He deck, once red with heroes' blood Where dwelt the vanquished foe. When winds were hurrying o'er the flood.

And waves were white below, No more shall feel the victor's tread, Or know the conquered knee;-The harpies of the shore shall pluck The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk Should sink beneath the wave; Her thunders shook the mighty deep, And there should be her grave; Nail to the mast her holy flag, Set every threadbare sail, And give her to the god of storms,

The lightning and the gale! -Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Written when it was proposed to break up the warship Constitution.)

Beware of the Bomb.

was looking over the papers in the smoking room of a Paris cafe. My eye chanced to fall upon the Echoes of the Stage column, and I exclaimed aloud: "At it again!"

A Frenchman sitting near me looked up in wonder at my petulant tone, so I hastened to explain, speaking fluently, in very bad French: Round the World in Eighty Days is on the boards again. Will they ever have done with that absurd affair? They seem to think it a feat equal to the labors of Hercules." The Frenchman looked shocked.

'Phileas Fogg was no better than tortoise!" I cried boastfully. I could do much better than hehearer slowly, and I answered in the same tone: "I will go round the

world in seventy days if you like." "I take you up!" he cried. "What do you bet?"

"Five thousand francs." "Done," said I, and we exchanged

cards and bows. That is how it came about that I trans-Atlantic steamer from a New exposed to view-a little clock! York pier on the 5th of March. So far I had not lost a minute, and now should reach Havre in seven days as the steamship company promised. It would be a close shave at best. A variety of detentions might occur; a slight accident to the machinery, and all would be lost

I was nearly consumed with anx lety, but the ship acted up to her I dashed toward the cab again and reputation, and on the 12th of March sprang in, shouting to the driver: I stepped once more onto French soil. I cast the ship a look of gratitude as she lay at the Havre pier letting off steam from her monstrous boiler. and catch the 6:40 express. That in a stentorian tone:

would bring me to Paris at half-past "Here I am, gentlemen!" eleven. I took out my time-table to make sure. As I ran my eye down noon sounded from the Exchange In the arms of doom!) the column of figures, an inspiration

"Where's the use of starting this evening?" I said to myself, "if I get there too early, it will look as if I were afraid of losing the wager. How much better to arrive at the very last second, with brilliancy and morning at 6:55, and reaches the Saint Lazare Station at 11:30. The time fixed for me to meet the fellow at the office of the Semaphore just behind the Stock Exchange is before the first stroke of noon. I can easily go from Saint Lazare to the Exchange in eight minutes, in a cab, so there is nothing to prevent my appearing in the nick of time, just as Phileas Fogg did, after making everyone's heart palpitate with suspense That's settled. I shall not go on un-

Accordingly, I went with my baggage to the best hotel, dined comfortably, took a walk through the town smoking a cigar, and returned at 10 e'clock to go to bed.

"I must take the 6:55 train tomorrow morning," I said to the hotelproprietor; "can you have me wakened in time?"

"We have a trustworthy man ou purpose for that work," was the reply.

"That may be," said I skeptically, "but, after all, if you could let me have an alarm-clock, I would feel

"I will lend you my own, although I assure you it is unnecessary," said the host, and accordingly I carried the tiny clock to my room, wound the alarm, set it at 6, stood it on a little table beside the bed, and went to sleep with a quiet mind. was in a heavy slumber when 1

felt my arm being shaken violently. "What's the matter?" I grumbled, without opening my eyes. "You have only just time, sir," said

a voice in my ear. "Time for what?" I asked, looking up drowsily.

I sat up and glanced at the clock.

It was half-past six! Without another word, I leaved from the bed with such precipitation with the other he waved to the great if a case occurs in a house, all the that I threw down the table with the little clock; dashed into my clothes; crowded my few belongings into my trunk frantically; flew down the stairs, four at a time; sprang into the showed how tired and pale she was.

train. Ouf! What a close squeeze! Two minutes more and I would have lost rolled fantastically in its socket like my bet. However. all's well that a drunken man. From up the avenue ends well; I had my ticket, my trunk was on the train, the whistle sounded, -I was off for Paris.

When I entered the St. Lazare station the hands of the big clock light. Back of him lay the deserted pointed to half-past eleven. I hailed stretch of the avenue, strange and Infectious Diseases in Berlin, who is a cab, and learned that there was unfamiliar in its emptiness-save for

At that moment it appeared in the arms of two porters who were carrying it with the greatest care. Confound them, how slow they were! What fool ever accused the railway and of green plants, and the leaves It is also said to be true of typhoid companies of handling baggage cough-

claiming: "Be quick, now!"

myself face to face with a gendarme "What is the matter with you?" I silent cool woods with her voiceisked in amazement.

Behind the gendarme came two railway officials. They stooped over boards and the arches of colored my trunk solemnly, turned their lamps stood out of the silence and heads as if listening, then stood up fresh beauty of the hour like the and exchanged a glance which plain y said: "There is not a doubt of it." dragged, protesting and gesticulating, secret acts of charity.-Richard Davis back to where my trunk stood. There in Harper's Magazine. was evidently a mistake somewhere.

and I swear I will come back in an The gendarme's lips described smile behind his thick mustache, as he took possession of me again, this

"Let me go," I cried, "let me go!

time with both hands. "Come now; don't try that," said one of the railway officials, "you may as well confess. You arrived from New York in great haste and under suspicious circumstances. Who are you? What have you in this trunk?" "Clothes, nothing but my clothes." I answered, speaking worse French than usual in my agitation. "No explosives?" insisted

"Explosives! What for? I am not a protechnist, nor a chemist." "Then what is the meaning of this strange noise? Inside your trunk there is a sound of machinery-in short, an infernal machine. Yesterday, the London police arrested four ainie," written upon the fly-leaf of a articles in their possession. You are

known to be one of the gang." I listened in speechless wonder to his words. I looked at my trunk, and "You can go around the world in my wonder increased to stupefaction less than eighty days?" asked my as I heard a metallic tick-tack inside. Suddenly there was a loud ringing report-like a signal for an explosion. "Beware of the bomb!" shricked some one; officers and porters scattered in all directions, and even the gendarme moved away. I alone remained, like a hero. I tore open the trunk and pulled out the clothes in feverish haste. All at once I felt left Paris for the East on the 5th of something hard inside a night-shirt, January, and stepped on board a and the next moment drew out and

I had unknowingly packed up the hotel-keeper's property, and it was it only remained to be seen whether striking the alarm six hours behind

> "Confound the old turnip!" I cried, throwing it down furiously. I was answered by a loud peal of laughter from the spectators.

> Then putting my head down, like a wild boar that scents the hounds, "I'll give you a louis if you get me

to Place de la Bourse before noon." Seven minutes and a half later the cab was tearing up to the Stock Ex-Then I glanced at my watch. It was change; I jumped out, flew upstairs 4 in the afternoon; there was plenty to the Semaphore office, burst into the of time for me to dine at my ease room like a hurricane, and remarked

> The next instant the first stroke of clock.

PARIS AT DAYBREAK.

You cannot say you have seen the streets of Paris until you have walked them at sunrise; everyone has seen dash and dramatic effect, just as them change from night to day before them at night, but he must watch they do on the stage. That would be the can claim to have seen them at worthy of a genius! Now, here is a their best. I walked under the arches train which leaves Havre tomorrow of the Rue de Rivoli one morning when it was so dark that they looked like the cloisters of some great monastery, and it was impossible to believe that the empty length of the Rue Cambon had but an hour before been blocked by the blazing front of the Olympia, and before that with rows of carriages in front of the two Columbins. There were a few be lated cabs hugging the sidewalk, with their drivers asleep on the boxes, and a couple of gentlemen slouching together across the Place de la Concorde made the only sound of life in the whole city. The Seine lay as motionless as water in a bath tub, and the towers of Notre Dame rising cut of devoting some time to the study of the mist at one end, and the round bulk of the Trocadero bounding it at the other, seemed to limit the viver therine, the name given to the mate to what one could see of its silent surface from the Bridge of the Deputies. The Eiffel tower, the great skeleton of the departed exposition. disappeared and reformed itself again as drifting clouds of mist swept through it and cut its great ugly length into fragments hung in midair. As the light grew in strength the facades of the government buildings grew in outline, as though an opera glass, and the pillars of the Madeline took form and substance; then the whole great square showed itself empty and deserted. The darkness had hidden nothing more terrible than the clean asphalt and the motionless statues of the cities of France.

with no one or the box, but with the dermic injection of a fraction of a coachman sitting back in his cab. He was returning to the stables, evidently, and had on his way given a ly in Paris and Berlin hospitals, of seat to a girl from the street, whom dividing the mortality—that is to say, he was now entertaining with genial it is scarcely half what it was under courtesy. He had one leg thrown over the other, and one arm passed buildings as they sprang up 'nto life as the day grew.

The girl beside him was smiling at

his pleasantries, while the 'ising sun stage which was awaiting me, and and mocked at the paint around her hardly drew breath until I was on the sleepy eyes. The horse stumbled at every sixth step, and then woke again, while the whip rocked and of the Champs Elysees came the first of the heavy market wagons, with the driver asleep on the bench, and his lantern burning dully in the early serve as a gateway into the skies beyond. The air in the Champs Elysees

Duclerc with her shoulder straps slip-"Matter enough," replied the man in ping to her elbows, and her white jeering tone, tightening his hold; powdered arms tossing in the colored lights of the serpentine dance. The long gaudy lithographs on the billrelics of some feast which should have been cleared away before the "They are crazy," I thought, but dawn, and the theaters themselves

hours before Duclerc had filled these

then a horrible conviction flashed looked like temples to a heathen idol through my brain. Whether the men in some primeval wood. And as I were same or not, one thing was passed out from under the cool trees sure: it was forty minutes past 11. to the silent avenues I felt as though At all hazards I must make my est I had caught Paris napping, and cape. I shook myself free of the when she was off her guard, and gendarme's grasp, and knocking over good and fresh and sweet, and had two or three people in my flight, discovered a hidden trait in her manydashed madly away; but was stopped sided character, a moment of which by two custom-house officers, who she would be ashamed an hour or two seized me by the collar. I was later, as cynics are ashamed of their

> It is a dangerous crisis when proud heart meets with flattering

ips.—Flavel. There are two freedoms-the false where one is free to do what he likes, and the true, where he is free to de what he ought.-Kingsley.

The comfort of ease without toil is health of the body, the vigor of the mind, nor the welfare of the soul.

RILEY AND POR

Whitcomb Riley, early in his career, met with the experience common to young authors, particularly writers of verse. Believing that his productions would have been well received had they been written by an author already famous, he decided to test his belief by producing a poem in imitation of Edgar A. Poe and publishing other. it as a newly discovered manuscript of that author. The result was "Leon American anarchists who had similar worn copy of Ainsworth's Latin die

This poem was first printed in the Kokomo (Ind.) Dispatch by arrangement with the proprietor, J. O. Henderson, now auditor of Indiana, who had full knowledge of the facts con-English reviewers and even an eminent authority like Edmund Stedman pronounced it genuine, and when the name of the real author was disclosed, Stedman still maintained that the poem was unquestionably written

This poem was Whitcomb Riley's introduction to the world of letters. His work had merit which the world was willing to concede. The following is the poem in full:

LEONAINIE. Leonainie-angels named her; And they took the light Of the laughing stars and framed her

In a smile of white; And they made her hair of gloomy Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy Moonshine, and they brought her

to me In the solemn night-In a solemn night of summer, When my heart of gloom Blossomed up to greet the comer

Like a rose in bloom: All forebodings that distressed me I forgot as Joy caressed me-(Lying Joy! that caught and pressed me

Only spake the little lisper e angel-tongue;

Yet I, listening, heard her whisper "Songs are only sung Here below that they may grieve Tales but told you to deceive you-

So must Leonainie leave you

While her love is young." Then God smiled and it was morning. Matchless and supreme, Heaven's glory seemed adorning

Earth with its esteem, Every heart but mine seemed gifted

With the voice of prayer, and lifted Where my Leonainie drifted From me like a dream.

THE NEW DIPHTHERIA CURE. Statements as to the Good Results

of Its Use in Other Countries. Dr. E. O. Shakespeare of Philadel phia, who has recently returned from Paris and Berlin, where he has been the newly discovered treatment for diphtheria, says that the use of diphrial, had lowered the mortality from diphtheria in those cities fully fifty

per cent. The Press reports him as

adding: "Deaths from this desease are now scarcely half the number in any given period that they were previous to its use. Diphtherine is made from an artificial culture of the diphtheria bacillus. This is injected into the goat or horse, both of which enjoy natural immunity from diphtheria and tuberculosis. Inoculating this animal a number of times with this culture creates an artificial immunity against diphtheria. After this is established the animal is bled and an extract of his blood is made, which is found to have curative virtues for diphtheria in human beings. The portion of the A solitary fiacre passed me slowly blood used is the serum, and a hypocentimetre of this diphtherine has the result, as has been shown conclusive-

other treatment. "Diphtherine is also successfully back along the top of the seat, and used as a preventive. For instance, members of the family are inoculated and the spread of the disease is stopped.

> "The principal reason we have not used it here is that it is a new discovery. It was discovered about three years ago, and has been in use Berlin about one year and in Paris about two years.

Reports upon diphtherine and its ase were made before the recent Hygienic congress at Budapest by Dr. Roux of the Pasteur institute, Paris: Dr. Loeffler of the University of thing toward their centers in propor Greufswald, who discovered the ba- tion to their mass or density and this cillus tuberculosis, and Dr. Behring pressure or push is the cause of gravof the Institute for Contagious and time for me to take my trunk with the great arch that rose against the ties of this serum. It is a common the discoverer of the curative properdawn, and seemed, from its elevation law of medicine that the serum form on the very top of the horizon, to of blood of an animal which has been rendered immune from a disease is a specific for that disease. This is was heavy with a perfume of flowers so in diphtheria, cholera, and tetanus. dripped damp and cool with the dew. fever, and it has been found to be a with the fire theory; it gives the true ly? I hastened toward the men ex- Hundreds of birds sang and chattered general law in contagious and infec- basis of all motion and all life.—Prof. as though they knew the solitude was tious diseases that the blood serum of Foster theirs but for only one more brief an animal that has had such disease, I had hardly uttered the words hour, and that they then must give either artificially or naturally, is a when a heavy hand was laid on my way to the little children, and later specific for that disease. Experiments shoulder, and, turning round to see to crowds of idle men and women. have not gone far enough, however, the cause of such familiarity, I found It seemed impossible that but a few to determine about scarlet fever."

The Theory of Prof. Foster the Prophet.

He Tells Why the Moon Floats in Space.

Why One Heavenly Body Is Attracted by Another-Comets and Repulsion.

It may be claimed that if gravity s a push the moon would fall to the earth. The moon is not like a stone but is enveloped by an electrosphere which is resisted by the electrosphere of the earth. This is proven by two magnitized balls brought near each an illusion, and leads neither to the other when their magnetic envelopes posite side of each and each ball is repelled by the other. Take the magnetism away from one ball, or what is the same thing, charge one ball I had no suspicion of this being the with negative electricity, as it is case. erroneously called, and the two balls I arrived tired with my journey. will fall together, or attract each other; increase the charge in each and

For the above reasons the moon loats' in the atmosphere of the earth because the buoyancy of the electrosphere is of greater repellant force than can be overcome by the push of would rather not, I am not afraid of ether as it moves toward the center being alone, only I prefer a comof the earth from all directions.

These facts explain why one heav enly body is attracted by another It was a comfortable one, and I felt nected with this literary boax. It while at a distance and this attracwas extensively copied and so clever tion turned to repulsion when nearer was the imitation that American and each other. The repulsion begins short time was in bed. This was the

when their electrospheres meet. aphelion or farthest point from the there you could see the other parts sun. Its tail begins to lengthen when of the room through any gap there the comet meets the repulsion of the might be in the hangings. I went to sun's electrosphere. All comets do sleep for some hours, I should fancy. before reaching the sun. When they erable mass the incoming ether gives and design. They were of dark polthem around the sun.

on whether the earth and planets are drawers, opening and shutting them, argument must fail.

fire, now cooling and continually smaller. That is the nebular theory and the ideas herein advanced are inand the ideas herein advanced are in-consistent with it and one of the the-the bed. 1 saw with surprise that it as far as the barrens of Derry," and foundation.

then geology is a lie. There are many a face of intense malignity. The face strata in the earth that are recognized as general; covering the whole earth. colored, the eyes fixed, the features respectively. The face this glory, and there is a somewhat changes that have come over the changes that have come over the neighborhood in which the great neighborhood in which the great neighborhood in which a decrenit earth and could not everywhere lie utterable horror of this dreadful thing leeply buried if the earth was not took possession of my whole mind. adding materials to its surface.

Vegetation produces a vast increase Hours after, when morning was to earth's matter every year and it drawing near, I regained consciouscannot be claimed that vegetation ness, for I conclude that I had fainted comes from the soil. The matter built with terror. With my returning up in vegetable growth comes from senses came the remembrance of the the atmosphere and is taken in ghost I had seen, and the same over through the leaves. The sap never whelming sense of fear. With a shudascends in vegetation but comes from der I looked around. Nothing was to he atmosphere and runs down.

The atmosphere, thus robbed by of them, standing open. I dressed vegetation, is renewed by the conden- hastily and as soon as the household sations of the other and thus the seemed stirring went down to the earth is constantly growing. The mind cannot grasp the im- leave my hateful chamber. I said

nensity of the expansion of solid mat- nothing to the family, but directly ter to ether, or of the condensation we were seated at breakfast my host necessary, to reduce ether to solid exclaimed: "You are ill. Your face is ghastly pale." All eyes were turned make no mistake in a supreme effort my way, and I felt rather confused. o understand this part of the subject for it is the basis of all things ore has to speak of an apparition.
That man may know "But I saw something in my room

that man may know. Although the question is in doubt among scientists I fearlessly assert that in its original form, reduced to atoms, or in that condition where it My host turned instantly upon his s called ether, there is but one kind wife. "Rosetta," he said very stern-

of matter. It matters not how vastly this ether may be expanded as compared with to turn the subject. But this involthe lightest of gasses it will have all untary speech as it seemed to be, necessary power to create gravity if made me determine to know more. t has sufficient velocity.

by the pound and forget that velocity is the important factor. A one pound pull would lift the weight of the world if the pull was given sufficient velocity. The power added by an increase of velocity is as unlimited as the power of the lever.

Then it matters not how attenuated how much expanded, the ether may be if it is given sufficient velocity toward the certer of the earth it will

gravity. Electricity, magnitism, ether readily pass through solid matter. Electricity passes through some kinds of matter more readily than through others, and when given great velocity is inclined to take the matter with it Whether the ether is of the same nagood reason can be assigned why ether and electricity are not the same. have a power equal to electricity.

As it is the ether that gives to comether must have vastly greater velocity than the swiftest comet. The sun moves about sixteen miles per second. Lights move 186,330 miles per second. The incoming ether of space must have a much greater velocity than light and this movement being toward the center of all organized and growling heavenly bodies presses every

After the gross matter carried by th ether has been absorbed by the earth the residuum is thrown off and becomes what we call electricity and the effects of this electricity we call magnetism.

Herein is the new and true theory. It is in accord with all known facts; it explains all the facts not in accord

Earnestness is the best source of coming great.-Bolwer.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

Ghosts being associated from time immemorial with this season of the year, though for what reason I never could understand, I am going to relate a personal experience of this kind, which happened several years ago. We are so familiar in the present day with all manner of spirits-from the various stories gravely related to us by clever men, who, whatever may be our opinion, are evidently them-selves quite convinced that ghostly day occurrence-that I suppose soon an apparition will be no longer a thing of terror to freeze the blood and nake the nair to stand on end; but I belong to an older generation which did not care for dealings with anything "uncanny," and was content to leave all communications with another world until we ourselves had put off the body; so I must confess that when I knew myself to be in the presence of a spirit, as on the night of the history of which I am about to relate. I was seized with so deep a fear that even now I shudder at the remem-

brance. lived near Warminister. Some of the the slow-flowing Swatra-that his to their house before, and had never rude rafts, over two centuries ago. heard that it was "baunted;" in fact,

and rather anxious to get to bed for a good night's rest. I had been used to have my sister to sleep with me, they will more forcibly repel each and as Mrs. Palmer had a daughter, a young girl, I asked her if she would mind sharing my room. The child shrank back with an evident look of fear, and I said hastily, thinking she was shy of sleeping with a stranger. "Oh, never mind, my dear, if you panion at night, as I am used to it." I went to my room shortly after. no uneasiness whatever. I locked the door-I am sure of that-and in a now old-fashioned four-poster, with A comet has no tail when at its curtains all around, so that when not go around the sun. Some are so when I awoke to the knowledge that forcibly repelled that they turn back some one was in the room, moving about. Exactly opposite my bed was come long distances and have consid- a chest of drawers of antique make them sufficient momentum to pass ished wood, inlaid, and with hanging brass handles. The curtains were not Of course these arguments depend drawn close, and standing at these ncreasing their gross matter or grow- was apparently an old woman. The ing. If they are not the theory and moon shone directly upon her. As Orthodox scientists hold that sun see that small, bent figure. Forget- byterian neighbors, for in the life of and olanets were originally balls of ting that the door was locked, I the Rev. Adam Boyd, who ministered thought that someone had made a mis- to the flock before the infant Lindle; take in entering my room. I coughed was born, it is said that he "preached to make my presence known. The on the westward of Octorara and pries, at least, is necessarily without was attired in the fashion of many his salary was sixty pounds per year, oundation.

If the earth is not increasing in size years ago. Then it opened wide the payable in he curtain and gazed down on me with and chickens. One of these series is the coal meas-rigid. The coldness of death seemed ures. They extend all around the to seize on all my faculties—an un-

I remember no more. be seen, but the drawers were, some breakfast room, only too thankful to "No." I said, with the reluctance last night that rather disturbed me

ly, "you have been at that old woman's things again!" Then he tried "You must tell the whole story new," I cried, "You most cruelly, We are used to measuring power think, put a guest to sleep in a room you knew to be baunted Evidently this apparition is not new to you." My hostess expressed her deep regret that I should have been dis turbed, and her husband replied, "It is certainly true that, when anyone turns over the articles in that chest of drawers, the old woman you speak of is sure to appear the same night. What she wants, or who she is, I canhave the necessary force to create of mine and that the chest of drawers belonged to her. I was not aware that my wife had been meddling with it, or you should not have been put in that room and subjected to such a

night of terror." I understand then the little girl's objection to sleep with me. Many ture is not certainly known but no apologies were made both by Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. I was entreated not to let this experience make any differas much so as steam and water and ence to my visit; but I considered as the velocity of steam gives to it a their unkindness was so great, in alpower equal to water so does ether lowing a stranger to sleep in a room in which it was known this horrid al parition was wont to appear, that ts and planets their motions the I left the house that same morning as soon as I possibly could, and never again entered under their roof, or even went near the vicinity of War-

FASHIONABLE COLORS.

Speaking of colors in dress a fashion magazine savs: Dark laurel green, dark blue, tan, olive and the reddish-brown shades like the old Bismarck colors, also many fruit and wine dyes that impart a glow of crimson-all are used in the making of various stylish York, princesse and double-breasted English walking coats and long stately redingotes that envelop the wearer from throat to skirt hem. Real Dreadnaughts worn by tourists returned from abroad are checked tans and browns, or show at tractive mixtures, in which deep rich blue, fawn color and a bit of green and Indian red appear.

Life is but a short day; but it is mental power; and deficiency of heart a working day. Activity may lead to is the cause of many men never be- evil; but inactivity cannot lead to good.-Hannah More,

That Is to Say, of Our English Grammar.

interviews are new a matter of every The Home and Life of Lindley Murray.

> Early Days of the Man Who Did What He Could to Spoil Native English.

Twelve miles south of Harrisburg

still stands the house in which Lind-

ley Murray, the so-called father of

English grammar, was born, says the

Philadelphia Times. It is a somewhat I shall not indicate the house or the pretentious log house, with three inhabitants nearer than to say that rooms and a sleeping loft, built on I was on a visit to some friends who the southern slope of a hill and facing descendants of that family are most toric stream of which Whittier sings. or atmospheres are pushed to the op- likely alive, and it might pain them to and up which, on their way to the have the name made public; so I will fertile plains of Tulpehocken, the first call them Palmer. I had never been Pennsylvania Dutch pushed their Murray's father was a Scotchman who settled there about 1730, and soon after married a Miss Henry, daughter of one of the Pennsylvania German families in the neighborhood. Murray, in his autobiography, says: "My parents were of respectable character. and in the middle station of life. My father possessed a good flour mill on the Swatara, but, being an enterpris ing spirit and anxious to provide handsomely for his family, he made several voyages to the West Indies in the way of trade, by which he very considerably augmented his property Pursuing his inclinations, he in time acquired large possessions, and be came one of the most respectable merchants in America. My mother was a woman of an amiable disposition, and remarkable for mildness humanity and liberality of senti-

ment. The Murray homestead, with it old oaken bucket and ivy-covered porch, lies within a few miles of the "old Derry church," one of the very old st churches in the state, and which, within the last few years has been replaced by a beautiful stone memorial chapel. Here the Murrays and Dixons and Trumans and Boyds and Bertrams worshipped as early as 1720, and tradition still points out the very tree at which William Penn tied his horse on his first and last visit to the parish. Distance does not seem to have deterred the plous old worthies who had charge of the spiritual clearly as I saw it then, I can still affairs of the Murrays and their Prespayable in hemp, linen, corn, yarn

> grammarian was born and raised. The log houses in which lived the old Scotch, Irish and English families are still standing and in use for farm implements and stables, though the Murray homestead is still occupied as a dwelling-house, and the prim German housewife will think have certainly gone daft if you go staring about her house or ask her what she knows about Lindley Murray, of whom she has never even heard. A region richer in folk lore or historical incident cannot be found. though the present inhabitants there about can give you little assistance or inspiration. Material prosperity has smiled upon the hills of Manada, and the barrens of Derry, but there is none of the old intellectual life which in one generation gave to "glory and to fame" more sons and daughters than have ten generations since. The most prominent of these were Dixon and Murray. Robert Dixon, of Dixon's ford, near the Murray place, won fame on the same fields that brought glory to Wolfe and Montgomery. Sam Atkinson says of him "Casket and Evening Post" that "he was one of those spirits which rise in flame to illume all around him; gentle as the summer breeze in private life. but terrible as a whirlwind in the day of danger." Murray was a being of a different order. The closet was his battlefield, though he never turned his pen in favor of the country of his birth. While the companions of his boyhood were fighting the American revolution he was living the peaceful life of a Ouaker. Meanwhile, however, like many another pious Quaker. he was taking advantage of the times and lining his pockets with the almighty dollar. Near the Murrays was also born Ellery Truman, and another, the equal of them all, Emily Raymond, the pride of the Swatara. the spirit of its woods and fields; a beautiful soul whose story remains to be written. Lindley Murray's early boyhood

was spent at the hoine on the Swatara, his father's flour and grist mill being about a mile distant, near Roger's ford. When Lindley was about 6 or 7 years old his father determined to quit the Swatara and try his fortunes in the Carolinas. The family soon returned North again, and a few years later settled in New York, where they acquired considerable wealth and influence Before leaving the parish of Derry Lindley had been sent to Philadelphia and put in the care of a tutor, Professor Ebenezer the cheaper and better food for milch Kinnersley, who afterward became noted as a co-laborer with Franklin in his electrical researches and experiments.

to display in after years. He took spectively.-Prof. C. S. Phelps.

GRAMMAR a violent dislike at first to a mercantile life, and for want of a more suitable profession took to the law. able profession took to the law. He was admitted to the bar at the age of 24, and, after a few years in England, returned to New York, where be practiced until the Revolution broke out. He then took a turn at mercantile life, and made a fortune and went to England, where he lived ever afterward—an Englishman rather than an American. He says: "In particular I had strong prepossession in favor of a residence in England. because I was ever partial to its political constitution and the mildness and wisdom of its general laws. On leaving my native country there was not, therefore, anything which could afford me so much real satisfaction as I have found in Great Britain.' He purchased a small estate near Holdgate, where he led a quiet, peaceful literary life.

Murray's chief literary work was "The Power of Religion on the Mind," published 1787, and which passed through nearly twenty editions. The object of the book, he said, was to "excite serious reflections on the unsatisfying and transitory nature of temporal enjoyments, and to promote a lively concern for the attainment of that felicity which will be complete and permanent." He then wrote a series of sketches of 100 men and women of all sorts and conditions, from Job to Caesar Borgia, and Baron Heller to Sir William Jones, whose lives, by inspiring in the reader either admiration or pity, were to be "of singular efficacy to excite a love of God and goodness." He dwells especially on their conduct at the approach of death, and uses it for a stirring argument against infidelity. 'What an evidence on behalf of piety and virtue! What a dissuasive from vice and folly!" is the fact, he says, that all should be so deeply impressed with the need of religion when they reach the termination of their days. And he quotes Young as the inspiration of his life:

"Tis immortality-'tis that alone. Amidst life's pains' abasements, emp-

tiness. The soul can comfort, elevate and fill. In his school life Murray had made many friends, with whom he kept up a lief-lorg correspondence. Prominent among these was Chief Justice Jay. Murray also wrote many religious and controversial pamphlets, and several books in French.

But there is only one book that has kept Lindley Murray's fame alive in all these years, and that is his grammar. It alone is sufficient to make the valley of the Swatara forever famous. And yet how few people remember or know that the county of Dauphin can claim the birthplace of

the noted grammarian. Lindley Murray's grammar! What memories it inspires in all of the older generations, all of whom, in the satirical lines of Dryden-

Climbed the grammar tree to know Where noun and verb and participle grow.

All the old schoolmasters swore by Murray and his rules and examples of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, his four constituent parts of English grammar.

In the rural districts near the grammarian's birthplace Murray, under a different name, is still taught in all Murray place, in which a decrepit old grammarian, "dressed in gown, bands and wig." still holds his oldtime sway. Grammar, in his opinion, constitutes the sum total of a liberal education. He considers it his specialty, and still uses Lindley Murray as the first and last authority, and a verbatim knowledge of his twentytwo rules of syntax is his first requirement from a beginner, and woe betide the poor wretch who recites rule 19 or rule 20 when a rule of a

different number is called for! This sur/ival of the Lindley Murray regime is no more amusing than the grave way in which I heard a little girl discourse a la Murray on the difference between systactical and etymological parsing and then take up "Who preserves us," and, chattering as fast as her tongue could go, proceed to teil "Old Polyphemus," who hung over her with a rule in one hand and the other deep in the pocket of his antiquated trousers, that "Who is a relative pronoun of the interrogative kind, therefore without any antecedent, and in the nominative case singular; nominative, who; possessive, whose; objective, whom; the word to which it relates is called its subsequent, and is the noun or pronoun containing the answer to the question; according to a note under rule 6,

which says," etc. The boys were not quite so ready in their parsing, but perhaps they had no key to the exercise or did not stand in such awe of their teacher. Whatever may be said of Murray's grammar, it must be confessed that under one name or another it is still taught for good or for bad in nearly all of the rural schools of the state .-

FEEDING VALUES.—There is but little difference in the feeding value of fine wheat feed, such as wheat middlings, and the coarser feeds or brans. Many wheat brans on the market are simply the coarse brans re-ground. This is done because there is a popular prejudice against the coarse, husky appearing brans. One of three samples sent by B. H. McLean belongs to that class. From the small number of digestion experiments made in this country, it appears that middlings are somewhat more digestible than bran, and for this reason would be more valuable. When brans can be bought for from \$1 to \$3 per ton less than the price of middlings, they are without doubt cows. There is considerable difference in the manurial value of wheat bran, which contains an average of 47 lbs of nitrogen, 60 of phosphoric Murray was an apt pupil, and gave acid, and 32 of potash, while midearly evidences of the ability he was dlings average 41, 52 and 14 lbs re-

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