

The Jamestown Alert.

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JAMESTOWN. D. T.

With a Present.
The index to a book is small
Compared with what the book contains;
The Head, though but a little ball,
Incloses ardent, thoughtful brains.
And drops of rain are little things
That point to oceans in the sky;
And bridegrooms deal in little rings
As symbols of the strongest tie.
And little blades of grass, though small,
All point to life within the earth—
That life, that in this great round ball
Gives Spring its sweetest, freshest birth.
A woman's eye is but a bead
Set clear and fair 'neath snowy brow,
And yet it shows the fairest creed
Before which men on earth may bow.
And words are little weakling notes
That vanish like a passing sigh,
And yet they tell our sweetest thoughts,
And have told thoughts that will not die.
So this I send is but a mark
Of grateful thoughts and warm esteem—
Is but a little wa'ring spark
Dropped down from friendship's glowing beam!

A RIVER MYSTERY.

From Cham's Journal.

Mile-end was a small country town; but such a town? It was a very old town and a very dirty place, and one particular house in its principal street stood forward into the road several feet its neighbors; its upper story quite overhanging the basement. This house was so old that it almost tottered when the wind blew—so it often did at Mile-end—even in spite of the wooden props, themselves rotten now, with which it had been buttressed up. But in spite or perhaps because of its age and discomfort and general dilapidation, it was beautifully mellowed and harmonious in the tone of its coloring. Tufts of vivid green moss, and yellow and gray lichens at intervals carpeted and softened the red tiles; and heavy clumps of orange wall-flowers filled up the gaps left by departed bricks and mortar; thus throwing over the actual decay and rottenness a glamorous veil of picturesque beauty. Within, this house was cruelly old and cold and comfortless; the beauty of decay was all outside, and only its stern reality existed within the frail and draughty walls. There were ten rooms in this house, which gave shelter to seven families. The noise and brawling were incessant, never seeming to stop night or day, for when at last the sickly children were asleep, the night was made hideous with the drunken blasphemies and low quarrels of the degraded men and women; and the reeking air was thick and heavy with gin and tobacco and disease.

In one of these rooms—it was in the projecting upper story, which through an unusually wide window commanded a view all up and down the street—lay on a straw pallet on the floor, barely covered with an old patchwork quilt, a boy of about 14, who, judging from his constant cough, labored breathing and emaciated limbs, was in the last stages of consumption. Beside him on the narrow bed lay a girl a few years older than her brother, fast asleep. She was pale and thin and dirty; but there was a rare beauty in the firm soft curves of the mouth and chin, and in the lower broad brow, up from which was swept a thick tangled mass of curly brown hair. Tears glistened on the long brown lashes, and the eyebrows were knit together in a painful frown, which suddenly relaxed as the sick boy watched her with tired sunken eyes, and a sudden glowing smile lighted up her face.

"She can allus dream, and escape to the beautiful world she tells me about," he muttered with a wishful, impatient sigh; "and I can never even sleep."

"Yes, she was dreaming, but not so deeply, but that the movement and sigh of her brother woke her. 'Whatten's the trouble, Harry dear? Be yo worse to-night?'"

"O no," he said, and sighed again. "I was just a wonderin' where yo was, yo smiled so; and I longed to be there too."

"O Harry, I was 'way off' out o' sight o' house an' street an' such like, all the trees an' the flowers an' the river spak to me, to give me comfort."

"Ah! the valley, said the sick boy; 'that's where I wants to go, as I used to, fore I was took bad. If I could sleep, praps I could go too.' Here he was interrupted by a terrible fit of coughing, which only left him strength to gasp feebly for 'water."

A cracked cup without a handle stood on the window-sill, and in it was a little water. The girl rose to get it; but as she was handing it to her brother the door opened, and their father staggered in. For an instant he looked at his children, and in a drunken fit of senseless passion struck the girl a savage buffet which made her reel, and shattered the cup into fragments in her hand.

The girl's brow flushed crimson with anger and pain, and her brown eyes flashed fire. "O miserable drunken brute!" she said.

"None o' yer sarce, gal, or I'll kill yer!" and he glared at her dangerously, with arm uplifted to strike.

"Father, father!" commanded rather than implored the sick boy, sitting up with an effort, and holding out a thin pale hand between them while a hectic red blazed in his cheeks and a vivid light shone in his pale blue eyes. "Don't yer strike her—don't yer strike her, or God will strike yo!" There was a strange, almost unearthly look in the boy's spiritualized suffering face that awed the man into temporary sobriety.

As he paused with arm uplifted, looking at his son, an expression of shame and uncertainty crossed his features; he hung his head, avoided the boy's intense eyes, and his arms slowly dropped by his side.

"Father," said the boy in a gentler tone, "yo've hurt her—yo have, and she's so good to yo."

The man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and looked up at his daughter, who was standing defiant and angry, with a dull red mark on her cheek and neck. When her brother spoke, his face softened and her lips quivered; she knelt suddenly by the bed and put her arms round him, saying in a piteous voice as the big tears fell on his yellow hair: "It's no for me I mind! It's for yo. Whatten will yo do the night through withouten water? There's no a drop more i' the house nor the street."

The boy said nothing as he stroked his sister's brown head, but the wistful longing look in his eyes, and the half sigh he could not repress, showed how much he needed the water. The man looked at them for a minute, and then the fumes of the gin he had taken overpowered him again as he reeled to the opposite corner of the room, where he fell on an old mattress, and in a moment was fast in a deep drunken sleep. The boy closed his eyes wearily and turned his face toward the wall. The girl kissed him and settled him as comfortably as she could, then rose from her knees and went to the window, which she partly opened. The moon was high and full, and the street without looked as bright as day. A sudden idea seemed to strike her, for she smiled brightly as she went softly to the bed and stood gazing at the brother she loved so well, and knew she should be able to keep so short a time.

"My boy," she said, with an intensity of pitiful love in her face, and stretching her clasped hands over him as though she would keep him with her in spite of everything. "My boy! he is all I have," she murmured. "Dear God, take care of him till I come back; and with the love still in her face she softly left the room.

She went out into the brilliant summer night, and walked swiftly down the street towards the lovely valley beyond, looking up at the quiet stars as she went, something of whose peace and rest seemed to be reflected into the depths of her usually troubled eyes. After a while she left the town behind her and walked rapidly through the fields and lanes and woods till she came to the river's bank. How lovely it looked! The trees and flowers and grasses seemed outlined in purest, palest silver—a very fairy network! and the quietly flowing river sparkled and shone with the glorious radiance of the moon and stars. The girl sat down on a stone that projected into the river, and filled a jug she had brought with the cold sparkling water which she had come to bring for her brother. She seemed spell-bound with the beauty of it all, and sat there quite a long time looking down at the reflections deep in the water and now up to the sky far above her head. "If only my boy could be here," she thought, "how happy he wd be! Maybe he wd get well if he comed here—he loves the dumb natural things so." Her tears fell into the clear rippling water. A little breeze sprang up, and tiny wavelets, silver bright, lapped up and over the stones to her feet. "O river, dear river!" she said, leaning towards it, "last night in my dreams yo spake to me, pitied me, and was sorry for my boy. Can't yo spake agin now?" The wavelets rose higher, and murmured and whispered in the wind; and as she listened, the silvery inarticulate sound resolved themselves into words.

"Child," the river said softly, "the sweet spirit that lives beneath my waves and in the woods and trees there, brought yo to me in your sleep, and we tried to comfort yo."

"Why did yo not bring my brother too and comfort him?" the girl said. "He's sore in need."

"He would not sleep," the river said. "But take him some of my water to drink, and he will sleep, and yo will both come to me in your dreams, and I will cure him and make him well."

"Ah, yo wull?" cried the girl—a beautiful light and brilliant smile waking her face into a wonderful beauty. "I wull go to him at once! Where be the spirits who talked so kind to me last night?"

"Oh," said the river—and it seemed to smile and ripple all over in the moonlight—yo will see them agin when yo come with your brother in your dream."

The girl refilled her jug, nodded brightly to the river and hastened home with feet winged with hope and love. She found her brother awake and gasping for breath. "Harry, Harry!" she said tenderly leaning over him, and raising him on her arms. "See! I've brought yo some water all fresh and pure out of the river."

His faded eyes brightened, and he eagerly drank it, and then with a smile lay back on her breast. "That's fine an' nice," he said. "How did's go so far? Thou's a good lass to go for me."

"Yo dinna miss me while I were gone; did yo, Harry?"

The boy looked up at her with a loving smile and tear-filled eyes: "I allus miss yo, little sister, when yo's not wi' me." She bent over him and passionately kissed his pale lips.

"An' now," she said, "yo mun go to sleep; an' I'll go too; an' yo'll wake up right an' fine an' well to-morrow, an' yo'll never be sick no more."

"Wull I no?" said the boy, smiling up at her eager face. "Yo looks lovely to-night—like an angel," he said; and added after a minute, still smiling: "I can sleep now. Yo mun lie down by me—so; an' now kiss me, little sister!"

The moon streamed in on them as they lay, clasped in one another's arms, fast asleep, their lips almost touching and the brown and gold of their hair shining in the light.

Harry woke first in dreamland, to find himself sitting on the bank of the river in the moonlight, waiting for his sister; and as he waited, all nature seemed to wait just to welcome him. The trees that waved their stately arms and silvered foliage above him, whispered: "Welcome! welcome!" The little pollard

willows down by the water all nodded and spoke to him some cheery words, the sleepy flowers who sat smiling and nodding on their stalks, opened their brilliant eyes to smile at him; and even the long graceful grasses and rushes rustled and bent, and bowed towards him, and did all they could to express their good-will. The very frogs stopped croaking to look kindly at the sick boy, with their bright eyes; and the crickets ceased rubbing their legs for a minute.

"Oh, how good it do feel to be here!" he sighed, and fairly laughed for joy; and all nature seemed to take up the echo and laugh too for company; and the frogs and the crickets croaked and chirped louder than ever; and the bats took up the falsetto parts in the chorus; and the nightingale sang, a solo that thrilled him with its beauty.

His sister came then, wandering along by the river, bright and happy, and sat down by him. "Harry," she said, kissing his thin cheek, "yo wull get all well agin now; wull not yo?"

And the river answered, tossing a tiny wreath of shining spray on to her lap: "Yes, yes; he wull!"

"Harry," said the girl, clasping her hands together, and looking up at the blue dome overhead, where the stars were shining and twinkling—"I feel so happy now, that it seems somehow I c'd die just for nothin' but joy. Be yo not happy too?" and she laid her soft cheek against her brother's.

"It be all just so sweet an' glorious, sister, that I cannot find the words to put it into—I can only feel it here;" and he clasped his hands to his heart.

"Get up, get up," sang the river, "and come with me."

So they got up and followed the twistings and bendings of the stream hand in hand. The girl noticed that at every step his walk became lighter and more buoyant; a warm tinge flushed into his pallid cheeks; and his eyes seemed to have caught the radiance of the stars. As for her, she went bounding and dancing along by his side, a very impersonation of youth and health and happiness. In their joyous progress they were never left alone. From behind every tree they passed, and from the tender heart of every flower, and up from the silver water beamed the cheery faces of dryad and hamadryad, elf and water nymph, and every face had a blessing in it. As for the river itself, it chattered and prattled and laughed all the way. There never was such a talkative every river. Its spirits were so high that time the wind murmured and rustled a kindly wish through the trees, it curved and coquetted and dashed up arrowy silver-pointed darts of water all around and about the boy and girl.

At last, after wandering for a long happy while beneath the stars, they came to a lovely moss and flower-carpeted dell in the wood, overarched by branching trees, whose foliage made a wonderful lace pattern against the gold spangled blue above, and in whose lap the river lay, a clear deep emerald pool, on whose translucent surface bloomed numberless water lilies, open to-night against their custom, to do them honor, and whose pure white blossoms, with their snowy moon-brightened petals and golden eyes, rose immaculately perfect from the noisome impurities beneath, and sat queen-like among a tangled network of long pink stalks and shining green plate-like leaves. The brother and sister stood still by the water's brink, feeling hushed and awed by the great calm beauty of the place. As they stood there silent, the boy so thin and fragile and spiritually fair with the new radiant light as of another world shining in his blue eyes, and the girl in her sweet strong beauty reminding one of the water lilies at her feet, in that they were both so fair and had equally sprung from muddy impurity and filth—they seemed emblems of spiritual and material life. The river scarcely murmured now, but just whispered as the trees waved gently in the breeze: "Children, I have brought yo home to the spirits who love yo. Good-night, good-night." Then the children saw that they were not alone, but that two figures clothed in long flowing draperies sat beneath the drooping trees. They were both beautiful exceedingly; but the face of one was as the face of an angel, glorious with an infinite peace and joy; while the face of the other, though beautiful, was sad and drawn and tear-stained, as though with passion suffering and pain.

"Children," said she with the sad solemn face, as they stood before them silent and awed, "we have been waiting for yo to-night—my sister and I; and she smiled. The girl looked at them, and instinctively shrunk away from the beautiful sad being who had spoken, and went close up to the other, whose eyes were fixed beaming and smiling on her brother.

"Yo are so beautiful," she said, "an' look so bright and happy. Wull yo make my boy well, so he can enjoy hisself to the fields and woods?"

Then the spirit with the radiant eyes rose and beckoned to the boy. "I have come to take your brother home," she said, "where he will be well and joyful always."

"An' may I no come too?" the girl asked, putting her arm round her brother's neck, as if to keep him with her. "I cannot live withouten him!" Her mouth quivered, and the tears welled up big and bright into her eyes.

"My child," the spirit answered softly, "yo cannot come with your brother now—the time is not yet. Some day I will come for yo, and he will come with me to welcome yo. But now, my sister wants yo still, and has work for yo to do."

The girl turned and looked timidly up at the sad-eyed spirit, who said, "Yes, my child, yo belong to me; my sister has called your brother from me. In that, he is happier than yo. But I will love yo too. Yo need not fear me, if yo will only trust me and be brave. Will yo come?" She held out her arms to

her; and the girl, touched and attracted by the cool face, went towards her and said, still holding her brother's hand, "I will trust yo, an' I am not afraid o' yo, an' I wull trust yo, but I must give up my boy."

"But yo must!" the sister spirit answered. In spite of her glowing beauty, the children felt that her will was inexorable. "Sister," said the boy, "yo mun let me go. I feel her drawing me, an' I cannot stay. I wull be so happy. And yo wull come to me. Kiss me, an' let me go!" She sobbed; "but it be so hard, so hard. We was so happy together."

"I be so tired!" he murmured as he leaned supported in her arms, with his lips close to hers.

The radiant-eyed spirit approached them and took the boy by the hand. "Come!" she said gently. "I will take yo home."

"My boy! my boy!" cried the girl piteously; and for a moment, as she held him fast in her strong young arms, it seemed as though her love were enough to keep him in spite of the spirit's call.

"Sister, let me go. I wull come to yo an' tetch yo."

Then with a moan, she loosened her arms and kissed him and let him go. Then the spirit wrapped the boy in her garments, and kissed him solemnly on brow and eyes and mouth, and beheld beneath the power of that embrace his face brightened into health and life and beauty; and the immortal radiance that breathed from the spirit's form fell upon him and glorified him. And as his sister gazed wonderingly at him, the spirit took him by the hand, and disappeared from her sight. Then she with saddened eyes came to the girl and bent over her as she wept, and whispered, laying her hand on her brow: "Be brave, and fear not?" and then she too vanished.

In the morning, the sun was peering curiously in at the window of the queer tumble-down house in Mile-end. And this was the sight it saw.

The father was still breathing heavily on the floor; and on the bed, the brother and sister still lay close clasped in each other's arms. Her breathing was soft and regular, and her cheeks were wet with tears. On his face shone a radiant smile, for his was the sleep of death!

Freshest Fashions.

Suits made of pocket handkerchiefs continue in fashion. It requires 45 handkerchiefs to make a dress. The borderings, if properly arranged, give the suit a peculiar and stylish appearance. Some dress-makers have attempted to make these dresses without the borderings, as the latter are very difficult to arrange properly, but the attempt has proved a perfect failure. The two most suitable ways of making these dresses are in "plastrontablier" style, plaited lengthwise, and crossed by striped bands. The back is raised over a false skirt. The second model is a Louis XV. vest, with a jacket and plaited skirt. A "lavandiere" scarf is draped over the skirt.

Another success of the Parisian season is Pompadour satin for Watteau suits. These suits are also made of embroidered or stamped foulard and of white muslin. A bridal dress made this style has a long train faille skirt, lordered with a full obicoree ruching of the same material. The front of the garment is covered by a long "mousseline de l'Inde," apron plaited in very close plaits. Two pieces of satin ribbon faster the plaits down toward the lower part of the skirt, and are tied in the middle. The waist, with a long point in the front, is of faille and "mousseline de l'Inde," the latter falling in the back in Princess shape. The sides are raised and draped, and the "mousseline de l'Inde" train falls in soft, graceful folds. Around the lower border is a muslin flounce, falling over the ruching of the skirt. The colerette and jabot are of shell shaped lace, trimmed with satin ribbon loops. The duchess sleeves have the same trimming. The bouquet and wreath are composed of a particular kind of rose, with orange blossoms intermixed.

No color has ever met with the success that caroubier has had during the past year. Silk, woolen, and velvet materials are manufactured in this color. Bonnets are trimmed with caroubier ribbon, feathers, and flowers. Even matinees are made in this color. Children's garments are also lavishly trimmed with red. The prettiest shade is dark garnet.

Jackinets made of Van Dyck blue velvet, called "valours de commissionnaire," of which mention has already been made, are much liked. White cassimere vests are worn under them. These white vests are much worn with plaid suits, in which case the dress is improved by the addition of deep white cassimere cuffs.

Velvet is again used for trimming. Scotch plaid velvet bands trim plain silk tolets. A suit of this kind may be of iron-gray silk, with a lustre. The skirt is plaited to above the knee. Fastened on the left side, over where the plaits are sewed down, is a scarf, half silk and half plaid velvet. This scarf is then taken straight across the front of the skirt, and forms toward the hip a fan-shaped trimming, which is fastened down toward the end under a band of Scotch plaid velvet. The back of the dress forms a Highlander plaiting, consisting of two gray plaits and a plaid one alternating. These plaits start from the shoulder-piece. A collar with three points of Scotch plaid velvet, trimmed with silk and "grehot fring," corresponding with the plaid starts from under the plaits. The train is trimmed with three narrow, fluted flounces, with a heading of Scotch plaid velvet. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a deep fluted flounce with a plaid heading. The side pieces of the waist are of silk, forming the habit basque, with revers lined with plaid velvet. The bronze colored satin vest is buttoned all the way

down by means of small silver pendants, the trimmings placed on like a jabot. The sleeves are of gray silk with plaid bands. The bronze colored vest is in the shade of the heading of the plaid.

Full water goods will be made of black faconne, cashmere, cloth or silk faconne, and are to be made very long.

The mantlet-visite of black cachemire de l'Inde, or gros grain silk, will be worn until the very cold weather sets in. It is trimmed with five or seven rows of "dentelles de Paris" and passementerie insertions.

Among the new designs in woolen goods are many different kinds of pained. Bronze is a favorite grounding, enlivened with red threads, Tartan is also made. The different shades of green already in use last winter, such as myrtle green and moss green, will remain in favor. Scotch plaids with threads of old gold color, and light cloths in small checks are also in use. Among the warmest materials is ribbed velvet, with silk threads in light shades between each rib. These velvets come in all shades, but the favorite ones will be bronze, reddish, and greenish shades. Visiting suits are to be made of this velvet. Many toiles are making of "lampas broche" and black matelasse. These are very well suited to slender figures. With these dark toilets bright colored flowers may be worn on the waist and in the hair. Handsome old laces are also a great improvement for the neck and sleeve trimmings. The effect of old point lace is very beautiful when it falls from the folds of these rich dark materials.

A plaid walking or traveling suit may be of Scotch plaid cashmere, in two shades of green, with stripes of red. The short skirt is trimmed with two deep plaited flounces, cut on the bias; these are trimmed down the front with ribbon bows, combining the three colors. The "bebe" waist has a long plaid basque, forming, as it were, the third plait of the suit. The waist is also plaited on a plain upper part and drawn in at the waist by a belt of the same goods. Over this belt is worn a red gros grain belt ribbon with a golden buckle. Down the middle of the waist are bows matching those upon the skirt. The duchess sleeves are plaited all the way down and finished with a deep plaited ruffle. The black straw hat is trimmed in front with bows in the colors of the dress. On the top of the crown is a tuft of putty-colored feathers. In the back are large red bows.

Demi-saison bonnets are small shirred capotes made of colored faille. The favorite shades for these are dead leaf, bronze, Van Dyck blue, and a "capucin" or in the light colors, putty, pale pink, caroubier, and myrtle. The upper portion of the bonnet is larger than before, and the bonnets sit closer to the head. They are, however, no longer than the summer shapes, and the end of the brim does not reach the ear, which remains uncovered. The cabriolet shape is likely to remain in fashion for some time to come. This shape is now made in felt, and will soon be brought out in velvet and satin. Small capotes are made of gray felt and velvet, trimmed on the side with feathers. Among the new trimmings is the "Mouppette," a kind of puff of black, white, or colored marabout placed on the side of the bonnet toward the top. Sometimes a white aigrette is added to this feather. Shaded ribbons, Scotch plaid velvet, satin, and a variety of Pekin are to be constituted the principal trimmings. One of the new styles is a Marie Amelie bonnet of havana satin. The brims very broad and falls back against the crown. The mentonieres are made of satin ribbon and placed between the crown and the brim, fastening down a bunch of feathers. On the lower part of the crown is a double ribbon bow crossed by a pearl buckle. The "tour de tete" is of white tulle ruched and bordered with sky blue. The tiny cap called "coiffe Elizabeth" has again been brought out. A model now being worn by a Parisian "artist" is of velvet, covered with gold, beads, and sequins. It is very small and placed on the back of the head.

Some fashionable ladies have adopted for evening wear bags of velvet and silk, which depend from the arm by means of ribbon or cordelieres.

The lizard and serpent porte-bouquets are to be replaced in Paris by butterflies, bees, and birds of diamonds. These are very much handsomer than the first named. The Princess of Wales wears as a bouquet-holder a "devil's darning-needle," with sapphire wings. The Princesses de Sagan has a white rose in the beak of a bird, breast-ed and winged with rubies. The ex-Empress Eugenie has just presented to Princess Thyra a topaz butterfly. The Duchess of Teck fastens her daisies in a porte-bouquet in the shape of a bee. Some aristocratic Parisian ladies wear their coat of arms on their porte-bouquets, or small lions in diamonds.

Oil City Derrick: Burglars entered the residence of a circus clown, who was summering in Pottstown, this state, and carried off some silver spoons and clothing. In rummaging through the house, they came upon the clown's jokes, which he had in pickle in the cellar, and they immediately took off their hats and proceeded with their work with uncovered heads, thus showing that burglars have as much respect for old age as anybody.

They were discussing the charms of an actress whom one of the gentlemen of the company affected to regard as the handsomest woman on the stage. "She's not bad looking," said another, "but one of her eyes is smaller than the other." "Ah, ha!" said the other triumphantly, "that's all yo know about it. If yo'd watched her closely yo'd have seen that one of her eyes was larger than the other. Smaller, indeed!"