

Saw His Ideal's Photograph.
 Apropos of boarded doors and windows, there is a romance attached to one in Philadelphia. It seems that after reaching Bar Harbor, Madame remembered something which had been left behind in that darkened house. She wanted it, but her husband was traveling, so she could not ask him to go to the house for it. She had a nephew from the south visiting her. He offered to go to her house and get it for her.
 His aunt lived in one of the rows in which every house is like its neighbor. He had always recognized her's by its double row of black tiling across the house, and took but little notice of the number.
 Alas! when he reached Philadelphia he had forgotten the number, and there were two houses with painted bricks and next but one to each other. Which was the one for which he had the keys? He finally decided on one—his keys fitted, so he felt safe. He entered and went immediately to the second floor. He now discovered that he was not in the right house—it being furnished in a style entirely different from that which stamped his aunt's apartments.
 As he looked around his eyes rested upon a portrait of a girl. He gazed fascinated; it was the face of his ideal realized. He took it up, studied it, held it off at arm's length, drew it near and at last took his unknown from the dainty frame and swore he would find the original.
 Luckily, he got out of the house and no one saw him. He returned to Bar Harbor, he could get no information there; his aunt's neighbors were traveling in Europe but they had no daughter. He sought for her at all the summer resorts; at last he found her, and—well, the engagement is announced.—Philadelphia Music and Drama.

A Valuable Possession.
 We can have no more valuable possession than a good heredity—an inheritance of longevity, and if this has not descended to us, it is generally because ancestors, more or less remote, have squandered it.
 Such an inheritance gives constitutional vigor, keeps its possessor safe amid almost every form of microbial disease, secures the needed recuperative energy in case of attack, makes life worth living up to the normal end, renders old age green and sunny and keeps up intellectual activity to the last. Mr. Gladstone, in his ninth decade, is more than a match for most men of fifty at their best. No one would guess from the latest products of Doctor Holmes' pen, or from his genial spirit, that he had been for two years an octogenarian.
 After all, care is necessary to the prolongation of life: not anxious care, but care to avoid harmful transgression. Mr. Gladstone still keeps up vigorous exercise and Dr. Holmes uses his great knowledge of the laws of health and life to keep himself not merely alive, but in good working condition.—Youth's Companion.

Men's Fabrics.
 In the fine tailoring trade there is not nearly the demand for enormous lines of fabrics that there once was. Given a few good things in a moderate range of really fine colorings and five times the number of people seem to be satisfied with them as was the case a few years ago. A leading Hanover street tailor said to me the other day, "It used to seem as if every customer we served expected we would have a special piece of cloth woven for his suit alone and the pattern destroyed afterward." This mania for exclusiveness is now far more characteristic of cheap trade than it is of the best.
 True swells go in for quality and fineness which the cheap trade cannot touch, and there is now nothing about the patterns in vogue which the cheap trade can easily imitate. It is the same in neckwear fabrics.—London Cor. Clothier and Furnisher.

A Cat Raises Squirrels.
 Our fellow townsman, James H. Galloway, tells of a very peculiar way of raising squirrels. About three weeks ago Mr. Galloway's son, while out hunting, found a nest of young squirrels, which were only a day or two old. They were brought to town, but as they were too young to be raised by hand it was necessary to find them a mother. Mr. Galloway had an old house cat, which had young kittens, and as an experiment all the kittens were killed except one, and the squirrels were put in their places, and strange as it may seem the old mother cat did not seem to notice the difference, but seemed to be very fond of her adopted family, and is raising them with the most motherly care.—Osceola (Mo.) Sun.

Born and Married in Prison.
 The body of Robert Western, who was drowned at St. Louis, was buried in Evergreen cemetery. In one respect Robert Western was remarkable. He was born in jail, was married in prison and spent eleven years in the penitentiary, yet he and his parents were eminently respectable people. Robert's father was keeper of the county jail here at his birth. For eleven years he drove the prison carriage, and was tendered a reception at his marriage, which took place at the penitentiary.—Chester (Ill.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Great Comfort.
 Friend—I see your little boys have their hair clipped close to their heads.
 Mr. Baldhead—Yes; I find the fashion a great comfort.
 "They are certainly cooler."
 "I was not referring to them, but to myself. When the boys are around the flies sort of divide themselves up and give me some peace."—Good News.

A Big Output of Flour.
 The mills rolled up a big output for the week ending Sept. 13, making 29,693 barrels daily. The aggregate amount of flour made was 178,160 barrels, against 120,453 barrels the preceding week, 172,000 barrels for the corresponding time in 1890, and 141,980 barrels in 1889.—Miller.

What Don Hens?
 Among the passengers on the north-bound Richmond and Danville Air Line train a few nights ago was an old dorky named Dangerfield Hampton, on his way to the Old Dominion, after an absence of about fifty years. When he was sixteen years of age he was brought to Georgia by Edward Lockett, a negro trader from Richmond, and was sold to Mr. Wise Cousin, who lived near Madison, Ga., for \$350. Hampton was a native of King and Queen county, where he left some relatives, whom he now desired to see. His Georgia master owned about 200 darkeys, and made from 160 to 200 bales of cotton.
 The Georgia railroad had just been completed to Madison when Uncle "Ham" landed at Madison. After the war was over and he found himself free he went to work in earnest and made money right along. He now owns 300 acres of land and made thirty-four bales of cotton last year.
 The old man was on his way to the scene of his childhood.
 He spoke of having lost \$1,100 by the failure of a banking institution some time ago.
 The old man said, in a laughing way, that he left eight hens and a rooster in Virginia when he left there, and that he was going there to look after them. He thought that he ought to have a good price for the chickens, and interest on the amounts from the time he left until now, which he thinks would be quite a nice sum.—Richmond State.

Damages for Trees Killed by Gas.
 Suit has been entered in the common pleas court by Susannah Kuch against the city to recover \$1,000 damages under an unusual claim. She says that she is the owner of property on the northwest side of Leverington avenue. Upon this ground, she says, there is erected a handsome house, in which she makes her residence, and the beauty of the premises, together with the value of the house and grounds, was much increased by the presence of four handsome Norway maple trees planted by the plaintiff about twenty years ago.
 Last fall the gaspipe along Leverington avenue commenced to leak, and through the neglect of the city officials this leak continued until last May, and the soil of the street became permeated with the gas, which caused the maple trees to die and become worthless. The plaintiff says that the value of her property has been greatly decreased by the loss, and hence the suit.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Had Not Met in Fifty Years.
 There was a meeting at Mascoutah, Ill., Monday, between two brothers who had not met before for upward of half a century. A well dressed, aged couple alighted from an evening train and inquired for Squire E. E. Bagby, one of the oldest citizens of the place. "He is my brother," exclaimed the old gentleman, "whom I have not seen for over fifty years." The stranger was William Bagby, a retired farmer, of Harris City, White county, Ill. He left Mascoutah about fifty years ago, and after traveling for some time he settled down on a farm in White county and married. During the war he lost track of his brother and supposed he was dead. He heard from him a short time ago and decided to visit him and his old home. William Bagby is eighty-four years of age and the squire is ten years his junior. The aged wives of the brothers had never met before Monday.—Exchange.

Already a Giant and Still Growing.
 Allegany can boast of perhaps one of the largest boys of his age to be found in the state. His name is William M. Wittig, and he resides with his parents in Frostburg. He is a little over sixteen years and eight months old. For the past two years he has been growing at the rate of one-half an inch per month. His height is 6 feet 4 inches and he weighs 185 pounds. He wears a No. 7 1/2 hat and No. 11 shoe. He hand measures 18 1/2 inches around the knuckles when closed. His chest measure is 44, and his waist 41 inches. He has always enjoyed excellent health, and possesses an appetite which would alarm most people, as it calls for about what would satisfy three ordinary laboring men at each meal. He lifts 350 pounds with ease. The young giant is still growing.—Maryland Cor. Baltimore Sun.

Getting Ready for Spring.
 With the arrival of autumn Superintendent of Gardeners Woolson has begun preparations for beautifying the New York parks and squares next spring. The gardeners are now setting out in cold frames 250,000 pansies and daisies. Nearly 90,000 tulips will be imported from Holland, and there will be the usual number of herbaceous plants. Mr. Woolson means to try next spring the use of young allantus trees to obtain subtropical shrubbery effects. The despised allantus is, in its first few years, more beautiful in color and form than many a rare and highly prized shrub.—New York Sun.

Original Fortifiers.
 We are told that bleached cowtails are the approved loops for heavy portieres, and that their festoons are terminated in a natural way with tasseled ends. This rather startling information comes to us from an English paper, which, like all journals of that stamp, is prolific in bizarre schemes of action attributed solely to American women. If the American woman who has her portieres looped with bleached cowtails would receive her medal she must come to the front. As for her street and number are unknown.—New York Sun.

An Old Man was Buried the Other Day at St. Crepin, France, but was dug up soon after, as one of the bearers said he thought he heard a movement in the coffin. The old man was found to have moved his hands, and he was soon restored to consciousness and life.

A very curious coincidence happened at Kawanda Falls, Pa. Five men, all strangers, met, and on being introduced, each was found to be John A. Libson.

A Strange Romance.
 Plans have been laid for the presentation at the Douglas county jail in a few days of a drama of love and law, the like of which has never been attempted, with one exception, on the mimic stage or in real life. The climax of the play will be the marriage of a condemned murderer and self confessed thief and ex-convict to a woman who has clung to him through all his troubles and is willing to clasp his hand, red with the innocent blood of two helpless old people, and swear to love, honor and obey him until death, directed by the strong arm of the law, doth them part.
 Ed Neal, who is to be executed, is to be married to a woman of the town known as Josephine Clarke. The story of their wooing is unequalled in the annals of love. Shortly after his arrest and return to this city, and after he was confined in the county jail, she appeared upon the scene. She talked with him through the bars and offered words of encouragement both to the accused and his attorneys. Long before the case was called for trial in the district court this woman not only rendered valuable assistance in the way of looking up testimony, but even went further, and out of her own earnings paid many of the bills incident to the trial.
 When the case was called each day she was an interested spectator, occupying a front seat within the bar and as near the prisoner as possible. After each session of the court she followed him to the jail door, and after the man was locked in his cell she would stand under his window for hours at a time talking in a low tone of voice trying to cheer him. When he was convicted she made several efforts to effect his escape.—Omaha Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Death of a Buffalo Bill Indian.
 Paul Eagle Star, one of Colonel Cody's Indians, has died at the Sheffield infirmary from an accident which befell him while the Wild West show was on a visit to that town. He and a number of other Indians were riding in the arena, when his horse swerved against a part of the boarding. Eagle Star sustained a compound fracture of his leg, one of the fractures being close to the ankle. For a time he made favorable progress, but lockjaw set in, and from this he died.
 Mr. Crager, Colonel Cody's chief interpreter, sat up with him the whole of Sunday night, and he was visited also by Short Bull, one of the Indian chiefs. The deceased was a Brule Sioux Indian, twenty-five years of age, and was a prisoner of war, having taken part in the last Indian rising. He was married. His wife and children are living at the Rosebud agency, United States.—London News.

Fossil Footprints in Connecticut.
 Several footprints of reptiles of various dimensions have lately been discovered about three miles from Holyoke, upon the rock in G. L. Bosworth's quarry, near the shore of the Connecticut river, which have caused considerable excitement and elicited many inquiries.
 These discoveries occur not infrequently, more than 12,000 such footprints having already been brought to light, and, in fact, it is well known throughout the scientific world that the new red sandstone of the Connecticut valley, which extends about 110 miles from north to south and averages about twenty miles in width from east to west, is one of the most prolific depositories of fossil prints. Slabs of this stone, having upon them the wonderful indentations, can be found in almost all the museums of this country and Europe.—Springfield Republican.

A Bit of Human Nature.
 A grocer not far from my place of abode has been this year selling for eighty cents the same sized basket of peaches that he last year disposed of for five dollars. This is not at all singular considering the profusion of the fruit this year and the scarcity last.
 "It's funny, though," as he told me, "that the people who took their high priced baskets without a word are now sending me complaint after complaint because they find a little poor fruit in the basket. Why, last year they were very bad."
 It is odd until you come to think that everybody thinks out of this year's abundance his grocer ought to select him a perfect order.—New York Herald.

What is a Home?
 When the late Timothy Smith died he left a will in which he directed his executors to provide a "home" for his sister during her life. The executors do not construe the word "home" in the same sense as does the sister, and Lawyer Childs came before Judge Morton to ask that a suit to have the court say what the word means be set for a hearing. Mr. Childs said that the executors hold that the word "home" means simply "shelter," and consequently have given the sister an empty house, nothing more.—Boston Traveler.

Indians as Weather Prophets.
 The Indians of the Colorado desert have an extraordinary way of fortelling the weather. They not only prognosticate for a few days, but for six months and sometimes a year. Last fall they told everybody that we should have a cool summer in the desert and that the fruit would be late. They were right. The fruit was very late this summer. They declare that next year will be an early summer, and that the fruit will ripen early. What they base their predictions upon is unknown. Yankee Blade.

Saved by Austin Bidwell.
 Austin Bidwell, the man who has already suffered eighteen years' penal servitude for participation in a fraud on the Bank of England in 1874, recently saved a fellow prisoner from drowning in the river at Chatham, where they were working. Mr. Matthews has accordingly decided to remit eighteen months of the twenty years, which, except in the case of murderers, usually constitutes a "life" sentence. Bidwell will therefore be liberated in about five months time.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black tea.

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