#### VOLUME I.

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

#### NUMBER 67.

Deacon Thrush in Meeting. LETTER FROM HANNAH BROWN TO SISTER HULDAN mode o' speakin'.

It's jest that orful voice of his'n— But, law! I'd best begin
And tell my story straight ahead, or else things won't fit in.

Last spring we felt that we was blessed, to think that Deacon Thrush.

Was comin' up from Sumpkinsville to live in Cedarbrush.

He'll be a viller in our church "says father the "He'll be a piller in our church," says father, the first thing.

I wish he was a piller, Huldy, for then he couldn't

sing. He bought the Joneses' farm, you know, and move in last of May. But that first time he came to church—I can't for git that day. openin' hymn was skursly read, the choir was The openin' hymn was skursly read, the choir was just arisin',
When everybody turned and looked, a sound came so surprisin'.
Twas something like the old church-bell, 'twas somethin' like the ocean,
'Twas most like 'Bijah Morrow's bull, accordin' to my notion. It fairly drowned my playin' out; it left the tur behind;
I never thought that such a voice could come from human kind.
Like thunderclaps and factory-gear through all our heads 'twas ringin'.
And Huldy, it was nothin' else than Deacon Thrush a-singin'!
Yes, there he sot, with book in hand, as peaceful and as caim
As if he thought his dooty lay in murd'rin' that poor

psalm. He never see the old folks' smiles; he never heer the giggle went up from the gallery. I watched our par son wriggle
And fidget in the pulpit, while poor father's head
was shakin';
But on went Deacon Thrush, and seemed real comfort to be takin'.
And when we stopped he couldn't stop, he'd got
sech headway on;
His voice went boomin' up and down, and fiattin'
so forlorn That, though he tried to choke it off, it mixed up with his text,
And made poor Parson Edwards skip his words, and then look vexed.
I couldn't hear that sermon, Huldy; my thoughts

was all astray, nderin' ef Deacon Thrush would sing agen that day.

I might have spared my thinkin', though, for that misguided man

Jest started off the same old way before the rest began.
But when the second verse was reached, the choir put down their books;
I stopped my playin'; back and forth we cast despairin' looks: despairin looks:
The boys set up to laugh agen; the parson raised his hand
And shouted, but the noise was sech we couldn't understand; While Deacon Thrush was leanin' back, his eyelids

nearly closin',
A-singiu' like an angel on a bed of clouds reposin
I'll have to cut my story short. Next day they called a meetin', ved to keep poor Deacon Thrush sech singin' from repeatin'.
They 'p'inted Uncle Job to go with father and request That Deacon Thrush would kindly leave the singin to the rest.

Perhaps you think he took the hint? Then, Huldy,
you're mistaken.

He listened till they'd said their say; then, with miles a breakin',
ed. jest as cheerfully: "Yes, breth'ring: He answered, jest as cheerfully: "Yes, breth'ring; yes, I know
I have my faults; I sometimes git the tune a leetle slow, and sometimes, tryin' to ketch up, I take an extry fight;
But, takin' one verse with the next, that makes things jest come right.

Now when you ask me not to sing, why, breth'ring I can't do it;

I can't do it;

Over Thorpe's face rushed a flood of

pursue it.

And while I tread this vale of tears, a sinful child Rejoicin' is my privilege—rejoice I will and must. Well, 'twa'n't no use, as Uncle Job and father said next day; The deacon, though a pious man, was sot in hi own way.

He's sung in meetin' ever sence—there's not a seat to spare;

And, oh! sech sinful whisperin' and nudgin

And, on! seen similar whileperin and ladgest everywhere!

Then when the hymns is given out, you'll hear a ginera! "Hush!"

While everybody's eyes and ears is turned to Dea-con Thrush.

He's skeered the little children so that most of 'em keeps cryin'; The very horses in the shed won't stand no more 'thout tyin'; He makes the onconverted laugh, while godly souls are grievin', And yet he's sech a Christian man, it's almost pas believin'.
They're talkin' now of tryin' law, but father h opposes, And so I'll write agen next week to tell you how it P.S.

Oh, Huldy! sech a curus thing! As Deacon Thrus was bringing
His apples home, he thought to cheer the way by
sacred singin'.
His team took fright and ran away. The neighbors
found him lyin'
All in a heap, and took him home, and now the
good man's dyin'.
And, Huldy, ef it isn't wrong, I'm glad to think
he's goin' he's goin'
Where all the folks know how to sing, and he can get a showin'!

—Harper's Bazar.

#### THE RIGHT MAN AFTER ALL

#### VIOLA'S LOVERS.

Viola had found a lover; or, at least, John Ellsworth aspired to that distinc tion. He had known Viola since she was a little girl at school, and now was trying to win the first place in the young lady's affections.

near his own.

John set about making a home for himself, with one of his half-dozen sisters to manage it, and went at his farming in earnest. And all the gossips of the neighborhood went about with chins elevated and noses wrinkled when he was mentioned. And the younger female portion thought him rather a

Perhaps that was one reason why Viola had been so gracious to him. It was something to secure without an ef-fort attentions that all the other girls schemed for. But John Ellsworth did not realize her ideal. Under her calm exterior, she dreamed romances of the most vivid rose-pink. She had heard hints and echoes of a world that lay outside her own sphere—a world of lights and music, and gay dressing; a holiday life, with opera and theater-going 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 invitation in a matter-of-course way that

readfully discouraging.

It came out, after a little. Mrs.

Mornington—a great aunt—had sent for her photograph a month ago, not having seen her since she was a little child. Two days ago had come an invitation for Viola to spend a couple of months with her—the great aunt—in New York, and

she was going to morrow.
"It's no use denying," the young man said, his voice growing husky, "that I'm sorry for this. I don't know what will come to you from this. You are not contented here; you never will be the contented here; you never will be the business of catching a fluxualit.

You don't need any such paltry ambition. Wait till you find a man worth falling in love with, and then marry him. Wait forever, if you don't find him!"

Wills with the business of catching a fluxuality ambition. Wait till you find a man worth falling in love with, and then marry him. tell you now, I suppose, but I love you, Viola. Mind, I do not ask you now for any return. I will wait for what the future shall put in your heart to say."

Wait forever, if you don't find him!"

Viola sat motionless with astonishment. If any dumb thing had found a voice, she could not have been more sob.

It was a long speech, certainly, for a proposal; but Viola listened very atten-tively to her first proposal, and her blue

"Indeed I do care for you, John, and you can't blame me for wanting to go. Aunt needs me, and no one does here, particularly. And I've never seen any-thing of society."
"I know, dear"—

"And I shall not forget you," interrupting him. "I shall always think of you," giving him her hand.
"For two whole months!" a little

sadly. "Good-by, then," kissing the hand he held. And then Viola found herself alone, and went to finish her packing.
Viola's next two months were delight-

ful. She was always prettily dressed, and Frank Thorpe passed his valuable Mrs. Mornington watched the girl narrowly, and when Viola came home

the second week in September, it was with an invitation to stay through the John Ellsworth called on her the night

after her return.
"You look well and happy," he said. scanning her face.
"I am," she said, and she told him all about her delightful visit. "And you are going to settle down

"Oh, no! I shall stay here only a few days. Aunt is coming for me as she returns from a visit she is paying." John Ellsworth went away early in the evening, having said no word of what had been in his heart all these weeks.

"Poor fellow!" Viola said, as went down the moonlit road. And then Frank Thorpe's dreamily sad gray yes came up before her, and she forgot John Ellsworth's shadowy brown ones. Mrs. Mornington came and took the young lady away, and Frank Thorpe was once again hanging about her—a most formidable matrimonial prize.

The Christmas holidays came and went. Frank Thorpe lounged in on Christmas day, and was paler and more istless than ever. "Frank Thorpe, you are utterly tupid. What is the matter?" asked

Mrs. Mornington. "A general giving way of the system, should say." "Nonsense! General laziness. In

my day"—
"Oh, my dear madam!" starting up alarmed. "Indeed, I'll reform. I think I'm better already. Miss Viola, I'm intensely interested in the subject

Over Thorpe's face rushed a nood of scarlet. He glanced up, caught Mrs. Mornington's sharp eyes upon him, and

flushed 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 for 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.

Among Mrs. Grove's guests that night
was a rather grand-looking man, who certainly was no longer young. Having lost one wife, he was now looking for another. When he was presented to 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 eyes had an added shadow, but he sought

no explanation.

Restored to sunshine, he accepted that, too, with no particular demonstration, but he seemed to enjoy it. To outside lookers-on, the matter seemed to lie between him and Mr. Nicolson, Two years ago, the paternal Ellsworth had given John, on his twenty-third birthday, a deed of a small, good farm

One frosty, sparkling morning Viola had been out for a walk. On the way she had met Frank Thorpe, as she wa very apt to do. He accompanied her home, and entered the house with her. There, Viola

feeling unusually bright herself, began lecturing him on his purposeless life.
"If I were a man"— emphatically. "Thank heaven you are not! Howver, go on."
"You put me out. Mr. Thorpe, why

don't you do something?"
"Do something? Don't I? I am your devoted attendant three-fourths of my waking life."

Yes; and get yourself and me talked about by everybody. Not that I care, certainly," hurriedly, to cover her blunder. "I shall choose my friends where I please!" making matters worse of course

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-

vian relic, Mr. Nicolson."

"Mr. Thorpe, I don't."

"Miss Viola, I beg your pardon, you certainly do. She looked at him with an astonishe red in her cheeks and light in her eyes. Then she laughed frankly and good-

naturedly.

"You see,"—leaning forward and laying his hand confidentially on her arm—"I can't bear to see a clear—heart—ed, honest girl lowering herself to the ways of these artificial, brainless girls, who have been bred up all their lives to the business of catching a husband.

You don't need any such paltry ambig

amazed. And she had felt so fully called to administer advice. While she sat, his hand still on arm, and her eyes still on his face, the door opened, and John Ellsworth was

Viola swept toward him, with eager, outstretched hands. "Why, John! Why, John!" was all

she could say. And Frank Thorpe, being disturbed by this new comer, who was called John and received with such an outbreak of enthusiasm, gathered himself up and lounged away.

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

way. Meantine, Mr. Nicholson's attentions grew more pointed, and Frank Thorpe kept out of the way.

Then Lent came, and there was a sudden cessation of gayety. John was called away by his father's illness, and Viola felt the inevitable reaction. And she did not know that she would live through it, and be ready and eager for another season when the time came. It was alike everywhere. In the nar-row circle out of which she had come there were jealousies, and heart-burn-ings, and petty scheming—no better and no worse than she had come to know 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 gray and blind. There had never appeared one to whom she would give second thought, unless it were—well, perhaps, John Ellsworth, if the life that would follow with him were not too nar

he were not too lazy to speak. And then, by contrast, there came a vision of Mr. Nicolson, and all his wealth. If she had shown the first symptom of her moods to Mr. Nicolson, he would have desisted from his attentions at once. Here was youth and beauty in a statuesque state of perfection. That was what he wanted—the statuesqueness: and everybody considered it a settled

row to breathe in; or Frank Thorpe, i

affair I think Viola began to consider it her-self. 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, nothing would have kept her there. Mr. Nicolson came more frequently than ever; in his way very kind and considerate. Frank Thorpe was in and out, not so frequently as before that morning when John Ellsworth had come, but often enough to keep him in her thoughts.

One night, in early spring, Frank Thorpe came and took Viola out for a drive.

"You were looking tired. We may not have another such night in a month, In the half-hour they did not speal 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 t the drawing-room to meet Mr. Nicol-

son. In the occupation of the past weeks she had had very little opportun-ity to think about him or his purposes. No girl ever went to meet the final question with less determination as to her answer. She knew his errand the noment she entered the room. Not that ne was confused or hesitating, or in any "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

The thought of saying no to such a stately piece of oratory as that frightened and fluttered her. But she did say it, very sweetly and gracefully, but also very decidedly, and Mr. Nicolson went 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 l' "At what?"

"I've refused Mr. Nicolson." "My dear, I always thought you "Did you? You astute woman! And always fancied that if he asked me to

oe Mrs. Nicolson, I sould say, yes." "Perhaps you will be sorry by-and-by that you have said no." "Perhaps! I shall never be surprised

at anything again!"

"From a worldly point of view, you have made a mistake, my dear."

"Don't rack my feelings. They are sufficiently lacerated already."

A servant announced Frank Thorpe.

"Aunt, shall I"—— and paused.

Even in her reckless, over-excited mood, she could not complete the sentence.

"Shall you be kinder to him than

you have been to Mr. Nicolson?"
"Don't ask me." So Viola went down to see her visit or, who was at the full tide of his languid, tired indifference. "How very entertaining you are to-

day! Your conversational powers are something to be wondered at," Viola said day! Your conversational

at last, impatiently.

"Entertaining?" opening his eyes
with mild wonder. "I supposed that
was your share of the interview. However, if you like, I'll begin. You are
not looking so well as usual this morn-Thank you. What a very promis-

ing beginning."
"But you have infinitely the advantage of Mr. Nicolson, whom I met just now. He seemed laboring under the impression that there had been an and I will pay you anything you ask." Viola laughed, and ended with a half-

"And so there had been. There talk about something else. You needn'

be entertaining any more."

"I wonder," leaning toward her, a slow fire gathering in his dreamy eyes, "if I should find an earthquake waiting for me if I followed Mr. Nicolson's

"Miss Rawdon," the servant announced, and that put an end to it all. Viola reasoned herself into a convic tion 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

"Since you were not at home, I came to find for myself a volume Mrs. Morn-ington 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 ther 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 clear "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 expla-nation, 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

"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 son where 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 chair. "My poor darling"—
A flash of color shot up into Viola's

her hand on his shoulder.
"It seems to me, Frank," in her mos common place, practical voice, "that the little arrangement we entered into 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 ? There, don't say a woman can't be generous. Think of my agony in releasing

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

was thoroughly homesick."
"When are you to be married?"
"Never!" with a burst of vehemence;
"unless you—oh, John!" with a hysterical sob.

At home a telegram awaited her; Mrs. Mornington was dead. Mrs. Mornington died poor. She had spent all her money. So poor Viola was not an heiress after all.

And the neighbors said: "After she found she could not get either of those city fellows, and that old lady disappointed her about her money, she camback here and took John Ellsworth And he put up with it; but then there's no 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 General Jackson, but would hardly be satisfied that he was a grest man till he 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 nice invalid was even harder to satisfy than the Hoosiers. The first physician in his case was discharged because he was honest enough to tell him that he had a sore throat; and the second doctor, having some hint of the fact, antor, having some hint of the fact, an-swered the sick man, when questioned, that his case was highly abnormal, and had degenerated into synanche tonsi

and I will pay you anything you ask."

He got well of his sore throat, and paid the doctor a generous fee.—Pot-

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

A Coup D'etat. If little seeds by slow degree Put forth their leaves and flowers unhe Our love had grown into a tree, And bloomed without a single word.

I hanly 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

till shorter, Seaside grenadine comes with greatly improved texture this spring.

All costumes are de rigeuer combinations of several materials this season. Jeanne d'Arc cuirass corsages and paniers are coming in vogue for street

The Psyche coiffure is in the highest avor at present as showing the shape of the head. 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.

Lace gloves with fingers as well as with long wrists are worn, as well as lace mitts and half-fingered lace gloves. The gloves of the season embrace a wider variety in Lisle thread, kid, and lace mitts than ever before seen in one

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. French, English and American dress goods, whether wool or cotton, show texture with double twilled or satteen,

brims flare, but there are no face trimmings, the hair being dressed full to supply the deficiency.

The new Lisle thread gloves are seen in all the kid colors and pure white; they are silk finished and "regular" made, imitating kid so well as to be pre-ferred for full dress wear. The handsomest novelties in silk

losiery are the boot hose, with clockings and embroideries in contrasting color to the upper part of the leg, forming a simulated boot upper cloth, while the slipper forms the foxing. Some of the most delicate tints of blue

and rose are seen in the Lisle thread theatrical hosiery this spring, the em-broidery on the same being in bright full tones of maroon, red, navy-blue, Sevres, or porcelain-blue and black. Flources are laid in side plaits, and stitched about an inch from the top so as to make a standing heading. Some times the side plaits are separated by

wide plain spaces and fans of a different material are sewed into each plait. Lengthwise trimmings are to be use on the side and fronts of overskirts. They conceal alterations admirably, and will be in high favor with ladies who are compelled to make their own gowns.

Woman's Sphere in Philadelphia ants in shops and stores, an army; of editors, correspondents, novelists, his-torians and scientists of the gentler sex, in this city alone, the roster would be a revelation. Among lecturers, preachers and ministers, we merely mention Lu-cretia Mott, Hannah Whital Smith and Anna Dickinson. The stage, the opera, art in flowers, wax, lace, costumes and decorations, are largely represented by the women of Philadelphia. Even par-tial data prove a vast amount of female talent in many of the employments supposed to be limited to men. Opportunity is only necessary to attract thousands of candidates for occupation.— Forney's Progress.

#### Mexican Manners.

A letter from Mexico speaks very highly of the gentlemanly way in which the press of Mexico received and entertained some visiting American journalists. After a pleasant dinner they were taken to the bull fight, which the Oh, doctor," cried the patient, "do that word again!"

"Why, sir, I sald you were at present boring under synanche tonsilaris."

"Why, just think, doctor, that fool told me I had nothing but a sore throat, and I told him I had no use for such a dunce. Doctor, what did you call it?"

"I told you, sir, in plain terms, that the morbid condition of your system was obvious, and that it has terminated in synanche tonsilaris."

"Oh, doctor," cried the patient, "do that word again !"

repulsive.

poor traveling accommon, to, but says that several cars oo, but says that several cars on the politic synantial told him I had no use for such a dunce. Doctor, what did you call it?"

"I told you, sir, in plain terms, that the says are politic exceedingly so ton for her is as warm as ever. And then the sad leavetaking a few weeks behands on meeting an acquaintance, lifts his typonache tonsilaris."

"Oh, doctor," cried the patient, "do that synanche tonsilaris."

"I told you, sir, in plain terms, that is a grim humor in the politieness of Mexicans of When it finally comes to the knife, and one falls to the ground mortally wounded, his rival will smilingly bow toward his victim, raise his sombrero, wipe off his knife, and retire in good order.

months! Can't you call around a few days before breakfast, Charles?" Finally Charles tears himself away, with a promise to write her one hundred and sixty letters before the next day draws to a close,—Norristown Herald.

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 base ment 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 knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked; his flesh seemed dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were reveling in felicity, he saw the open barrel of powder, full to the top, 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 com-pany struck his ear like the knell of death. He stood a moment, unable to

move. of the dancers responded with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle was moving-falling. With desperate energy he sprang forward—but how to remove it. The slightest touch would cause the red-hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequaled presence of mind he placed a hand on each side of the candle, pointed to 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 violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his system recovered suffi-cient tone to allow him to resume his husiness.

#### 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 n every other respect. The church stood for twenty-five years, and was then sold to a Baptist congregation and removed to Fifty-third street; every stone being marked and placed in the posi-tion it had formerly occupied. The tall tower and the short one were carefully reproduced; and now some person, pry-ing into the history of the original model in the city of Berne, has unearthed the architect's plans and specifica-tions of the Swiss church, and, behold, the two towers are exactly the same neight—the church was unfinished. The Swiss Calvinists were a little short of funds, and the result of their financial stringency was twice faithfully per-petuated in the Western hemisphere, the unequal towers being supposed to be eminently the proper ecclesiastical thing.

#### Substitutes for Alcohol.

The Medical Record says: We find There are about forty female physicians in Philadelphia in full practice, at cians in Philadelphia in full practice, at least ten artists (painters), and one sculptor, Miss Blanche Nevin, lately selected by the State to execute the statue in marble of Muhlenberg. Of lady lawyers we find no record; of printers, school and music teachers, there is a multitude; of lady clerks and attendant in phone and stores and attendant in phone and stores and attendant in the case of server and attendant in the ca waters which equal many wines in deli-cacy of flavor. Ales and beers with an inappreciable amount of alcohol, and wines from unfermented grapes are also made and form agreeable drinks, which may, to some extent, satisfy the demands of social occasions. For the weariness that follows muscular or mental exertion, the best things are food and rest. If drinks are craved, however, we have in thin oatmeal, or Liebeg's extract of meat, foods which enter the circulation so rapidly that their effect is comparable to that of alcohol. These, it is suggested, may be aerated and made enduragested, may be aerated and made endura-ble by various additions. Tea, and especially coffee, are also available and useful in these cases. For the reform-ing drunkard bitter infusions may be of service in addition to the drinks al-ready mentioned. It seems possible that some advance may be made by temper-ance reformers through efforts in this direction; and since as a rule, man is direction; and since, as a rule, man is better without alcohol, they have the nelp of the medical profession

#### 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 tis known by its stick.

Electricity exerts a peculiar and wor derful effect on some plants.

Fancy wood sawing is now made an ccupation of insane patients. A bird-fancier calls his canaries "Rich-

s" 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 with propriety say she has golden hair. A new town in Idaho has been named

Onegirlia, because there is only one girl Agricultural: It is exceedingly bad 'husbandry" to harrow up the feelings

f vour 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

urnace as their best friend. It gives hem more cases of lung trouble th other influences When a Mongolian wash-house in De-

troit took fire, "John" picked up his 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 hymenopter of remarkable delicacy and beauty, parasitic on the leaf-cutter bee. Its body is twelve-thousandths of an inch in length, and its ten jointed antenna twenty-thousandths.

# 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

WEARING THE GREEN.

BY SAMCONY I'll tell you a tale and it's strictly true; It hasn't a title to bother you: Tis bloody, and horrid, and something new. And as to the subject I'll give a clew That sprinkle and speck the narration through

Shoe, drew, knew, blue, Cuc, dew, mew, stew, 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; 'Tis not in my nature to tell a lie. And can't you discover, discern, descry, The points I am giving you on the sly? Then finish the story and guess, or try-

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. But no—'tis a story expressly made To show the people the stock in trade Of doggerel poets of humble grade-

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

Are not all the pressrooms in th United States entitled to be called "American print works?" Never run down a clock for being too slow or too fast. Let it alone and it will run down itself.

Luken's "Pith and Point."

because it never settles up.

Sediment is like a bankrupt debtor,

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 lame One of the brightest things we have noticed going round lately is a highly-

polished circular saw. Such is life! To-day we tread the narrow way; tc-morrow cannot say we've done our duty; for giving all our leisure to maudlin mirth and pleasure, we seek for worldly treasure and earthly beauty.—New York News.

The wife of a miner in Hopewell, Pa., had yellow hair of wonderful length and abundance. It was so heavy as to be a bother, but her husband would not let her cut it off, even when offered a good price by dealers in hair. Lately work became scarce with him, and he did not know how to make a payment soon coming due on his little house. The loss of his home seemed probable. Then a stranger came along and offered \$200 for the treasured yellow hair. The amount of money would raise the mort-gage on the homestead, and the hus-band reluctantly made the sale. He could not help shedding tears when he saw the stranger's shears despoiling his wife's head of its beauty, and she wept when she looked at herself in the glass; but they consoled themselves with the