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Attorney at Law,

Office in the Butler Building, Liberty, Amite County, Miss.

D. C. BRAMLETT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

WOODVILLE, MISS.

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The undersigned begs to announce that he is now prepared to receive boarders and entertain the traveling public. Fare the best the market affords. He is also prepared to meet the wants of the public in the way of feeding, stabling and grooming stock which may be entrusted to his care. Charges reasonable. Give me a trial.

THOMAS WARING,

Liberty, Sept. 25, 93

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE

IN CHICAGO

AND NEW YORK

AT THE OFFICE OF

A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

MYSTERY OF A TRUNK.

It Was a Splendid Advertisement for Delavere Darcy.

"Now, Phil, really, what do you like best—the white blouse or the pink?"
"My dearest Blanche, you look lovely in either."
"No, but really?"
"And truly?"
"You're too ridiculous, Phil," cried Mrs. Lorimer, laughing. "As a lady's maid you are not a success—go and smoke your cigarette on the balcony, and I'll be ready in a second."
Mr. Lorimer obeyed with the submission and alacrity of a newly-made spouse, and, moreover, waited with a patience and resignation only to be found in a man whose married life can still be counted by weeks.
"I haven't been long, have I?" asked his wife, with delightful conviction, when she returned after an interval; "and oh, Phil, don't you think this is the most perfectly lovely place on the face of the earth?"

Mr. Lorimer's answer was somewhat wide of the mark and by no means unworthy of record, but certainly Eden-on-Sea was a delightful spot.

"It's delicious," repeated Mrs. Lorimer, ecstatically; "but come, Phil, I'm quite ready for my drive! Oh, there, my shoe is undone; do tie it up for me."

Phil was kneeling at her feet, and she was laughingly instructing him in the art of tying a shoe lace when, to the unutterable confusion of both, the room door opened and a stranger stood in the doorway.

"Excuse me, I am afraid I have made a mistake."
Mr. Lorimer jumped up, glaring at the intruder savagely.

"I thought this was my room, No. 24." "This is 24A," growled Lorimer. "Your room is the next on the left."
"Thank you; a thousand pardons!" and with a courteous bow the stranger withdrew.

"Idiot!" began Phil, but Mrs. Lorimer interrupted him.

"Oh! did you ever see such a handsome fellow? He had a face like an archangel!"

"Archangel be—puzzled! I think people might take the trouble to see that they don't blunder into other people's rooms. Come along, Blanche, the carriage is waiting."

The evening passed pleasantly enough, and when toward its close Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer lounged upon their balcony in the moonlight it seemed as if there could be nothing to mar the delights of this best of all possible worlds. Suddenly a terribly discordant note was struck.

"Listen!" whispered Blanche.

"Oh, what?" said Phil, whose whole attention had been engrossed by his companion, and who, unlike her, had not the feminine knack of doing two things at the same time.

"Don't you hear some one talking in the next room?" whispered Blanche.

"Well?"
"But they're quarreling; listen!"
"Not I! Why shouldn't they quarrel if they like? Let's go in!"

But at that moment a woman's voice, low and piteous, reached their ears: "Oh, Frank! have you no pity?"

"There, didn't you hear?" whispered Blanche, in awestruck tones.

"Yes, and I don't mean to hear any more. Come in, Blanche."
"How stupid you are, Phil! They are in the next room, I tell you!" she reiterated impatiently.

"What of it?"
Mrs. Lorimer gave a little petulant stamp.

"There was no one with that gentleman who came in here this afternoon, and he was alone at table d'hôte! Now, do you understand?"

Phil gave a low whistle, but before he could make any remark the wailing voice reached them again:

"Frank, don't force me! I cannot! I will not! It is too awful!"
Phil drew his wife quickly into the room and closed the window noisily.

"But, Phil, ain't you going to do anything? Suppose—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted Phil, gruffly; "it's no business of ours! But your archangel does not seem to be a very amiable person!"

"But don't you think—?"
"I think it's time to turn in!" replied her husband, decisively; for Philip was a true Britisher, with a noted objection to putting his fingers into other people's pies. Every man for himself, and Scotland Yard for us all, was his motto.

Blanche, on the other hand, was a true daughter of Eve, and she determined to discover, if possible, whose voice it was that she had heard and what was the meaning of its piteous appeal. But how was it to be done?

Chance gave her an opening which she was quick to seize. Having gone up to her room after breakfast next morning she found the chambermaid still busy with her dusting.

"Oh, you can go on," she said, smiling, as she seated herself by the window. The maid was clearly the very person to enlighten her. But how to come to the point?

"I am afraid I am dreadfully untidy," Blanche began, after a moment, with a conciliating little smile.

"Not at all, madam," replied the girl, demurely.

"Have you any more rooms to do?" continued Mrs. Lorimer, with kindly interest.

"The whole of this floor, madam."
"Does the lady in the next room give much trouble?"

"There is no lady in No. 24, madam; only a gentleman who arrived yesterday. Anything I can get for you, madam?"

"No, thank you."
"Here was a mystery! No lady in No. 24, and yet that was undoubtedly a woman's voice last night! It was most extraordinary, and Blanche communicated the result of her investigation with intense trepidation. Phil, however, declined to be interested in the affair or to discuss it in any way, so his wife was forced to keep her conjectures to herself, and they were of a nature anything but flattering to the male occupant of No. 24.

HINTS ON WOMAN'S DRESS.

How to Turn Last Season's Garments to Account.

There are several possibilities that just now threaten the peace of mind of the average woman. One of these is crinolines; another is such a marked change in prevailing styles that all of her last year's clothes must be thrown away; another is that the latest fashions are going to be ridiculous in the extreme. Just what object certain self-constituted authorities can have in ringing changes on all of these ideas it would be difficult, indeed, to imagine.

The woman of moderate means may possess her soul in patience and preserve her tranquility on the assurance that she will not be troubled with crinolines to any extent, that there will not be any radical change in fashions, at least not so much as to affect the conservative models of the day, and last, but by no means least, the ridiculous and absurd will not prevail.

The dress of '92 need not be thrown into the rag-bag or sacrificed to the poor-box. Many a dress made in the early part of last year will do its full duty as second best or first best, maybe, for the moderate coming and going of the woman of average means.

It is not at all necessary to remove the square basque-skirts that were so fashionable last season. One can do so if one chooses, and wear the little pointed bodice that remains. A puff of silk or dress material set around the waist for slender figures will be a pretty addition to this silk or wool costume.

For handsome dresses, a fringe of gold or colored beads in front or a folded ribbon or silk belt, with bow and ends, or a passementerie or silk girdle will be an appropriate finish. Of all things, avoid the idea, either in thought or speech, that the entire wardrobe must be revolutionized. This is the height of absurdity. New dresses are now being made that, in style and finish, differ but very slightly from those ordered a year ago.

Of course, there are extreme styles and extreme people to wear them, but the conservative, solid, sensible people, who are not so much the leaders as the arbiters of fashion, are wearing very much the same things that they wore a year ago. There is a conservative dress that is like the close cottage-bonnet that has not been out of fashion in a quarter of a century and probably never will go out of fashion as long as sensible women live and move and have their being.—N. Y. Ledger.

That Useful Article Now Declared to be the Embodiment of Discomfort.

There are few more uncomfortable and unwieldy things than the ordinary extension dining table. The rack to hold the leaves is a nuisance, the joints are always coming apart, and the entire article is likely to grow shaky and unmanageable.

It is suggested that the leaves of the table be arranged somewhat after the fashion of the sliding shutters to stores. They could be wound on a cylinder and run in like the roll-top desk. A very little extremely simple mechanism would suffice to control these leaves, which could be in narrow sections or bars. If accurately fitted and adjusted there would be no difficulty in managing a table made in this way, and the saving of labor and the convenience of the new arrangement would be great indeed.

Who has not taxed the arms almost beyond endurance by pulling and tugging to lift the leaves into the average table? Such a device would allow of leaves having far less weight, and these could be so adjusted that the ugly space at the side of a table when partly extended could be done away with. It is quite time that some improvement was made in this article of furniture, for surely progress in this line for the last half century has been very little to speak of.

By all means give us a dining table with an arrangement on the general principle of the roll-top cylinder desk.—N. Y. Ledger.

Tact Is Necessary.

The woman who would be a successful leader in society must possess infinite tact. She must be able to say the right thing at the right moment, and never by any chance wound any man's self-esteem; she must be so worldly-wise as to seem genuinely unselfish, so full of consideration and sympathy as to appear full of the milk of human kindness. A tactful person will invariably remember and use your name; she will appear interested in your hobby, and will listen with flattering attention to whatever you may say. She will talk to children and servants, and the house mother, discuss pictures with the artist, books with the author, and gossip with the worldly minded. If this universal sympathy sprang from a higher motive than a noble character and would imply—for the curious part of a perfectly worldly policy is that it stimulates so successfully what is best and loveliest.—Chicago Tribune.

Draps the Piano.

Since it has become an established fact that the tones of the piano are most effective with the back turned to the room, its draping has become a "home art study." For this purpose the oriental-looking drapery stuffs may be used in silk, satin, and velvet. Some of the more simple curtain fabrics are available for this effort at adornment, and their designs may be edged with gold or silver cord with good effect. A woman has recently furnished up her piano with eucalyptus sheeting. She embroidered the fabric in a large Japanese pattern, with a scattering of flowers in natural colors. The stiletto is large and interlacing, and in the leaves knotted when crossing.—Chicago Mail.

Historians' Attention!

"Nigger, who am de fussy man dat interposed sht pervisions into de navy?"
"Dat, now, you're too hard for dis colored individual."
"It was Noah, you fool nigger, when he took Ham aboard his ark."—Des Moines Argonaut.

Must Have Been.

Wiggs—I have never been able to make up my mind whether Hamlet was really crazy or not.

Wiggs—My impression is that he was; he was interested in amateur theatricals, you know.—Frank.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Gay Times for the People at the Capital in the Old Day.

Some one has said that there was a time in Washington's social history when a woman might give a ball if she had a case of apoplexy. That simple time has departed. The woman of Washington who undertakes a ball in this day of the city's history faces all the expense and a good many more of the difficulties that confront her sister of New York or Philadelphia or Boston.

It was a great event in the old day when the state department found itself charged with the duty of entertaining some duly accredited foreign embassy, pagan or Christian, dusky or otherwise. Then what has been dubbed in the navy the "royal yacht," meaning there by a small, untrustworthy vessel supposed to be useful in time of war as a despatch-boat, was utilized for formal purposes, and the embassy and the guests of the secretary of state were carried down the Potomac to visit the tomb of Washington. There were lunch and music and talk, bright sunshine and much gaiety. If the ambassadors were interesting they became acquainted with what of Washington the secretary of state or his family thought good enough for themselves; but if they were peculiarly and irreparably pagan they enjoyed the view of the river and its shores in the society of their accompanying missionaries.

Perhaps these pleasant excursions continue to be a feature of Washington society, but if they do an invitation must be far more rare than it used to be, for necessarily there are many more people in the capital whom the secretary's family are obliged to consider good enough, while the accommodations of the boat remain limited.

In the old day—the men and women who made part of its panorama call it that, especially if they have moved away and are not of the Washington of the present—in the old day there used to be moonlight excursions down the river to a once ambitious "terminal point"—to use a seductive railroad phrase—and society lunched and gossiped and flirted at so much a head in behalf of the Garfield Memorial hospital, or of some other equally worthy object of charity.

During the winter the cabinet officers and their families used to hold what were known as "card receptions." They were comfortably crowded, and were pleasant. Other and unofficial families followed the example, and one might go almost any evening of the week, including Sunday, to some particular house, and meet the same people that one met the evening before, and that one would meet the evening following. These were assemblages of friends, with an infusion of whatever distinguished visitors might happen to be in the city. Naturally there was a tinge, sometimes amounting to a taint, of officialism in the gatherings; for the cabinet families can not neglect the law makers who provide the means for carrying on their departments. Company and its wife was asked in the rotation, but the people who were really wanted were invited to the season's series, and there was hardly a single evening in the week when one who was admitted might not meet most of the others at a designated place.

There was no ostentation in these evening parties. There was sometimes a rude intrusion. Occasionally a hostess who, in common with her other receiving friends, had endured the insolence of an unasked intruder—man or woman—felt compelled to take strong measures. The capital of the nation is infested with a human insect that devotes its energies to boring into places where it is not wanted. Possibly its kindred exists elsewhere; but there has been so much freedom of access to the homes of men whose careers depend upon popularity, and so much dread among those in high places of unwelcome tramping upon influential feelings that the breed is, especially encouraged here. Then, again, there are two notable features which mark the society of the capital—the presence of officials and statesmen who are known far and wide, and the absence of the men who are distinguished in the sciences and the arts.—Henry Loomis Nelson, in Harper's Magazine.

A Breach of Promise Case.

A young colored girl of Philadelphia thus told her grievance to the court the other day: "My nuptial," Ziggy George Lushy, big I has hopes ob hit been 'changed an' dat's wot he yar for' kick about." "Never mind that," interrupted the magistrate. "Go on with your story." "Well," continued the girl, "dis hyar niggah hez bin a keepin' camp'n' wif me fo' nighr onto six months an' he bin powerful sugary an' lobin' fo' quite a spell. He's janiah in a skule an' kinder high infooned in grammat. Well, he promised fo' ter marry me jes' hez soon es he could afford it. He kin afford it now but he won't." "How do you know he can't afford to marry you?" asked the judge.

"How d' I know? How d' I know?" cried the girl. "Why, hit on 'n' teeka fifty cents for a license and I sseen him flashin' a dollar last night; dat's how I know."—N. Y. Tribune.

Unused Doors.

An English decorator notes that doors which are not required for any reason for their usual purpose may be locked and utilized in decoration. "In old houses where the walls are thick they form deep recesses, and by placing four or five shelves in these they are transformed into excellent bookshelves, or, rather across, which a handsome curtain may be drawn. When the recess is not deep enough to accommodate books, narrow enamelled shelves will serve to fill with old china, bric-a-brac and photos, and the effect produced by these arrangements is, in general, uncommonly good."—N. Y. World.

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USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Egg Curry.—Make a teaspoon of white sauce, mix in a spoonful of curry with a little cream, cut a dozen hard-boiled eggs in slices, and drop in the hot sauce. Take up on a large dish, surround with a border of grated onion, garnish with slices of lemon.—Harper's Bazar.

—Brown Bread.—Two cupsful of cornmeal, one cupful of white flour through which is sifted a teaspoonful of soda, a scant half-cupful of molasses, with four milk to make a batter. Steam two and one-half hours. Do not uncover it during that time nor let the water stop boiling.—Housekeeper.

—Poultry and Game.—Wild Fowls.—These always require a brisk fire, and should be roasted until they are a light brown, but not too much, or they lose their flavor by letting the gravy run out. A chicken will roast in one hour. Turkey requires two or three, and also geese and ducks.—Detroit Free Press.

—Salt Pork.—Slice and soak several hours in sweet or sour milk; roll each slice in flour and cook in a spider till nicely crisp on both sides. Remove to a platter, leaving two tablespoonfuls of the fat and add a tablespoonful of flour, stirring until well cooked. Pour in two-thirds of a pint of sweet milk, and when thick serve with the meat.—Woman's Journal.

—Potted Ham.—Remove nearly all the fat from boiled ham and chop very fine; then place in a mortar or earthen vessel and grind. Add black pepper, a pinch of cayenne and a little mustard. Mix well and heat in a little melted butter. When hot through, put in baking powder cans and set in a cool place. This will be found excellent for sandwiches.—Ladies World.

—Throat Diseases are caused by germs, inhalations of sevier gas, enlarged and horny tonsils and obstructions in the nose. People liable to throat diseases should be very careful in using alcohol, tobacco and in eating hot or highly spiced food. Irritating remedies, such as cayenne, tannin lozenges or nitrate of silver, should be avoided, except in special cases.

—Italian Cheese.—Mix with nearly half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, the juice of three lemons, two tablespoonfuls of white wine, and a quart of cream; beat it with a whip till quite thick, which may be in half an hour; put a bit of muslin into a hair sieve and pour in the cream. In twelve hours turn it out and garnish it with flowers. It may be put into a tin shape with holes in it.

—Oyster Stew.—Equal parts of oysters, water and milk. Let the water boil; salt; add the oysters; pepper, a little celery salt, if desired, one-half cupful of rolled cracker crumbs to each pint of oysters. When they have come to a boil add the milk which has been made hot by setting in a dish of boiling water. Finally a large piece of butter. Taste at once from the stove and serve with good oyster crackers.—Good Housekeeping.

A TRAGIC DEATH.

Margaret Fuller's Meteoric Career Followed by a Dramatic Ending.

"We, at this distance, shrink at setting out with her on that fatal voyage, with its record of doom. First, the captain stricken with malignant small-pox; his death and burial at sea off Gibraltar; the body wrapped in a flag and lowered deep in the deep. Margaret consoles and cares for the widow. Then little Angelino seized with the dread disease, lying at the point of death for days, and rescued again only by tireless watching and care. Contrary winds detain them, so that two long summer months wear away before they near their journey's end.

"On Thursday, July 15, the Elizabeth was off the Jersey coast. The passengers were told to pack their trunks and prepare to land the next morning. At nine in the evening the wind arose and at midnight it was a hurricane. The ship tossed and pitched all night, flying—no one knew where or how swiftly—with the wind and tide, heading to destruction.

"At four o'clock on Friday morning, July 19, she struck off Fire Island beach. First a jar, then a crash, and the thunder of the sea breaking over them. One hates to rehearse the horrors of that awful dawn and awakening, yet how else may we realize the test of the souls which confronted them? The passengers meet in the gray twilight, exchanging hurried words, calm but desperate.

"And now, for twelve mortal hours, amid the rack of tempest fury of unchained elements, that doomed band of human beings awaited death—a hundred deaths. We have a glimpse of Margaret singing her terrified child to sleep through the howling storm. Land was in sight, actually within a hundred yards, only the raging breakers between. Through the gray cloud of rain and spray they could see the gray sand hills, with people moving on the beach, and a wagon drawn up, but not a lifeline to save them, not a lifeboat sent to the rescue.

"Morning—noon—afternoon—how endless, and yet how swiftly passing! The wreck was going to pieces, plank by plank. A single mast remained, and a fragment of the deck that rose and fell with every wave. Here the desperate group were clinging.

"The last moment came. Some plunged into the sea and succeeded in swimming to the shore; others trusted to a frail plank and rope. The last vision of Margaret was at the foot of the mast in her white nightdress, with her bright hair streaming over shoulder. Ossoli hung for an instant to the rigging, but the next wave caught him and he sank, never to reappear.

"Neither his body nor Margaret's was ever recovered. Only the little body of Angelino was washed ashore some minutes later, still warm, but stripped of every shred of clothing. One has almost a regret that the sea gave him up, and that he should not sleep with his parents beneath the waves, in whose still depths, no less than in the fixed and stable earth, there is peace."—Josephine Lagrange, in Century.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

—Cable dispatches are received at the rate of twenty to twenty-five words a minute. An expert telegrapher of a land line sends about forty words in that time.

—J. Winner says that while daylight only slightly yellows and weakens wood-paper, the influence of the electric light is still less, and he proposes the latter the best illuminant for libraries.

—Toy Wing Sang, a hustling promoter from China, has succeeded in getting subscriptions of \$14,500,000. It is stated, from American and Chinese capitalists, for the building of electric roads and lighting plants in Chinese cities.

—Berlin and London are soon to be connected by long distance telephones. The long distance line between London and Paris is reported to be cutting into the business of the telegraph lines between the two cities so far as the transmission of immediate messages is concerned.

—Some interesting trials have recently been made of an electrical submarine boat which the Italian government is said to regard with favor. The boat has a total weight of 40 tons, and is 28 feet long, 9 feet wide and 11 feet deep. At the trial it proved capable of descending to a depth of 150 feet, and staying under water 48 hours.

—Something handsome awaits the man who shall contrive a magazine, self-feeding electric arc lamp that shall work unerringly and be cheaper than the wages of the men now employed to put in new carbons. Invention has overcome one serious difficulty after another in electric lighting, and the hopeful thing about the commercial use of electricity is that every skilled man employed in the business seems to aspire to be an inventor.

—Electrical conditions are such in the mountain regions of Colorado that a human being becomes charged with electricity whenever he moves quickly across a carpeted room, and the phenomenon observed here in dry, cold weather, of electric sparks from the human hand or nose is of constant occurrence there. It has been discovered that even in this climate the phenomenon occurs frequently in houses built in such manner as to insure dryness and partial insulation.

—A new dynamo brush, recently introduced in France, is said to be a great improvement on those usually used there. It consists simply of a pile of exceedingly thin sheets of a copper alloy possessing anti-friction properties. The sheets are about one-thousandth of an inch thick. They are made to last longer than those made of copper netting so often used elsewhere, and probably wear the commutator less. It has been pointed out, however, that the resistance of the alloy compares unfavorably with that of copper brushes.

—Not alone in cities but in the country districts the great advantages of applied electricity will soon be felt. It is said that at least ninety per cent of the roads throughout the country could be equipped with wires and trunks at a cost of some \$5,500 a mile; but when this is done all expense of road-wagons, horses, drivers, etc., is done with, and with the incalculable advantages of transit thus introduced into the country its benefits would be appreciated and enjoyed by a large portion of those people who now drift to the cities.

—An incandescent search light for physicians use is described in the English Mechanic. It consists of a small glow lamp, so adjusted that the arch of the filament is nearly coincident with the focal point of a small silvered parabolic reflector one inch in diameter at its mouth. The reflector is placed to admit the lamp, and is mounted on the extremity of a metal tube. A cylindrical block of ebony sliding in the tube serves as carrier for the lamp. The mouth of the reflector is closed with a transparent glass cover to exclude the dust and otherwise protect the lamp.

—A valued correspondent expresses to us his belief that eventually the manufacture of incandescent electric lamps will become so free an industry that they will be found on sale in hardware and house-furnishing stores, as lamp chimneys are now; and that then a trade mark—certifying quality—will be of more value to the manufacturer than any lamp patent. These lamp-makers who accomplish most in lamp improvements and in cheapening cost during the next year or two will be nearest to possessing the best trade mark, and perhaps some good patents as well. It is very well to pray; but keep your powder dry too.—Electrical Engineer.

An Idyl of the Sunshines.

The girl was fair. Soft blue her eyes as the skies, and pink as white her cheeks as the mountain peaks at sunrise, and golden light her hair as the moonlight air.

Ah, she was very fair. Unconscious, save by her tossing tresses, she stood facing the east and the sun came and kissed her.

Kissed her long and lovingly. Her mother saw her there and called to her.

"Let me linger here, dear mother," pleaded the girl being. "The air is so sweet, the fragrance of the flowers so rich, the skies above me are so tenderly blue, and mother, dear, I feel as if I were a little queen standing here in the glorious reign of the sun."

"The mother appeared at the door." "Fudge," she exclaimed, "you ought to have sense enough to come in like that sort of a reign. Don't you know you'll be freckled worse than a turkey egg?"

And a heavy black cloud rose up and swept the sun across the sky.—Detroit Free Press.

The Old Story.

"Your eyes are a wfully red, Jennie!" "Yes; I was up most of the night."

"What doing?" "I had let the diary I started on New Year's fall behind, and I was writing it up to date."—N. Y. Press.