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November 27, 1884, [Whole Number: 493]

Providence Independent

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BEHIND THE TAPESTRY.

Ten years ago I was in the first sorrow of my widowhood. I was childless, too; and when the grave closed over my husband I thought that there was no place left for me in the world.

I was rich, young; and my friends, and my own reflection in the glass, told me that I was beautiful.

I did not care for the people who flattered and made much of me, but I turned, even in the first days of my trouble, to one friend.

She, too, was young and beautiful. We were schoolgirls; we were engaged at the same time; we were married in the same month of the same year.

During the three years of my married life we had seen little of each other, but when my husband died, and Mary Clifford wrote to me tenderly out of her full heart, I answered back her love.

She asked me to stay with her and I went.

I stayed with the Cliffords a couple of months. During that time the house was quiet, visitors few—they eschewed company for my sake.

At the end of two months I left them, comforted and helped, and with many promises of a return by-and-by.

Circumstances, however, too varied and too many to mention, prevented that second visit from taking place for a couple of years. At the end of that time a great longing came over me to see Mary Clifford again. I must write to her and promise a visit. I did so.

By return of post I got a short but characteristic reply:

"DEAREST HONOR; "Of course I long to see you, but unfortunately the house is full. Large as it is, it is crammed from cellar to attic.

My dear, I don't want to refuse you. I do long to see you. Will you sleep in the Tapestry room? for of course it is empty. I dare not put anybody else there, but I don't think you, Honor, will be afraid of the ghost. If the Tapestry room will do, come, and a thousand welcomes. I can put up your maid. Your loving friend, MARY CLIFFORD.

To this letter I made a short answer. "I do not believe in the ghost. The Tapestry room will do beautifully. Expect me to-morrow."

The next evening I arrived at Aspen's Vale in time for dinner. The Tapestry room looked charming. I fell in love with it at once, and vowed laughingly that the ghost and I would make friends.

My maid however, looked grave over my jesting remarks; it was plain that she believed in supernatural visitations.

The Tapestry room was quite away from the rest of the house—it was at the extreme end of the wing. No other bedrooms were in the wing.

Altogether, this wing of the old house seemed dead. Visitors only came to it out of curiosity; they paid brief visits, and preferred doing so in broad daylight.

Old as the other rooms in the wing looked, the Tapestry room bore quite the palm of ancient appearance.

The furniture was all of the blackest oak; the bedstead the usual four-poster on which our ancestors loved to stretch themselves. But the curious feature of the room, that which gave it its name was the tapestry. Not an inch of the walls was to be seen; they were hung completely with very ancient and faded tapestry. One Dame Clifford, of long, long by-gone days, had worked it with the help of her maids. She had come to an untimely end on the very day on which the great work of her life had been completed.

It does not matter to this story what became of the proud and fair dame, but it was her ghost which was said to haunt the wing, and the Tapestry chamber in particular. Warden, my maid as she helped me to undress, looked quite pale with terror.

"They do say, ma'am, as Dame Clare Clifford appears with her head tucked under her arm, and threads from the old tapestry hanging to her skeleton fingers. She's dressed in gray silk, that don't rustle a bit, though 'tis so thick it might stand all alone, they do say. 'Tis awful lonesome for you, madam, to sleep here alone, and I'll stay with you with pleasure if it comes to that, though my nerves ain't none of the strongest."

I thanked Warden however, and assured her that I was not in the least afraid; and she, with a well-relieved face, left me alone. I heard her foot-

steps echoing down the corridor—they died away. I was now out of reach of all human help, for in this distant room in this distant wing, no possible sounds could reach any other inhabits of Aspen's Vale.

I think I have implied that I was brave. In my girlhood, in my short married life, even in the sad depression of my early widowhood, I had never known physical fear; nevertheless when the last of Warden's footsteps echoed out and died, and that profound stillness followed which can be oppressive I had a curious sensation.

I did not call it fear, I did not know it for that grim and pale-faced tyrant; but it made me uncomfortable, and caused my heart to beat irregularly.

The sensation was this—I felt that I was not alone.

Of course it was fancy; and what had I to do with fancy?

I determined to banish this uncomfortable feeling from my mind, and stirring the fire to a cheerful blaze, I drew one of the black oak chairs near it and sat down.

Warden had looked so pale and frightened before she left me, that out of consideration for her feelings I had allowed her to leave the jewels which I had worn that evening on the dressing table.

There they lay, a set of very valuable brilliants. There was an old-fashioned mirror over the mantel-piece, and as I sat by the fire I saw the reflection of my diamonds in the glass. As I noticed their sparkle, again the strange sensation returned; this time more strongly, this time with a cold shiver. I was not alone.

Who was in the tapestry chamber? Was it the ghost? Was that story true, after all? Of course I did not believe it. I laughed aloud as the idea came to me. I felt that I was getting quite silly and nervous. There was nothing for me but to get into bed as quickly as possible.

I was about to rise from my easy chair and go over to the old-fashioned four-poster, when again my attention was attracted to the glass over my head. It was hung in such a way as to reveal a large portion of the room, and I now saw, not the diamonds, but—something else.

In the folds of the dim and old-world tapestry I saw something move and glitter. I looked again; there was no mistaking it—it was an eye, a human eye, looking fixedly at me through a hole in the canvass. Now I knew why I felt that I was not alone.

There was some one hidden between the tapestry hangings and the wall of the chamber. Some one—not a ghost. That eye was human, or I had never looked on human eye before. I was alone with a thief, perhaps with worse, and gems of immense value lay within his reach.

I was absolutely alone not a soul could hear the most agonized cry for help in this distant room.

Now I knew—if I had ever doubted it before—that I was a very brave woman.

The imminence of the peril steadied the nerves which a few minutes before were beginning strangely to quiver. I never started nor exclaimed. I felt that I had in no way betrayed my knowledge to my terrible guest. I sat perfectly still, thinking out the situation and my chances of escape.

Nothing but perfect coolness could win the victory. I resolved to be very cool. With a fervent and passionate cry to One above for succor, I rose from my chair, and going to the dressing-table, I slipped several costly rings off my fingers. I left them scattered carelessly about. I denuded myself of all but my wedding-ring.

Then I put the extinguishers on the candles—they were wax, and stood in massive silver candlesticks.

The room, however, was still brilliant with the light of the fire on the hearth. I got into bed, laid my head on the pillow and closed my eyes.

It may have been ten minutes—it seemed more like an hour to my strained senses—before I heard the faintest movement. Then I discovered a little rustle behind the tapestry, and a man got out. When he did so I opened my eyes wide; at that distance he could not possibly see whether they were open or shut. He was a powerful man of great height and breadth. He had a black beard, and a quantity of thick black hair. I noticed his features, which were tolerably regular.

I also noticed another peculiarity; among his raven locks was one perfect-

ly white. One rather thick white lock was flung back off his forehead—so white was it that the fire instantly revealed it to me.

The man did not glance toward the bed, he went straight with no particularly quiet step, to the dressing-table. I closed my eyes now, but I heard him taking up my trinkets, and dropping them again. Then he approached the bedside. I felt him come close, I felt his breath as he bent over me. I was lying on my side, my eyes were shut, I was breathing gently.

He went away again; he returned to the dressing-table. I heard him rather noisily strike a match, then with a lighted candle in his hand he approached the bed. This time he bent very low indeed, and I felt the heat of the flame as he passed it softly before my closed eyes. I lay still however, not a movement, not a hurried breath betrayed me.

I heard him give a short satisfied sigh. Again, candle in hand he returned to the dressing-table. Once more I heard the tinkling sound of my trinkets as they fell through his fingers.

There was a pause, and then—for no reason that I could ever explain—he left the trinkets untouched on the table and went to the door.

He opened the door and went out. I knew not what he went for—perhaps to fetch a companion, but certainly to return—but I did know that my opportunity had come.

In an instant quicker than thought I had started from my feigned slumbers I was at the door, I had bolted and locked it. There were several bolts to this old-fashioned door, there were even chains.

I drew every bolt, I made every rusty chain secure. I was not an instant too soon. I had scarcely fastened the last chain, with fingers that trembled, before the thief returned.

He saw that he had been outwitted, and his savage anger knew no bounds. He kicked at the door, he called on me wildly to open it; he assured me that he had accomplices outside, that they would soon burst the old door from its hinges, and my life would be the forfeit.

To my terror, I perceived that his words were no idle boast. The old door, secured by its many fastenings on one side, was weak on the other; its hinges were nearly eaten through with rust; they needed but a few vigorous kicks to burst them from their resting-places in the wood.

I knew that I was only protected for a few minutes, that even if the thief was alone he had but to continue to assail the door as vigorously as he was now doing for a little longer, to gain a fresh entrance into my chamber.

I rushed to the window, I threw up the sash, and bent half out. Into the clear calm air of the night I sent my strong young voice.

"Help! help!—thieves!—fire!—danger!—help, help!"

I shouted these words over and over but there was no response, except an echo. My room looked into a distant shrubbery; the hour was late, the whole household was in bed.

The thief outside was evidently making way with the rusty hinges and I was preparing, at the risk of any consequences, the moment he entered the room to leap from the window, when I heard a dog bark.

I doubted my cries. The bark of the dog was followed by footsteps; they came nearer, treading down fallen branches, which crackled under the welcome step. The next instant a man came and stood under the window, and looked up at me. I perceived by his dress that he was a villager, probably taking a short cut to his house. He stood under the window; he seemed terrified; perhaps he took me for the ghost. He was not, however, all a coward, for he spoke.

"What is wrong?" he said.

"This is wrong," I answered; "I am in extreme danger—extreme danger. There is not a moment to lose. Go instantly—instantly, and wake up the house, and say that I Mrs. Crawford, am in extreme danger in the Tapestry wing. Go at once—at once!"

I spoke distinctly, and the man seemed to understand. He flew away the dog following him.

I instantly threw myself on my knees and in the terrible moments that followed I prayed as I had never prayed before. Would the man be in time? Must my young life be sacrificed? Ah no. God was good. I heard joyful sounds; the thief's attack on the door

ceased suddenly, and the next instant the squire's hearty voice was heard:

"Let me in, Honor! What is wrong child?"

I did let him in, and his wife, and several alarmed looking servants who followed after.

We instantly began to look for the thief, but—mystery of mysteries—he had disappeared.

That terrible man with the black hair and white lock over his forehead had vanished as completely as though he had never been.

Except for the marks he had made with his feet on the old oak door, there was not a trace of his existence.

I believe the servants doubted that he had ever been, and only thought that the young lady who was foolish enough to sleep in the Tapestry chamber had been visited by a new form of ghost. Be that as it may, we never got a clew to where or how the man had disappeared.

Ten years later I was again on a visit at Aspen's Vale. This time I did not sleep in the Tapestry room.

I now occupied a most cheerful, modern and unghost-like room, and but for one circumstance my visit would have been thoroughly unremarkable.

This was the circumstance which seems in a wonderful way to point a moral to my curious tale. I paid my visit to the Cliffords during the Assizes. Squire Clifford, as one of the most influential county magnates, was necessarily much occupied with his magisterial duties during this time. Every morning he went early into Lewis, the town where the Assizes were held. One morning he told us of a case which interested him.

"He is a hardened villain," he said; "he has again and again been brought before me, but has never yet been convicted. He is unquestionably a thief; indeed, one of the notorious characters in the place; but he is such a slippery dog, no jury has yet found him guilty. Well, he is to be tried again to-day and I do hope we shall have some luck with him this time."

The Squire went away, and it came into his wife's head and mine to pay a visit to the court, and see for ourselves the prisoner in whom he was interested.

No sooner said than done. We drove into Lewis, and presently found ourselves in a large and crowded building. When we entered the case under discussion had not begun, but a moment after a fresh prisoner was ushered into the dock.

What was the matter with me? I found my sight growing dim, I found myself bending forward, and peering hard. The memory of an old terror came back, the sensation of a couple of hours of mortal agony returned to me again. Who was in the prisoner's dock? I knew the man. He was my guest of the Tapestry chamber of ten years ago.

There he stood, surly, indifferent, with his vast breadth and height, his raven black hair, and that peculiar white lock flung back from his brow. He did not glance at any one, but kept his eyes on the ground.

I could not contain myself; I forgot every thing but my sense of discovery. I started to my feet and spoke.

"Mr. Clifford, I know that man; he was in my room ten years ago. Do you remember the night when I got the terrible fright in the Tapestry chamber in your house? There is the man who frightened me. I could never forget his face. There he stands."

Whatever effects my words had on the Squire and Judge, there is no doubt at all of their remarkable significance to the prisoner. His indifference left him; he started with wide-open and terrified eyes at me. It was plain that if I recognized him, he also recognized me. All his bravado left him; he muttered something, his face was blanched, then suddenly he fell on his knees and covered it with his hands.

My evidence was remarkable and conclusive; and that day, for the first time Hercules Armstrong was committed to prison. He had long been the terror of the neighborhood, and no one regretted the just punishment which had fallen on him. What his subsequent career may be I know not; this is the present end of a strange and perfectly true story.—*Cassell.*

Something of a Walnut Tree.

The Athens (Ga.) Banner says: "About seven miles south of Hickory, near the South Fork river, on the John Wilfong farm, stands a remarkable

walnut tree. It is twenty-seven feet in circumference, being nearly nine feet in diameter three feet above the ground. It measures thirty-eight feet to the first limb, and the limbs are in proportion to the size of the tree. This tree is vigorous in its growth and is believed to be entirely solid. If sawed into lumber it would make 12,000 feet, without counting the limbs. Estimating this lumber at \$40 per thousand feet, its market value would be \$480. The tree grows on an uncleared bottom near the river and is surrounded by a dense growth of timber. Its enormous size has prevented it from being converted into lumber, and there are no means of felling so large a stock of timber. Some years ago, Henry Wilfong of this place, whose father owned the land where the tree grows, published in two Northern newspapers an account of this tree, and challenged the whole country to furnish a larger tree of this kind. This has not been done, and it is now a fair inference that this is the largest walnut tree in the United States. P. A. Sumney, of our city, who was born and reared within 400 yards of the immense walnut tree, knows this to be true. He has hunted rabbits around it and shot squirrels off it many times. Upon this place stands a stone house that was built more than one hundred years ago by Mr. Widenee, the first white settler of this place. This place was sold to Mr. Sumney and descended to the Wilfong family, now the present owners. These three families have all reared large families in this house, and there has never been a death in the house to the present time.

Major Weatherbeam's Discomfiture.

Sixty-five is not so very old. No, indeed!

If one is still straight, with a serviceable eye and tolerable hearing, in addition to a well-filled pocket book, what is sixty-five?

To count sixty-five distinct summers, and sixty-five mellow autumns, that drowse into peaceful winters and awaken in refreshing springs, is a great privilege. Think of the accumulation of ideas and experiences, of friends and memories. A rare age, surely, to be enjoyed in spite of the rheumatic twinges.

Major Weatherbeam, buttoning his elegant fall overcoat about him as he strode down the avenue under the maples, was sure he would not give his ripe perfection for the callow and tasteless experience of the past. He smiled up at the bright foliage, and knocked the head of a straggling aster in his complacency. He found a dime for a little boy peeping, wide-eyed, into a candy shop, and stood still to watch the urchin as he bolted for the door, and nodded in good fellowship to a woman who watched with him amused. The major's little terrier followed, for once, quite unrebuked, and turned with him up a broad macadamized street at the right. The firm stride traversed two blocks quickly, and paused before a brown stone mansion, with a pine-dotted lawn in front. One naturally puffs a little at the end of a long walk, whether one is sixty-five or not, and if by nature discreet, pauses awhile to regain the breath before venturing to call on ladies. Any tidy man will dust his clothes a little with his handkerchief, and twist his mustache a trifle when he wishes to look well. The major presses the bell beside the stately door, and stands erect. A little pause follows, in which he listens to the wind running the gamut of elfin melody in those grouped pines; then the heavy doors unfold; a salute no younger man could imitate; an inquiry, and closed doors again, with the major inside. The mansion is divided in quarters by two huge halls, and a wide fireplace gives forth a glorious radiation of heat and light over the statues and frescoed walls. The major seats himself before the blaze, and counts the tiles and deciphers the inscriptions about the mantel. There is a rustle of silk skirts, and a tap of feet on the oak stairs. The major rises, with a sudden rush of blood to the head—not apoplectic, surely—and salutes the red draped figure through the interstices of the balustrade.

He handed the lady down the last steps, and led her across the hall, while a green parrot hopped at her heels.

"Miss Margery"—his voice was like a violoncello—"it is not usual for a business-man like myself to call on a lady of an afternoon."

"Therefore, sir, is the honor all the greater?" poising one toe on the fender to aid her balance in the high-seated leather chair.

"Therefore is the need great, my dear young lady!"

"Oh! ha! ha! ha!" in musical staccato from the high-back chair. At sixty-five one is too dignified to like such a laugh in connection with one's self.

"Yes, Miss Wheatcroft, I felt I could not, in justice to you or myself, remain longer without confessing to you my attitude towards you."

"Oh, how kind of you," very sincerely. "I looked—I looked for you all day yesterday, sir—a little hurriedly, with the red deepening about the dimples."

The major's head gave an involuntary jerk. Girls, were, once, more decorous. His deceased Julia Ann would never have shown such impulsiveness. Yet it must be confessed 'twas extremely flattering; and then, good heaven, what eyes! The apoplectic symptoms returned.

"Miss Margery, how gracious of you to say so. I'm sure I never hoped—"

"Yes, and I was making all sorts of plans for us two. Poll, come down! Major, she's trying to pull your hair! Look out, sir; she'll scratch you! Here, give her to me! There, Miss Poll, you sit on my chair. You can't pull my hair, because I don't reach up high enough—ha! ha! ha!—oh, Major?" her teeth gleamed out in the glow from the cedar fire.

"Yes I was thinking, you see, how proud I should be of you. You are so tall, and—now, don't mind, for I'm going to flatter you all the rest of your days—and so handsome! And how proud I hoped you would be of me!" (A half-rising attitude on the part of the major, who is forgetting decorum, and how girls were forty years ago.)

"Oh, major, you are finding the blaze too hot. How stupid of me to let you roast in that manner. Here, let me put up the screen. Isn't it a pretty one? I embroidered it myself. See, it represents an Italian princess under an ilex tree. I think she looks a trifle like your son, Ned, only, of course, he's not done in Kensington. Well, I was planning that once in a while, on very grand occasions, you might take me out with you—"

"Once in a while, madam!" The major was a vast substantial protest.

"Oh, I know, of course, what you think you have to say. But don't do it. Besides, we couldn't leave Ned behind very often." A lurking laugh in the corner of two brown eyes. "Or, he might go with Aunt Maria, eh? Oh—o—o!"

The major couldn't see anything funny in that common-place arrangement.

"My dear Miss Margery!" (Confound those chairs! A man couldn't move them an inch without getting red in the face, they were so heavy.)—"you are surely determined to defraud me of my share of the conversation though I cannot tell you how relieved I am to find you prepared to receive my overtures. I confess there were moments when I feared you might be less fond of me on account of the disparity of our ages—"

"Why, goodness, it wouldn't seem half so lovely any other way! That's just the nicest part of it?" How that presumptuous frelight clambered up from her little feet to the dimples in her hands and the cosy folds about her neck, and, climbing still, stopped at her rosier lips! Her last sentence, and the frelight stopping right there, where it did, made the major gasp.

"This is one of the most delightful surprises of my life," he went on, when he could speak. "I want to tell you how fondly I shall cherish you; how earnestly I shall strive to gratify each wish that you can make; how truly proud I shall be of my beautiful young—"

"Oh, stop! You praise me more than I can ever deserve." Two limpid tears shivered through the gathering gloom. "I never dared hope you would receive me so tenderly. 'I am a coming right over there, sir—and right behind your chair—so—on my tip-toes, and—put one—little kiss—like that!—on your dear old forehead.'"

The major grew more agile than he had been for twenty years. Meanwhile Poll had got to screaming, "Lord! lord! lord!" and would not leave off.

"Oh, yes, I'm so thankful you like me! And we'll all be so happy together

neither? And we both are grateful, I assure you. Here's the ring he gave me. See! Two beautiful pearls and that twinkling diamond. Doesn't it look charming in the frelight? Ned said—don't think me silly for telling you—that if you were satisfied with the little wife he had chosen he believed he would go half mad with joy. But really I didn't think he'd tell you so soon, for he felt a little timid about it." A long pause, during which the major relaxes his fatherly embrace somewhat. Then a venture from the girl: "I'm afraid I've talked too freely with you! Or, perhaps you feel sad when you remember Ned is going to belong to me?" The head bows so low that the light climbs to that now. "But we'll live somewhere near you, and see you every day. Why, must you be going? Can't you stay to tea. Well, button up your coat well. Now, please give your new child one more kiss, to tell her that you mean all you have said. Good-by! Good-by!"

"Lord! lord! lord! lord! lord!"

How that bird screams. The wind has risen very fast, and the pines strike at each other angrily. There is a promise of a dismal rain, and the dusk hides all of the autumn's beauty, and leaves only its leaflessness apparent.

Sixty-five, sixty-five! At that age it is hard climbing a hill in the teeth of the wind!—*Elia W. Peattie, in the Current.*

Educating Women.

I know it is hard for boys sometimes to keep up with bright, smart girls when they do study together, but the boys need this stimulating companionship.

A few years ago there was a great spelling match in Music Hall, Boston, between the Harvard College boys and the High School girls. The first and second prizes were carried off by girls. The third prize was taken by a college student, and the Harvard boys were so delighted that one of their number took even the third prize that they carried him out of Music Hall on their shoulders.

Some persons make the assertion that in a four years' course the girls cannot keep up with the boys. The late Dr. Raymond of Vassar College said this regarding the higher education of women: "On the whole it is very difficult to find what there is in science or literature that will do a man's mind good that will not do a woman's good also. In his college they had outgrown the question if girls can keep up with boys. They had gentlemen professors at Vassar, and the question with them was how to keep ahead of the girls."

Judge Cooley of Michigan University said that one of the best mathematical scholars there was a girl. One of the best Greek scholars, too, was a girl.

Before President White of Cornell decided to admit girls there he visited Western colleges where they were admitted, and opening a correspondence with the leading educators of the country upon the subject, and the testimony that he gathered was the same in every place. "It works well to educate the boys and girls together. The idea of sex is not regarded in the recitation room."

Oberlin College, the pride of Ohio, has had co-education for fifty years. President Fairchild says: "I have never yet noticed any difference as to correct recitations between the boys and girls."

A younger brother of President Fairchild is at the head of the State University in Manhattan, Kansas. I asked him the question only a few weeks ago: "Do the girls keep up with the boys in their studies?"

"Most certainly," was the reply: "it works well to educate them together. The boys are more gentlemanly, the girls more ladylike, in this companionship." I might multiply such testimony, but forbear when I think of the great injustice to womanhood in the past; when I remember that boys have had colleges for six hundred and girls only fifty years, my blood crudies in indignation at woman's wrongs.

Make a woman strong and self-reliant by a good college training, and there would be less unhappy marriages and less divorces, and more happy homes.—*Cleveland Herald.*

In Japan, India, Turkey, and Egypt the natives wear European costumes when they can afford it. In China, never.

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG., CO., PA.
E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor
Thursday, Nov. 27, 1884.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Be thankful,—that
You are alive, that
You live in a great country, that
You have sufficient to eat, drink, and wear, and that you get enough sleep, that
You are poor, not too poor but just poor enough not to be tormented with riches, that
You are rich—not so rich that you imagine you own a town or a township, that
You haven't the gout, the dyspepsia, or the measles, or something worse, that
Your conscience is clean, and if it isn't clean, that
You desire to wipe out the stains.
If you can think of anything else that you ought to be thankful for, be thankful.

It is announced that Grover Cleveland will resign the gubernatorial chair of New York to Lieutenant Governor Hill before the meeting of the legislature, so that the latter may write the annual message.

The value of the specie and paper used as money in the United States on the first of last October was \$1,000,000,000, but the melancholy fact remains undisputed that this large amount is very unequally distributed.

The contraction of the national bank currency during the year ending October 1, is about, \$25,000,000. The bank currency question promises to be a leading one in the coming session of Congress.

AND Sammy Nyce will need looking after if Hartranft gets the g. b. as Collector of the Port of Philadelphia. The Republican County Committee should see that Sammy is taken care of. An office holder sleek is Sammy!

The statement is made that Nordenskjold, the Arctic Explorer, is about to undertake an expedition to the frozen South. Antarctic Exploration has never been prosecuted with the eager zeal which year after year has sent expeditions to the north.

The Board of Managers of the Union Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Chester county, suggest that all the mutual companies of Eastern Pennsylvania hold a convention to make a concerted movement toward suppressing incendiary fires.

The stories of suffering and death that came from the border counties of Virginia and Kentucky last week were appalling. If the reports are true the condition of the people in that sparsely settled region is certainly pitiable enough. Compelled by the long continued drought to use water from springs impregnated with mineral poisons the people were reported to be dying by hundreds from a fatal disease induced by its use. To add to their distress, medicines and proper medical attendance were very hard to procure, while owing to the lack of water to run the grist mills actual want prevailed to a greater or less extent.

A LIVELY OBSERVATION COUCHED IN LAN- GUAGE PLAIN.

Brother Roberts, of the Phoenixville Messenger rattles off the following: "General John F. Hartranft, who, after the war, was twice elected Auditor General of this State, next, twice to the gubernatorial chair, then was made Postmaster of Philadelphia, and finally Collector of the Port, same city, which position he now holds, will, with others of his political ilk, have to walk the gangway of defeat next Spring, and give way to a Democrat. What will become of this political wart? Having lived off the party almost twenty years, how can he be provided for the balance of his life? Already, the papers tell us that his friends are moving in his behalf to give him a paying local office in Philadelphia, such as Sheriff, or perhaps something that yields better. It is a pity, it appears, that among all the soldiers who went to the war from this Commonwealth, there was but this one man, who, so conspicuously brave, earned the everlasting gratitude of its people, which gratitude must be expressed in making him a perpetual office grabber. According to certain arguments it is rather wonderful too, that no Republican who shouldered his gun won such a privilege, but that it was reserved solely for, at the breaking out of the war, a Democrat. I will be interesting to watch the future career of this celebrated office holder."

THE tall shaft of white marble at Washington that is to perpetuate the memory of the immortal first President has reached its stipulated height of 520 feet. It is the highest artificial structure in the world, a fact that is more or less comforting to Americans.

THERE are in the United States 50,017 post-offices. Of this number 2,323 are filled by appointments of the President and the remaining 47,694 are filled by the Postmaster General. Our country postmasters will therefore please keep an eye on the coming Postmaster General.

THE General Term of the Supreme Court in New York has recently decided that a married woman, doing business on her own account, may employ her own husband at a stated salary, and that a creditor of the husband may maintain legal proceedings against the wife to get possession of any unpaid salary due to the husband. What do you think of that decision?

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND assures this country that, so far as his administration is concerned, "the lawful power and jurisdiction of the Executive will be so exercised that the rights of all citizens, white or black, under the constitution or laws will be preserved and protected, and all the advantages to which they are entitled by their citizenship will be secured to them." Who could expect more, at this time, from a President elect.

A new congressional apportionment will be made at the coming session of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Not much doubt about that, and it will be an appointment in favor of Republican Congressmen. A suggestion has been made that Montgomery be associated with adjacent wards in Philadelphia, rather than connect it with the whole of Bucks county. Montgomery and Bucks would make an excellent congressional district.

THE number of immigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, since the first of last January is 301,287 as against 559,705 for the corresponding period of the previous year, which shows a falling off this year of 58,408. A still larger decrease in immigration would be very acceptable to a great many citizens of this country. A tariff on foreigners, say \$100 per man, would be a wise stroke of policy, if it could be adopted.

A NEW ENGLAND Republican who played a prominent part in the late canvass has reached Washington bearing aloft the banner of James G. Blaine for 1888. He says that when he left home "the woods were full of 'em," and that he found plenty on his route. It is evident that Blaine is by no means dead yet. The man who beat the Stalwarts still lives, and the Stalwarts who beat Blaine still live, move, and kick,—and Dr. Burchard is also numbered with the living.

IT is stated that Mr. Hendricks is not pleased with Mr. Cleveland, and that after a recent interview between the two prominent individuals the Vice President elect expressed a feeling of dissatisfaction in regard to President Cleveland, and so on. We don't believe the statement. Whilst it is only natural for a Vice President to feel somewhat envious of a President, yet Thomas A., is an old trapper in politics. He had ample opportunity beforehand to know just what he was after, and having been successful he is not going to complain about it now. He knows how much power he can exert and just where his influence in shaping Cleveland's administration will end.

A Political Reminiscence.

From the Boston Post.
"Rutherford," said Mrs. Hayes as she watched that gentleman slowly mixing the meal for the chickens which were peeping about him waiting to be fed. "Rutherford, they say that when Cleveland is really elected." "So I've heard," answered Mr. Hayes as he filled the dough dish and listened to the plaintive peep of a little chick evidently coming down with pip; "but they'll probably be able in some way to count him out. You know we counted out Tilden eight years ago. Now that was a curious affair. You see," he continued, contemplatively, as he knocked over with his spoon an adventurous chick that was climbing into the dough dish. "When they counted out Tilden," "Mr. Hayes," cried Lucy with a frown, "will you look after those chickens and then count out the eggs for market." And as the ex-occupant of the White House went back to his work and began to get the eggs ready for market, he thought of the good old times of 1876, and absently counted out eight eggs into a space that only held seven.

Mr. Conking, when asked by a friend the other day whether he was a candidate for the Senate, replied: "I thank you for your solicitude, but I know of no inducement that could draw me nearer to politics than my profession calls me."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 24, 1884.
William P. Sheffield, the new Senator from Rhode Island to succeed the late Senator Anthony, was born on Block Island sixty years ago, and is one of the sharpest lawyers that sharp Little Rhody has produced since Tristram Burgess. Mr. Sheffield was in Congress in 1863, and while on his way home crossing Broadway in New York, he slipped on the sidewalk and crippled himself for life. He sued the city, and after a legal wrangle of several years, finally recovered \$10,000 damages, the experts in court swearing that a lawyer's hip-joint had no greater value than the hip-joint of anybody else. Mr. Sheffield married the daughter of Samuel Sanford, one of Boston's old time millionaire merchants.

About one-fourth of the population of Washington is made up of Government clerks and employes in various capacities, and the elimination of such a horde even in the slow process of filling their places, will have a most marked effect upon the city and its business. The political quillmen must be as it ought to be, set up at once and kept in operation until the change of administration shall be thorough and complete.

The Washington Monument has reached a height of 540 feet, and the stone work of the roof is virtually completed though the apex is yet fifty feet away. This is to be made up of a huge cap-stone and a platinum point intended to ward off any house tricks of electrical play that may come from the adjacent clouds. I have often wondered what under the sun moved the originators of this really grand obelisk to set it up in such a low down, out of the way and inaccessible place as it is, when there are so many and better spots for it all over the city. Had the structure been placed on Capitol Hill, where under every circumstance and incident of history it should have been, it would constitute the grandest object of attention to the visitor at the Capital, approach the city as he may, that could possibly be conceived. I doubt not that the structure will be ready for formal dedication on the 22d of February next, at which time the clans will be gathering to welcome the new administration, and Washington City will be overrun as she never was before.

The local newspapers here, which have an intense pecuniary interest in the success of the shoop keepers, in the matter of advertising, are holding out the delusive hope to the poor outgoing Government clerks that their term of service will not be cut short by the coming of a new administration. Nobody is weak enough to believe that Mr. Cleveland's ideas of Civil Service are extreme enough to enable him to resist the pressure that will be brought to bear upon him by the hungry and thirsty horde that will be here in force next March. And even if the Civil Service act should obstruct the working of the quillmen, it will only be to the extent of the very few appointments that have been made under it.

Spor.

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Interesting Paragraphs.

In the Montana cattle towns a newspaper, a shave, and a glass of whiskey all cost the same price, namely, 25 cents.

"I never argy agin a success," said Artemus Ward. "When I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I bear off to the left, and says I to myself, that hole belongs to that snake."

A Californian's blackberry crop weighed 5400 pounds, and was sold at seven cents per pound, bringing him \$432. The roots taken from between the rows were sold for enough to pay for the pruning and cultivation. The cost of picking and marketing was \$100, which left a net profit of \$166 per acre.

The cane which President Lincoln carried on the night of his assassination is now the property of Colonel W. H. Harris, of Cleveland, who was with the President on that fateful night. The cane has a bent top, a dog's head of ivory and a narrow gold band, on which is engraved: "Abraham Lincoln, 1865."

Last Spring a body of Minnesota farmers organized an exchange at Mankato, and since then they have sold through it \$100,000 worth of butter at better average prices per pound than could have been realized in New York. They now regard it as only a matter of a few seasons when Eastern buyers will be compelled to come to them, instead, as heretofore, Western men going East and paying both freight and passenger fare.

The old homestead where Whittier was born in 1807 is still standing, and, although built more than 200 years ago, it is in good condition. Little boxes and paper weights are made from the boards of the garret floor, and twigs of the overshadowing elm are varnished and sold for penholders, but the whole house would have to go to the lathe to meet the demand if it were answered generally, for it is the old farm house celebrated by "Snowbird."

The list of goods canned has been enlarged by a company in St. Louis, which has begun canning eggs. A

factory has been erected, and is now in operation, where they will can 1,000,000 dozen annually. The eggs are put through some sort of process by which the yolks and whites are separated from the shells, and the substance is then dried and canned. One teaspoonful is said to be equal to one egg, and it is warranted to keep fresh three years.

Phineas T. Barnum is still an object of facetious concern among his neighbors in Bridgeport, Conn., on account of his clap-net campaign offer to sell all his real estate at one-third less than its value if Cleveland were elected. How sincere was his proclamation is shown by the fact that a lot which he offered during the summer at \$40 a rod he now refuses to sell at less than \$60 a rod.

As a sample of good guessing, Congressman-elect Gibson, of Maryland, said he would get 2100 majority. He got 2102.

It requires 1,400,000 oxen, 1,500,000 sheep, 1,300,000 calves, and 250,000 swine to feed London a year. The Englishman never got his "roast beef" reputation without eating it.

In a cemetery in France one reads: "Here lies Gabrielle, my adored wife. She was an angel. Never shall I be consoled for her loss." On the same stone: "Here lies Henrietta, my second wife. She was also an angel."

Those who work the pedal of the graceful bicycle find little to commend their favorite exercise in the columns of the medical journals. From time to time there have appeared the results of inquiries of the medical faculty into the effect produced upon the body by continued bicycling, and though a verdict may scarcely be said to have been rendered, the evidence presented proved, in some cases, sufficiently convincing to condemn the practice.

Whether or not we are a beer-drinking people is answered by the fact that for the year ending June 30, as shown by the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, 17,578,723 barrels were consumed, being an increase over the preceding year of 1,147,673 barrels. This, according to the last census, is equal to 14 gallons for every man, woman, and child in the United States, or 28 gallons for every man and male child. As beer drinkers the people of the United States appear to beat the world.

The Island of Java is rapidly recovering from the effects of the dreadful volcanic eruption of last year. Commerce has been restored, and the products have been unusually large this season. The exportations of ivory, nutmeg, cinnamon and other spices will exceed in bulk those of former years. None of the coffee plantations have resumed, however, there being a supply of coffee on hand sufficient to meet the wants of commerce for three years. Since the volcanic eruption the waters of the sea have receded gradually, and the shape of the island is now very nearly what it formerly was. Monuments will be erected to mark the sites of the destroyed cities and villages.

An Ohio grocer the other day suddenly deserted a customer he was serving, rushed to the rear of the store and killed himself. The rash act is explained by the fact that the customer was one of those people who will lean against the counter and eat thirty cents' worth of raisins by way of sample while buying fifteen cents' worth of starch.

A foreign contemporary has discovered that trade marks are nearly as old as the industry of the human race. Ancient Babylon had property symbols, and the Chinese claim to have had trade marks 1,000 years before Christ. Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, had a law suit about a trade mark, and won it. As early as 1300 the English Parliament authorized trade marks, and the laws of America have also protected them. Extraordinary means have been required at all times to guard against the fraudulent use of marks of manufacturers. If we have no means of identifying the trade mark, the best goods at once lose their value. This was early discovered, and probably the successors of Tubal Cain were the first to use distinctive marks on their productions.

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Soft White Blankets per pair \$1.00.
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Very Heavy at \$5.00 to \$6.50.
Very fine Lamb's Wool at \$8.00 to \$10.00.

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New Dress Cloths at 25 cents.
Finer Quality of Cloths at 37 1/2 cents.
Extra Heavy Double Width 50 cents.
Finer and Wider 75 cents.
Heavier and Wider 85 cents.
Finer, Heavier and Wider \$1.00.
Handsome New Shades, Tricot Cloths, Fine.
Quality New Ottoman Cloths, Extra fine Colored Cashmeres, worth \$1.00 for 87 1/2 cents.
Cashmeres in all colors, pure wool, genuine French, 50 cents.
Choice New Plaids at 25 cents.
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* Gents underwear from 25c. up, all *
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* half hose 2 pair for only 25c. *
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