THE STAR O' THE MORN,

The star o' the morn is whitest, The bosom of dawn is brightest; The dew is sown, And the blossoms blown,

Wherein thou, my dear, delightest, Hark, I have risen before thee,

That the spell of the day be o'er thee; That the flush of my love May fall from above, And, mixed with the morn, adore thee

Dark dreams must now forsake thee, And the bliss of thy being take thee. Let the beauty of morn In thine eyes be born, And the thought of meawake thee

Come forth to hear thy praises,

Which the wakening world upraises; Let thy bair be spun With the gold o' the sun, And thy feet be kissed by daisies

JOE BARRETT'S CONFESSION.

sisting of Joe Barrett and his wife, their most intimate friend Phil Somers, and Miss Maud Mortimer, a young lady they hoped he might be induced to consider the future happiness of his existence stood quite alone upon a his existence, stood quite alone upon a narrow strip of sand on the Long Island coast, not far from the great metr polis. Joe Barrett and his wife ha 1 ng ago been given over by their reactives and friends, and the genial circle of society they adorned, as an old-tashioned couple that prolonged their honeymoon to a most unprecedented and unheard-of period. They had lately celebrated their silver wedding, and for the amusement of others and Phil Somers, Joe's best man at his wedding, was yet his best friend, but he pale pretty little bridemaid had vanished long ago off the face of the earth, and become one of the shadowy band to which "we call, and they answer not again."

tender and romantic episode in his life three. It was impossible to say what myself; my next was a resolve to be-In his younger days this apparent halo of oft regret and unappeasable longing lent a melancholy grace to his already pleasing exterior, and many a

poses, unconsoled. And here he was, a bachelor still, fifty years old, getting rather grizzled about the temples and crow-footed about the eyes, bronzed by his partiality for the open air, thin but muscular,

so many years Phil's juniors.

And here they were, plotting as to re-tore cons iou ne live by as ever for Phil's connubial bliss. The present victim of their toils, alof her charms.

While waiting for dinner, which was in process of preparation in a long, low ho-tlery a dozen furlongs or so inland, they had strolled down to the water's edge, and, true to the plan in hand, Joe Barrett had pulled his wife's chubby hand through his arm and the way was long and the sand was but Phil's voice had the old tender trotted her away from Phil and the heavy. young lady.

Polly; I'm getting awfully tired of wo king like a pack-horse for Phil's happiness.

While strolling along they indulged in a spirited conversation about Phil and the matrimonial projects in which they had been engaged on his account. At last Joe remarked, looking fondly at his wife: "I'd be the happiest fel-low in the world if Phil could be happy

His wife shook his arm impatiently. "See here, Joe," she said, "I taink marry, anyway. Some natures are so constituted that they can only love "Does he know—" once, and I believe all the love Phil "He knows everything, and perhaps After all, there's something very sweet and touching in his remaining faithful

to the one memory all these years." to the other. He picked up a stone, and sent it savagely whirring over the

"Polly," he said, "I think I'll take up, and g ve me an appetite for dinner. There's a bathing suit in one of he little cribs behind us."

"Look at that big cloud, Joe."
"I won't stay in long, Polly." He gave his wife a tender squeeze, 'coked down upon her with an expression that seemed to say he'd kiss her if it back heavily upon the patchwork quilt wouldn't shock Miss Mortimer's sense of propriety, ran up to the bathing-house, and, to the surprise of Phil and Miss Mortimer, presently disappeared

in a huge green wave that covered them with its spray.

had not come down to the seashore can't afford to lose any." that day to isten to laudations of Joe

Barrett and his wife. Miss Mortimer know better when the doctor comes. feat that she had no time to lose, and You were right not to tell Polly. But was resolved to waste no words upon Joe Barrett's maritime proclivities.

Joe as he swam out to the open sea, him back. and went on talking about him with-

"It is growing cold," said Miss Mortimer, contracting her shoulders in

that graceful way that some wonk.

have of making a shiver attractive.

Phil remembered with remorse that her wrap was hanging forgotten upon his arm. He hastened to put it about shouldes, but the wind, which have between Joe's neck and pillow her her week and pillow. prolonged one.

"Don't you hate the wind?" said

Miss Mortimer, coquettishly.
"I am never ungrateful," said Phil, capturing the ends of the shawl again, One seventeenth day of August, not many years ago, a party of four, con-Mortimer's eyes. Phil's words always seemed to mean so much more than they said. And she could not, unfortunately, see that his eyes were still sun was sinking over yonder in the

> down upon the scene. An ominous some clams. I remember when I saw rumble from the clouds mingled with Polly that night. The dress she wore the roar of the sea. Suddenly the earth and sky were enveloped in a blinding glare. In this spectral light Phil distinctly saw Joe Barrett thing his arms widdly aloft and disappear in You dallied with the shells, and turned the darkening waste.

the darkening waste. as he ran to the sea, and Miss Morti- put them aside, and lighted a cigar, mer had great difficulty in rescuing his and turned your face to the sea, and and the romance for themselves would have gone through with the original a returning wave. Her costume was cer mony again had it not been for a drenched with the spray, and she still alive and vigorous for his years, and still alive and vigorous for his years, and the waistcoat, which contained Phil's and Phil support talk any more, Joe's heat man at his watch and other valuables. Then she watch and other valuables. Then she hurried to the shelter of the bathinghouses, for the rain now began to fall heavily. Through the blackness of the storm she saw the white face of a woman. Miss Mortimer knew it was There was a rumor that if she had livel she would have become the wife of Ph I Somers, thus making the happiness of the four complete. It was currently believed that because of this would probably never return, perhaps the results of the water and strangle. It seemed to me that no woman could withstand you. My heart grew like a lump of ice. My first thought was to walk out into the water and strangle the water, but she attempted no re- made it like that of an archangel. It

people were concerned. hurrying to the scene of peril, and, never dreamed before that night that finding it impossible to induce Mrs. you and I were in love with the one damsel endeavored to console him; but Barrett to seek shelter, had thrown although he was gentle and even chivable to all womankind, he remained, hersh folds of which her haggard face to all matrimonial intents and pur- and wind-blown hair was a sorry sight

atop of the foaming surf, with no help must have been inflamed with the pasor hinderance of their own, and closely locked together, were swept swiftly ashore with other prev of the elements. They were narrowly rescued from the leap from a throat of fire; it was the tall but straight; while Joe Barrett
and his wife might both pass for "fat,
fair and forty." though they were not
and carried with all speed to the little

the sh no longer in her first youth, as it came. The pale glow of twilight we have seemed so in any other deepened into night. There was no moon, but the stars shone over the bay and now that thick have seemed to the stars shone over the bay and now that thick have seemed to the stars shone over the bay and now that thick have seemed to the stars shone over the bay and now that thick have seemed to the stars shone over the bay and the stars shone over the bay as the stars and the stars and the stars shone over the bay as the stars and the stars are started to the stars and the stars are started to the stars and the stars are started to the stars and the started to the stars are started to the stars are started to the start s. i. and now that thick bands of and the harbor and the dusky little me your love for her friend, the poor gray clouds lay heavily across the sky, promontory. To look at the gentle little girl that afterward became our replied of waves lapping latily along bridenaid. Whether it was my guilty applied and the young lady had pulled upon the sand. Phil could hardly conscience, that makes hell enough for her veil about the outlines of her fa e, believe that so little time ago two men any man, I fan ied I saw something in Miss Mortimer seemed at the heyday had been done almost to their death. Folly's eyes that told me, had it not He could scarcely stagger out into the been for my treachery, your chance wooden porsh of the inn to breathethe would have been better than mine. cold-cented air. And as for Joe, God Now take your arm away from my only knew what would befall him. He neck, Phil, and carse me if you willhad been brought back to life but not my story is done." to consciousnes. Polly had managed to get word to the town physician, but tugged as if it would burst an artery,

It must have been about midnight; "Let's leave them alone together for the said Joe. "It seems a propitious time for love-making, and I hope something will come of to-day's trip, Polly; I'm getting awfully tired of Polly; I'm getting awfully tired of the landlady. Phil had told them not to awaken Miss Mortimer; under the misery of men. But I cheated the misery of men. But I cheated you of no circumstances; he was so glad she was asleep-and it would be impossible to say how glad he was. The latch of the door clicked behind him. Phil's heart sank. He was afraid Miss Mortimer had, after all, been awakened,

known her. The last remnant of her aroused himself once more, and called soft round comeliness seemed swept you are absurd about I'hil Somers, and away with the storm. All her that reached her despite the roar of you may as well understand, once for all, that if this thing falls through, I'm gone. She wore an ill-fitting gown of the landlady's. Her whole face was disjointed sentences. With a last ef-

once, and I believe all the love Phil "He knows everything, and perhaps had to give any one was squandered he's better. Oh, Phil!" Polly repressed her sobs, and motioned Phil to try and get some sleep, and that you rett's widow would have been burned shall watch with him for a while. Joe shifted uneasily from one foot if I could sleep! But go to him, Phil; well on in years when Joe died, and don't thwart him-go !

Phil went in to Joe. He will never forget the low-ceiled room, the two wooden chairs, the pine table, whereon elegance about him that he might a plunge in the sea; it will tone me a mop of ragged wick flared from a saucer of oil, the bottle of liquor within reach, and the coarse green glass, the grim old clock in the corner ticking off the seconds, and Joe's ghastly face and motionless form upon the camp cot in the corner. Joe tried to stretch out his hand to Phil, but it fell

of the landlady. You did your best, Phil," he said; "you brought me ashere, but the trouble was done out there; something seized me, God knows what-paraly em with its spray.

"Joe is a regular water-dog," said
Anyway, I'm done for, old man. 1
can't move a muscle below. It's a streets are added every year. Every

"I hope you're wrong, Joe; we'll to feel crowded and shall get out."

she must come to you, Joe.'

Phil would have gone at once for Phil, however, kept his eyes upon Polly, but something in Joe's face held

"Hold on a bit, Phil. I didn't send out requiring any special reply.

"Joe is a little impulsive and reckless, perhaps," said Phil, "but he's a capital swimmer."

for you and drive Polly away to tell you something that you'll both know soon enough. There's a burden on my conscience, Phil; it's been lying there like a plummet of lead all these years, Listen to me, and don't interrupt me

Joe could feel Phil's pulse now, and the loyal heart of his friend beating close to his own.

"It's twenty-five years, Phil," said Joe, "since that night we drove down and holding them fast this time about to the shore here and had that talk her slender form. A keen look of together. You remember it, Phil?" together. You remember it, Phil?"
"Yes, Joe."

"Ah! you've remembered it too well, Phil; I've tried hard enough, looking fixedly over her head upon the west, and sky and sea were all aflame, water beyond the surf. A shaft or two of wild light flashed the old shed where we had ordered them over with the queer old fork they Phil threw off his shoes and his coat had given you. And all at once you

lips. "Don't talk any more, Joe," he said. "Let me go for Polly."
"Not yet," said Joe. "You were a handsome fellow, Phil, twenty-five

Mrs. Barrett running wildly down to from the splender in the west that some men from the inn were now in this awful moment of my life, I Barrett to seek shelter, had thrown about her a rough tarpaulin, from the harsh folds of which her haggard face and wind-blown hair was a sorry sight to see.

The two holds were now coming in The two bodies were now coming in looked like an archangel's, while mine sions that beset a man beyond his gree dy maw of the returning wave, and carried with all speed to the little inn, where everything was in readiness to retore consiou ness to the one and foster it in the other.

The armond of the returning wave, and so were all first downright, hideous, malicious lie is ever uttered, for I had not yet asked her.—I had not yet asked her; but when I did ask her, upon that very night, the next lie slipped easily from The storm passed away as suddenly my perjured throat, though it was a

The pulse at Joe's car leaped and

"You might have spared yourself alt

you of your chance-I cheated you of your chance!"

" Be it so, Joe. I forgive you, and I love you all the same. Now throw off the burden, and live for Polly's sake and mine.

But a faltering, uncertain step reached him, and the cold little hand of Polly Barrett clutched his arm.

Any one but Phil would never have lifeless in Phil's arms. Then Joe for Polly in a harsh, strained voice at all. It's none of your business or of a wan gray pallor, like the waves fort the dying man lifted the hands of mine. I don't believe he wants to under the cold light of the stars. his wife and his friend, joined them together, clasped his own about them, and so the three remained till the soul

of Joe Barrett fled. "And if there could be such a thing as witchcraft," said Miss Mortimer to the door. "He is determined I shall some friends, the other day, "Joe Bar-As at the stake long ago. She was pretty I'll leave it to anybody if she don't look like a blonde mummy now Phil Somers has that air of distinction and marry almost anybody; Joe Barrett's widow is old and ugly and sick and poor, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if Phil Somers would marry her yet."-Harper's Weekly.

London's Vastness.

An American correspondent says of London: It covers 122 square miles, and I couldn't get through its streets in ten years behind Maud S. Its gin-palaces and beer shops would, if put in a line, reach seventy-five miles. Miss Mortimer made no reply. She mere question of time, Phil, and we day 160,000 strangers come into the ad not come down to the seashore can't afford to lose any."

SELECT SIFFINGS.

Bees taken to Florida become lary, and make only as much honey as they need from day to day.

The Mongols have no equivalent for goo!-bye," and bid farewell to each other with a bow and a smile.

Deaf mutes use a great deal of slang, learning it from the newspapers, of which they are generally regular read-

The word tennis is derived from the old English plural of "ten," as the name "lives," given to another game, comes from the plural of five.

Attention has again been called to the supposed changes of level of the earth's surface reported from certain parts of Europe. Villages in the Jura which were hidden from each other no longer than forty years ago have grad-ually risen in sight, while in a village of Bohemia the inhabitants now see half of a distant church spire of which only the top was visible thirty years ago. The apparent rising of these places must, it is thought, be a result of the warping of the solid crust of the earth.

The Indians have a great hatred and contempt for Chinamen, because they are little and timid. Recently a party thirty Celestials, under the direction of two white men, went out to work on a road in Idaho. The Indians fell upon them and massacred the white men, but contented themselves by merely cutting off the queues of the Chinamen and sending them igno-miniously home, Indians have too great a contempt for them to kill them; they think them not "foemen worthy of their steel."

How long has man been on this planet? is a question often asked, but the answer is always unsatisfactory. The remains of implements and articles used by human beings have been found in strata hundreds of thousands of years old. Ages must have passed since the savage man first emerged from a semi-brute condition. Mr. Wiggins, of Waverly, N. J., found on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, in Perry county, Penn., a piece of metamorphic limestone, upon which was clearly visible the print of the right foot of a human being. The impression is about an inch deep, and shows the five toes and the perfectly formed foot of a man. This piece of stone has been sent to the Smiths mian institution. The rock is of great antiquity, and must have antedated the oldest memorials of Egypt. It certainly is the earliest trace of man in America.-Christian at Work.

Great Fires of the Niceteenth Century. The greatest destruction of life and property by conflagrations of which the world has anything like accurate records must be looked for in the cur-rent century. Of these the following is a partial list of instances in which the loss of property amounted to some \$3,000,000 and upward:

.. \$ 5,000,000

100	100
1803-Bombay	9,0
1805-St. Thomas	200,0
1808-Spanish Town	-
1812-Moscow burned five days: 30,800	
houses destroyed	150,0
1816-Constantinople, 19,000 dwellings,	
3,000 shops	-
1820—Savannah	- 12
1822-Canton nearly destroyed	
18 S-Hayana, 350 houses	- 23
ISS-New York ("Great Fire")	1300
1837-St. dolm's, N. B.	5.6
1838-Charleston, 1,158 buildings	3,0
1841—Smyrna, 12,000 houses	200
1542-Hamburg, 4,219 buildings, 100	
Trees board Dunnings, 100	25,0
lives lost	7.3
1845—New York, 35 persons killed	10.0
#845-Pittsburg, 1,100 houses	3,1
7845-Quebec, May 28, 1,650 buildings.	
1845-Quebec, June 28, 1,500 dweilings.	125
1846-St. John, Newfoundland	25,0
1848-Constantinople, 2,500 buildings	15,
1848-Albany, N. Y., 600 houses	13,0
1849-St. Louis	8,0
1851-5t Louis, 2,500 buildings	11,0
1851-St. Louis, 500 buildings	8,1
1851 - San Francisco, May 4 and 5, many	
lives lost	19.6
1851-San Francisco, June	37.0
1862-Montreal, 200 buildings	5,1
1861-Mendoza destroyed by earth-	

1862—Montreal, 200 buildings
1861—Mendoza destroyed by earthquake and fire, 10,000 lives lost
1872—St. Peter-burg
1862—Troy, N. Y. nearly destroyed,
2862—Valparase, aimost distroyed
2864—Novgorod, Immense destruction
of property
1863—Constantinople, 2,800 buildings
burned
1866—Yokohama, nearly destroyed
1866—Yokohama, nearly destroyed
1866—Vokohama, nearly destroyed
1866—Portland, Sweden, all consumed
but bishops residence, hospital
and jail, is lives lost
1866—Portland, Me., half of the city
1866—Portland, Me., half of the city
1876—Quebec, 2500 dwellings and 17
churches
1870—Constantinople, Pera suburb
1871—Chicago, 250 lives lost, 17,400
1871—Chicago, 250 lives lost, 17,400
1871—Paris fired by Commune
1872—Boston
1871—Paris fired by Commune
1873—Yeddo, 10,000 houses
1871—Pitt-burg, caused by riot
1871—St. Johns, N. R. 1,650 dwellings,
18 lives lost

The five greatest fires on 11,000,000 26,000,00

123,500,000 The five greatest fires on record reckoned by destruction of property

Chicago fire, of October 8 and 9, 1871 \$192,000,000
Paris fires, of May, 1871 100,000,000
Moscow fire, of September 14-19, 1812 150,000,000
Boston fire, November 9-10, 1872 75,000,000
London fire, September 2-6, 1666 58,632,500
Hamburg fire, May 5-7, 1842 35,000,000

Taking into account, with the fires of Paris and Chicago, the great Wisconsin and Michigan forest fires of 1871, in which it is estimated that 1,000 human beings perished and property to the amount of over \$3,000,000 was consumed, it is plain that in the annals of conflagrations that year stands forth in gloomy pre-eminence,

Speedy Justice.

When Mr. Bookwalter was in China he became acquainted with a judge who invited him to see a case tried. The culprit was arraigned for larceny, Within thirty minutes that Chinese court tried the prisoner, convicted him, sentenced him to death, took him out in an alley and cut his head off .- Cincinnati News-Journal.

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That was the case with Simon Cohen, Gloversville,
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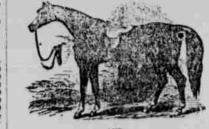
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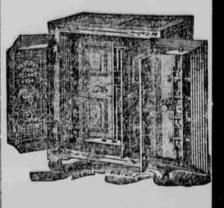
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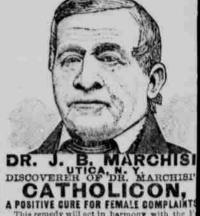
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(To be continued.)

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