford—she is smiling down at first," said Vernon, smiling, and everyone looked at Devereux.

"Mrs. Clifford is not ill," he said quietly.

"Yes, my dear, but you make me anxious; he is too much for a slip of a girl like you," Devereux answered, laying his disengaged hand tenderly on her golden curls.

Not even the last-born—the heir—could divide with Muriel the peculiar halo of tenderness that would be over the little delicate flower, who, after all, had been the link which forged anew the golden chain of love between Vernon and Edith. She was the supreme darling of her father's heart, deeply he loved the second-born. He would have said, as did Edith, that he loved them both alike, and that was true, only for Muriel there was just a shade more of tenderness deep in the heart of each.

"She was motherless and fatherless for nine years of her life," Edith said sometimes, with soft eyes on her little daughter's face. "We have so much to make up for it."

All the same she used to say with an arch smile, "I was never spoiled, Muriel."

"She can't be spoiled," he would answer, laughing; and just now, as Edith, the dark eyed wife, from whom husband and children and dependents never heard word or tone that was not sweet and gentle, came to join the pretty group on the lawn, Vernon passed his arm about her, setting down Master Eric, who at once toddled to 'sister Muriel, and looked proudly into his wife's beautiful face.

"Spoiling those children, Vernon?" she said with a smile.

"She was never spoiled, does it?" he answered her, and a half-mile whizz light came to his eyes, "else wretchedness, you had been well in these three years."

She glanced up at him with a happy smile.

"You are right, Vernon, love never spoils. We will rule them always by love, dear, always, as you rule me now."

And Vernon pressed her close to his heart, and laid his lips to hers in a lingering kiss.

UNDERGROUND AVALANCHES.

The curious phenomenon formerly exciting the wonder of people living in the vicinity of Thick Head and Sand mountains, south of Tusseyville, Center county, Pa., which has not been noticed for five years, has made its presence known again. For twelve years, at irregular intervals, the dwellers in that part of Center county had been disturbed by loud and mysterious noises which came from the ground between the two mountains named. In the spring of 1888 these noises were heard daily, with increased volume, for a week. The noises, according to the Chicago Herald, were sometimes like the rumble of distant thunder and then like the deadened crash of thunder heard in the air close by. On the seventh day of this protracted disturbance beneath these two mountains a resident of Tusseyville was climbing Thick Head mountain when the rumbling began in the mountain opposite. At first it was deep and low, and it increased in violence until it became as the rumble of a mass of rock rolling down a mountain side. The person who heard the sounds said that they convinced him that they were caused by a subterranean avalanche, as it began at the very top of the mountain, increasing in violence and speed as it went down, and terminating in a terrible crash at the bottom.

After that day the Thick Head noises ceased, and were not heard again until a week ago, when they began just as they had terminated in a similar subterranean land or rock slide, except that this time the hidden avalanche occurred somewhere in the depth of Thick Head mountain, instead of in Sand mountain. In Potter county, Pa., between Routledge and Bartville, is a hill in which rumblings of the same nature are heard at irregular intervals. This elevation is called Thunder hill, and it rises from the south bank of the Allegheny river. The noises that occur in this hill sometimes make the earth tremble for a long distance around and they have been heard for a mile away.

The theory of local savants is that a strong vein of natural gas underlies the hill, and that when the great retort is disturbed by some underground convulsion it rises in its might and tumbles rocks and boulders around in the confusion of the hill until everything hums. Still one has confidence enough in this theory to hand out the money that is being asked for to send a drill down into the alleged gas cavern, let out its treasures and make everybody in that hill wick rich.

A HEART IN HIS LEG.

An Interesting Operation on a St. Louis Patient for Femoral Aneurism.

Dr. Marks, superintendent of the city hospital, has cut a heart out of a man's leg. Instead of being necessary to the patient's existence, as hearts usually are, this organ was a very dangerous possession and was likely to end his life at any moment. The heart was almost as large as the one usually found inside a man's ribs, and beat in very much the same manner. It was situated upon the inside of the right leg, four or five inches above the knee, and was more tender than the ball of the owner's eye.

Charles Gentry, a laborer, was the owner of this very remarkable organ. To the surgeons the phenomenon is called a traumatic aneurism of the femoral artery. This artery is the big blood vessel pipe that runs from the heart down through the body and leg, furnishing life to the different parts of the anatomy as it goes. About two months ago Gentry was struck upon the leg just over the artery by a shaft of a piece of machinery. The inner wall of the artery was burst, and the big pipe began to bulge out at this point. The outer wall, or coat of the artery, luckily stretched and held the blood, or Gentry would have bled to death in no time. The artery kept on swelling with every pulsation of the patient's heart. From the size of a hazelnut the bulge grew and grew until it was larger than a man's fist. How the artery managed to stand without bursting was a matter for wonder even to the surgeons. The least touch given to the skin over the swelling caused Gentry horrible pain, and he was obliged to keep very still lest any sudden movement or contact would break it and by the hemorrhage bring on death. The aneurism could be seen to beat at all intervals and purposes like any other heart. If one brought his ear close to it he could hear a constantly repeated blowing or breathing sound coming from beneath the skin. This noise was caused by the vacant air space around the swollen artery where it had crowded the muscles aside.

Dr. Marks decided to operate in order to save Gentry's life. The aneurism was perceptibly growing, and was bound to burst soon. The patient was laid upon the operating table and placed under the influence of chloroform. A sharp knife laid the tissues aside and exposed the femoral artery with its puffed bulge. The artery was then tied, or "ligated," two inches above and two inches below the swelling, and the big bulge cut open. Nearly a pint of blood gushed forth and then there was no heart left. The slit artery was then sewed together with fine sutures, and the patient soaked in antiseptic solutions, and left to heal. The ligatures above and below were left to remain, however, until the artery is fully healed. Then they will be untied and the blood allowed to flow down Gentry's leg as usual.

Not one of the doctor's assistants at the patient's limb will receive blood from the smaller arteries, and will in all probability keep from dying.

CHINA DESIRES WAR.

The French Occupation of Siam the Pretext for Hostilities.

VICTORIA, B. C., Jan. 1.—Thomas Wilson, the well known Indian planter, just arrived from Siam authority for the statement that war between China and France may break out at any moment, the Chinese government finding in the French occupation of Siam an excuse for which they have long been looking to wipe out the score left standing since the Tonkin affair.

"Among all classes," he says, "there is a desire for war. China has unnumbered men who can be put in the field at any moment. These leaders can be supplied with a poorly arm under skilled European officers. Just before we left, the Chinese fleet at Hong Kong got up steam and, while they were under sealed orders, it was known they were bound for Manan river, and the intention at Bangkok was to be made a subject of inquiry. The departure of all the British North China squadron to Siam, was the result of this movement of Chinese, the British admiral, believing it necessary to concentrate his forces for the protection of British life and property in the East Indies, all went on looking after their countries' interests."

"The British residents are satisfied that England will find it impossible to keep out of the hell. Both China and Siam have fairly good ships and China has several torpedo boats."

SEVEN GREAT WONDERS AT COREA.

A Chinese paper describes the seven wonders which Corea, like unto other Oriental countries, possesses, and which played a conspicuous role in antiquity. The seven wonders are: First, a hot mineral spring near Kin Shantao, which is capable of curing sickness and diseases of all sorts. The second wonder is the two wells, one at each end of the peninsula, which have the peculiar characteristic that whenever one is full the other is empty. The water of the one is intensely bitter, that of the other has a pleasant and sweet taste. The third wonder is a cold cave from which issues constantly an ice-cold wind, with such force that a strong man is not able to stand up against it. A pine forest which cannot be eradicated constitutes the fourth wonder. No matter what injury may be done to the roots the young trees spring up again like the phoenix from its ashes. The most remarkable, however, is the fifth wonder—the famous hovering stone, which stands or rather appears to stand, in front of a palace erected to its honor. This is a massive rectangular block, free on all sides. Two men standing, one on each end, can draw a cord underneath the stone, from side to side, without encountering any obstacle. The sixth wonder is a hot stone which has been lying from time immemorial on the summit of a hill, and evolving a glowing heat. The seventh wonder is a mountain in the shape of a sword, which is guarded in a great temple, in whose court for thirty yards on all sides not a single blade of grass grows. No tree, no flower will flourish on the sacred spot, and even wild creatures are careful not to profane it.

SIXTEEN TIMES MARRIED.

Of all the extraordinary stories of female adventures, the account of the career of "Golden Hand," a Russian woman recently condemned to Siberia, reads more like an effort of fiction. Remarkably attractive and good looking speaking fluently Russian, Roumanian, German, French and English, she had been married sixteen times and in turn, ran away from each of her husbands, carrying off everything upon which she could lay her hands.

Once before she was condemned to Siberia, but had not been there long before the chief overseer fell a victim to her wiles, married her and went off to Constantinople. But after a few months his wife fled and soon after was recognized in Moscow by a police official, who proceeded to arrest her.

In response to her urgent pleading, however, he delayed marching her off upon

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup Has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething.

But her sixteenth husband, after she had made off with the bulk of his worldly possessions, finding out who she really was, speedily landed her in jail, where the lawyer instructed with her defence had an opportunity of appreciating her skill as a pickpocket. When he went to see her in her cell she presented him with a gold watch and chain as a token of her gratitude for his efforts in her cause. Feeling in his pocket, he afterwards discovered that the watch and chain were his own.

THEIR FLESH DROPPED OFF.

A terrible explosion occurred last Saturday evening at the East Chicago pumping station of the Indiana natural gas company's pipe line.

The pipes in this station have been leaking for some time, and that morning workmen were sent there to repair the leak. They first fired a lantern, which exploded, and immediately the leaking gas ignited and a terrific explosion followed.

The station, which was of iron, was completely demolished and the workmen were thrown in every direction, some of them being hurled fifty feet from the building. Seven of them were seriously injured, their flesh being literally cooked and dropping from their bodies. One of the injured, whose hair and flesh dropped from his head and face, ran nearly half a mile, turned the gas off the main pipe and then returned to the station.

Nearly all the windows in the town were broken by the force of the explosion and the citizens rushed to the scene to render assistance to the injured. The force of the explosion tore up the pipes and the report was heard about seven miles.

STRANGELY BIRTHMARKED.

Dr. George R. Haszard relates the story of a ten-year-old child of one of his patients in Birdseye, Ind., who cannot speak to his father, though perfectly gifted with everyone else. The cause assigned may be gathered from the following:

Previous to the child's birth a difference arose between the parents, and for several weeks the mother refused to speak to her husband. The offence, whatever it was, was condoned, but not till after the child was born. In due time the little boy began to talk, but when with his father was conversed, he continued that all the child was five or six years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened corporal punishment for its stubbornness. This was afflicted, but without eliciting a word, though his groans told too plainly he could neither cry nor speak, and he was vainly tried. Those present joined in the opinion that the parental effort of the parental quarrel made it impossible for the boy to speak to his father. Time has proved the correctness of this theory.

There is a perfectly friendly relation with his father, attempts to speak to him elicit nothing but sighs.

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY.

NEW ORLEANS, Ill., Dec. 29.—To-morrow the existence of the Louisiana State Lottery company in Louisiana, comes to an end, but the concern will live under a new name and in a new locality. Its new name is the Honduras National Lottery company, and its headquarters are in Puerto Cortes.

Last night the officers of the company left for Honduras on the steamer Cortes-water, and will arrive in Puerto Cortes on Sunday. Among the party were the following: Paul Conrad, Gen. W. L. Cabell, Col. Charles J. Villiers, Gov. Barney Gibbs and Maj. Lawrence L. Davis.

The first instalments of tickets of the Honduras lottery, are already in the city, the information being quickly given out, that they will be delivered to vendors on Tuesday. It is understood that all the branch lottery offices have received orders to close up after to-morrow.

MUST BE HANGED.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—From 1.25 to 2.25 p. m., yesterday, the jury in the Prendergast case charged at the expense of the charges by the counsel and judge.

They then returned to the court room and recommended that the prisoner be hanged.

Prendergast's attorney, Wade, made a motion for a new trial, and it will be argued next week. There was no case in court when the verdict was announced. The prisoner uttered not a word and seemed to betray no feeling of anxiety. In making the charge for the people Mr. Wade called attention to the similarity of the two assassinations. Prendergast, said: "Gaitzen killed Garfield to win the applause of the stalwarts and to satisfy his morbid desire for notoriety. This man committed murder expecting that this deed would bring approval from the Chicago press and the public."

Prenton Harrison, a son of the murdered man, thanked Mr. Wade for his service in court. Prendergast has been placed in murderers' row. The date of his hanging will be announced shortly.

CHILD STEALING CASE.

Lillian Philpott, married, sixteen years old, of 3, Plignon-road, South Tottenham, was charged at the West London court, with stealing a baby, aged fifteen months, and its clothes. The child is the son of Mrs. Mabel Wallis, wife of a bookbinder, of 23, Frankel street, South Tottenham, who had sent it out in a perambulator in charge of a girl of ten named Lily Stevens. Lily stated that Philpott met her, took the child from the perambulator and carried it. She then sent her into a shop, and on her return the woman and the baby had gone. The police were communicated with the next morning the child was found with its hair cut off. Rose Hansen, sister to the woman in the dock, said that Lillian had been married three months to a green grocer. She seemed quite mad when found with the baby. As she would give no explanation, Heman took the child to the police station. The husband, a youth of nineteen, said that when he went home he found his wife in bed. She told him that she had been confined, and that the baby was a boy. He was rather surprised, but he believed it. She sent him for a feeding-bottle and some wine. The magistrate asked him when he had abused himself of the idea that the child was his. "When I saw its teeth," he replied. A roar of laughter went up at this naive remark, at which Philpott seemed much surprised. He was then counted at least eight teeth, and finding that the baby could both walk and talk, he began to think something was wrong; so he communicated with his relatives.

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Six Subscriptions do do do 10  
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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been appointed Executor of the last will of the late John A. Morrison.

All persons indebted to such estate will please remit with my at once, and all persons having any legal claims against such estate are requested to file the same in my duly attested to within three months from this date.

Frederick, June 9, 1894. J. A. MORRISON, Executor of last will of the late John A. Morrison. June 10.

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Doz Steel Sinks, woud crank with hot water like cast iron. Best make. No. CHESTNUT & 80th.

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